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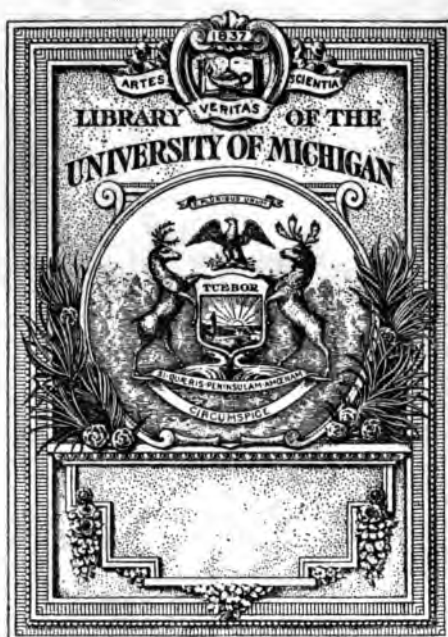
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Wants Title

CRONICLE 79
OF
SCOTTISH POETRY;

FROM
THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY,
TO
THE UNION OF THE CROWNS:

TO WHICH IS ADDED
A GLOSSARY,

BY J. SIBBALD.

Multa renascentur quæ jam cecidere.—HOR.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.
VOLUME III.

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CHRONICLE

CHRONICLE

OF

SCOTTISH POETRY.

QUEEN MARY, 1542—1567.

JAMES THE FIFTH being a man of pleasantry, and a writer of verses, the learned clerks about his Court were naturally led to pay their addresses

“ with heich ingyne to Muses nyne,”

as the surest road to favour and preferment. During the minority of his unfortunate daughter, their minds were occupied with affairs of greater moment. There was a general out-cry against the licentiousness, ignorance, and rapacity of the Clergy; and treatises on Theology were the chief productions of the Scottish press. The Queen's Advocate composed a work on Justification; another gentleman wrote Meditations on the Lord's Prayer; a third, On the Conscience of a Christian man; John Knox thundered abroad his Admonitions to the professors of God's truth; and the voice of the Muses was drowned amid the groaning complaints of the Congregation of the faithful. The only metrical compositions of any importance that can be assigned to this period, are SIR DAVID

VOL. III.

A

LINDSAY'S

LINDSAY's Dialogue on the miserable state of the world, and his Tragedy of Cardinal Beaton. *The first is a tedious account of what are called the Four Ancient Monarchies; commencing with the creation of the world, and ending with the day of Judgment. Without injury to the fame of SIR DAVID, this narrative may be suffered to repose in peace. We find, however, some animated digressions, interspersed through the work, which well deserve a place in a Collection of this nature. These, with the Beaton's Tragedy, will complete the works of LINDSAY.*

The first edition of the Dialogue was printed in 1552, "at the expences of Dr. Machabeus in Copmahouin,"—an ambiguous expression, intended to conceal the name of the printer. For, although Dr. Machabeus, a Scottish refugee, certainly was in Copenhagen about that time, the book is more likely to have been printed somewhere in Scotland by John Scot, who in 1558 published in the same size, and with the signatures commencing where those of the Dialogue ended, the Tragedy of the Cardinal, and various other pieces of Lindsay. To this edition, (probably that which was ordered to be burnt by the ecclesiastical council 1558,) Scot must allude in his preface 1568, where he says, "the mair pairt of them bes bene findrie times in findrie places imprentit, as heir in Scotland, quhilk yet war not su correct as neid requirit."

PROLOGUE

PROLOGUE TO THE MONARCHIES, AND INTRODUCTORY
CONVERSATION BETWEEN EXPERIENCE AND THE AU-
THOR, UNDER THE CHARACTER OF A COURTEOUR.

[*Prologues descriptive of the scene of action, commonly a wood, park, or garden, are favourite themes of our ancient poets. Several of them are to be found in the first volume of this Collection; as by Robert Henryson, p. 90; by Dunbar, p. 253, and by Douglas, p. 386. The singular nature of the Invocation shows the taste of the times in a striking point of view. Instead of Parnassus our Poet chuses Mount Calvary, and his Helicon is the stream which flowed from our Saviour's side on the cross, when he was wounded by the fictitious Longias, as recorded in the Gospel of Nicodemus; a name imposed upon him from the weapon which he used. Under the character of the Courteour, LINDSAY seems to allude to some of the leading circumstances of his own history: In his pourtrait of EXPERIENCE may be discerned a resemblance to that of Esop by Henryson.*

MÜSING and mervelling on the miserie;
From day to day in eirth quhilk dois increse,
And of ilk stait the instabilitie,
Proceeding of the restles besines,
Quhairon the maist part dois thair mind addres
Inordinatlie on hungrie covetice,
Vain gloir, dissait, and uther sensual vice.

Bot.

Bot tumbling in my bed I nicht not lie ;
 Quhairfoir I fuir furth in ane May morning,
 Comfort to get of my melancholie,
 Sumquhat before fresh Phæbus up-rysing,
 Quhair I nicht heir the birdis sweetly sing :
 Intill ane park I past for my plesure,
 Decorit weil be craft of dame Nature.

How I ressevit comfort naturall
 For to describe at lenth it war to lang,
 Smelland the hailsum herbis medicinall ;
 Quhairon the dulce and balmy dew down hang,
 Lyke orient perlis on the twistis lang ;
 Or how that the aromatik odouris,
 Did proceed from the tender fragrant flouris.

Or how Phæbus, that king etheriall,
 Swiftly sprang up into the orient,
 Ascending in his throne imperiall,
 Quhais bricht and beriall bemis resplendent,
 Illuminat all unto the occident,
 Comfortand evrie corporal creature.
 Quhilk formit war on eirth be dame Nature.

Quhais donk impurpurit vestment nocturnal,
 With his imbrowderit mantil matutine,
 He left intill his regioun aurorall,
 Quhilk on him waitit quhen he did decline,
 Towart his occident palice vespertine ;
 And rais in habite gay and glorious,
 Brichter nor gold or stainis precious.

Bot Cynthia the hornit nichtis Quene,
 Scho loist hir licht, and led ane lower saill,
 From time that scho hir soverane Lord had sene,
 And in his presence waxit dirk and pail,
 And ouer hir visage kest ane mistie vaill.
 Sa did Venus, the Goddes amorous,
 With Jupiter, Mars, and Mercurius.

Rich

Richt sa the auld intoxicate Saturne,
 Persaving Phæbus powre his bemis bricht
 Abuve the eirth, than maid he no sudgeorne,
 Bot suddanlie did lois his borrowit licht,
 Quhilk he durst never schaw bot on the nicht.
 The pole Artik, Urfis, and sterris all,
 Quhilk situat ar in the septentrionall.

Till errand schippis, quhilkis ar without all gyde,
 Convoyand thame upon the stormie nicht,
 Within thair frostie circle did thame hyde ;
 Howbeit that sterris have na uther licht
 Bot the reflex of Phebus bemis bricht.
 That day durst none into the hevin appeir,
 Till he had circuit all our hemispheir.

Methocht it was ane sicht celestiaill
 Till see Phæbus sa angell lyke ascend
 Intill his fyrie chariot tryumphall,
 Quhais bewtie bricht I culd not comprehend ;
 All warldlie cure did from me wend,
 Quhen fresche Flora spred furth hir tapestrie
 Wrocht be dame Nature queynt and curioullie.

Depaint with monie hundreth hevinlie hewis,
 Glaid of the ryfing of thair Royal Roy,
 With blomtes brekand on the tender bewis,
 Quhilk did provoke my hart to natural joy ;
 Neptune that day and Eoll held thame coy,
 That men on far micht heir the birdis sound,
 Quhais noyis did to the sterrie hevin redound.

The plesand powne prunyeand his fedren fair,
 The mirthful maveis maid greit melodie ;
 The lustie lark ascending in the air,
 Numerand hir natural notis craftelie ;
 The gay goldspink, the merle richt merilie,
 The noyis of the nobill nichtingailis
 Redoundit throw the montanis, meidis, and vaillis.

Contempling

Contempling this melodious harmonie,
 How everilk bird drest thame for til advance
 To salut Nature with thair melodie,
 That I stude gazing halflinges in ane trance,
 To heir thame mak that naturall obfervance
 Sa royallie, that all the roches rang,
 Throw repercussion of thair suggarit fang.

I lois my time, allace ! for to reheirs
 Sic unfrutefull and vane description ;
 Or wryte into my raggit rurall vers,
 Mater without edificatioun.

Confidering how that mine intentioun,
 Bene till deploir the mortall misereis,
 With continuall cairfull calamiteis,

Consisting in this wretchit vaile of sorrow.
 Bot sad sentence suld have ane sad indyte,
 So termis bricht I list not for to borrow ;
 Of murning mateir men hes na delyte,
 With roustie termis thairfoir will I wryte,
 With sorrowfull fitches ryfing from the splene,
 And bitter teiris distelling from mine ene.

Without onie vane invocatioun,
 To Minerva or Melpomene ;
 Nor yet will I mak supplicatioun,
 For help to Cleo, or Calliope,
 Sic marrit Muses ma mak na suppé,
 Proserpine I refuse, and Appollo,
 And richt sa Euterpe, Juppiter, and Juno,

Quhilkis bene to plesand poetis comforting,
 Quhairfoir becaus I am nocht one of tho,
 I do desyre of thame na supporting,
 For I did never sleip on Parnaso,
 As did the poetis of lang tyme ago ;
 And speciallie the ornate Ennius,
 Nor drank I never with Hesiodus.

Of Grece the perfite poet soverane,
Of Helicon the source of eloquence,
Of that mellifluous famous fresche fontane.
Quhairfoir to thame I awe na reverence,
I purpois not to mak obedience
To sic mischaunt Muses, na Mahumetrie,
Afoir time usit into poetrie.

Ravand Rhamnusia, goddes of despyte,
Micht be to me ane Muse richt convenable,
Gif I desyrit sic help for till indyte
This murning mateir, mad and miserable.
I must go seik a Muse moir comfortable;
And sic vane superstitioun to refuse,
Beseikand the GREIT GOD to be my Muse :

Be quhais wisdome all maner of thing bene wrocht,
The hie hevins with all thair ornamentis,
And without mateir maid all thing of nocht.
Hell in myd center of the elementis,
That hevenlie Muse to seik my haill intent is,
The quhilk gaif sapience to King Salomon,
To David grace, strenth to the strang Sampson.

And of puir Peter maid ane prudent preichour,
And be the power of his Deitie,
Of cruell Paul he maid ane cunning teichour.
I mon beseik richt lawlie on my knie,
His heich super-excellent Majestie,
That with his hevinlie spreit he may inspyre,
To write na thing contrarie his desyre.

Beseikand als his soverane sone Jesew,
Quhilk wes consavit of the Halie Spreit,
Incarnit of the purifyit virgine trew,
And in quhome the prophecie was complcit,
That Prince of peice, maist humbill and mansweit,
Quhilk under Pilate sufferit passioun
Upon the croce for our salvatioun.

And

And be that cruell deith intollerabill,
 Lowfit we war from bandes of Beliall,
 And mair-attour, it was so profitabill,
 That to this hour cum never man, nor fall,
 To the triumphant joy imperiall
 Of life, howbeit that thay war neuer sa gude,
 Bot be the vertew of his precious blude.

Quhairfoir, insteid of the mont Pernafo,
 Swiftlie I fall go feik my Soverane
 To mont Calvarie the straicht way mon I go,
 To get ane taist of the most fresche fontaine.
 That forse to feik, my hart may not refraine,
 Of Helicon, that was baith deip and wyde,
 That Longias did grave into his syde.

From that fresche fountane sprang a famous flude,
 Quhilk redolent river throw the warld rinnis,
 As chrystall cleir, and mixit bene with blude;
 Quhais sound abuse the hieft hevinis dinnis;
 All faithfull pepill purging fra thair sinnis.
 Quhairfoir, I fall beseik his Excellence
 To grant me grace, wisdome, and eloquence.

And bathe me with thay dulce and balmy strandis,
 Quhilk on the croce did spedelie out-spring
 From his maist tender feit, and hevinlie handis.
 And grant me grace to write nor dite na thing
 Bot to his heich honour, and loude loving.
 But quhais support thair may na gude be wrocht
 Till his plesure, gude warkis, word, nor thocht.

Thairfoir, O Lord! I pray thy Majestie,
 As thow did schaw thy heich power divine,
 First planely into Cane of Galilé,
 Quhair thow convertit cald water in wyne,
 Convoy my mateir to ane fructeous syne,
 And save my sayingis baith from schame and fin.
 Tak tent, for now I purpois to begin.

INTILL

INTILL that park I saw appeir
 Ane ageit man quhilk drew me neir,
 Quhais beard was neir thre quarters lang :
 His hair doun over his schulders hang,
 The quhilk as ony snaw was quhyte,
 Quhome to behold I thocht delyte.
 His haibit angel-like of hue,
 Of colour like the sappheir blue ;
 Under a holin he reposit,
 Of quhais preface I was rejoisit.
 I did him salute reverently,
 So did he me richt courteously,
 To sit down he requestit me,
 Under the shadow of the tree,
 To saif me from the sunnis heit,
 Amang the flowris soft and sweit,
 For I was wearyit with walking,
 Then he begouth to fall in talking :
 I asked his name with reverence :

E. I am, said he, *Experience*.

C. Then sir, said I, you cannot fail
 To give a desolait man counsail ;
 You do appeir ane man of fame,
 And sith *Experience* is your name,
 I pray you, father venerable,
 Give me some counsel comfortable.

E. Quhat bene, said he, thy vocationn,
 Makand such supplicatioun ?

C. I have, said I, been to this hour,
 Sen I could ryde, ane Courteour ;
 But now, father, I thynk it best,
 With your counsel, to leif in rest :
 And from hyneforth to tak mine eis,
 And quyetly my God to ples,

And renounce curiositie,
 Levying the court, and learn to die.
 Oft haif I sailit ouer the strandis,
 And travalit through divers landis,
 Both south and north, and east and west,
 Yet can I neuer find quhair rest
 Doith mak her habitatioun,
 Without your supportatioun.
 Quhen I believe to be best eisit,
 Most suddantlie I am displeisit :
 From troubyll quhen I fastest fly,
 Than find I maist aduersity ;
 Schaw me, I pray you, hartfully,
 How I may leif most pleasantly.
 To serve my God of kingis King,
 Sen I am tyrit of travelling;
 And learn me for to be content,
 Of quiet life and sober rent ;
 That I may thank the king of gloir,
 As gif I had ane mylleoun moir.
 Sen everilk court been variant,
 Full of invy, and inconstant ;
 Micht I but trubbyll leif in rest,
 Now in auld aige I think it best.

E. Thou art ane greit fuil, son, said he,
 That to desire quhilk may nocht be.
 Yarning to have prerogatyve
 Above all creatures that live.
 Sen father Adam create been
 Into the camp of Damascene,
 Might no man say unto this hour,
 That euer he found perfect pleasour,
 Nor never fall, till that he see
 God in his divine majesty.
 Quhairfore prepare thee for travell,
 Sen mannis life been but battell.

All men beginnis for to die,
 The day of their nativitie ;
 And journally they do proceed,
 Till Atrops cut their fatall threed ;
 And in the breif time that they have
 Betwix their birth on to the grave,
 Thou seis quhat mutabilities,
 Quhat miserable calamities,
 Quhat trubbyl, travel, and debate,
 Seest thou in every mortal state.
 Begin at pair law creaturis,
 Ascending syne to senatouris,
 To great princes and potentatis,
 Thou sall nocht find in non estaitis,
 Sen the beginning generallic,
 Nor in our time now speciallic,
 But tiddious, restless befiness,
 Withoutten ony sickerness.

C. Prudent father, said I, allace,
 Yon tell to me ane cairful cace :
 You say, that no man to this hour,
 Hes found on earth perfyte pleasour,
 Without infortunate variance.
 Sen we been thral on sic mischance
 Quhy do we set our whole intentis
 On riches, dignity, and rentis,
 Sen in the earth been no man sure,
 One day but trouble till endure.
 And worst of all, quhen we leist ween,
 The cruel death we mon sustene.
 Gif I your father-heid durst demand,
 The caus I wald fain understand.
 And als, father, I you implore,
 Schaw me from trouble gone before,
 That hearing others indigence,
 I may the more have patience.

Marrowis in tribulatioun,
 Been wretches consolatioun.

E. Quod he : after my small cunning,
 To thee I fall mak answering.

After describing the creation of the world, our author proceeds to
 shew how

Firß ringyt kings of Afferianis,
Secoundly ringyt kings of Perfianis ;
 The Greikis *thridlie* with fwerd and fyre
 Perfors obtainit the thrid empyre.
 The *fourth* Monarchie, at I heir,
 The Romanis keipit monie a yeir.
 These Monarchies (I understand)
 Pre-ordinat wer be command
 Of God the Salvator of all
 For to doun thring, and to maik thrall;
 Undauntyt pepil vicious ;
 And seke for to be gracious
 To thame quhilk verteous wer and gude.
 As Daniel hath done conclude.
 At length into his prophecie,
 The secund chapter, as you may sic.
 Sum haif this mateir done indyte
 Mair ornatlie than I can wryte ;
 Quhairfoir of it I speik no moir,
 Onlie to God be laud and gloir.

EXCLAMATIOUN

EXCLAMATIOUN TO THE REIDAR, TOUCHING THE WRIT-
ING IN VULGARE AND MATERNALL LANGUAGE.

By the first Act of Parliament passed during the regency of the Earl of Arrun. (15th March 154. 3.) liberty was given to the Queen's " lieges to haif the Halie Writ in the vulgar tounge, in Inglis or Scottis, " of ane gude and true translation ;" and, upon the nineteenth, an order was issued to the Clerk Register, (Sir James Faulis of Colington,) to cause this act " anent the New Testament to be proclaimed at " the market cross of Edinburgh, and thereafter to " give forth the copies thereof to all thaim that desyre " the samyn." In less than a year, however, after this proclamation, the Regent being drawn over to the party of the Catholicks, another act was passid, " ex- " hortand all Prelatis to proceed according to law a- " gainst those heretikis quha circulated thair dampna- " ble opinionis in contrair the faith and lawis of halie " kirk." The indulgence was thus in effect with- drawn ; readers of " Halie Wrytt" in the vulgar tongue were again threatened with fire and sword, and those who had favoured the new opinions were " compellit, by threats of being hangit, to leave the " court of the Governor." Among this number was SIR DAVID LINDSAY. It is easy, therefore, to perceive under what impressions this Exclamatioun, and indeed the whole of the Dialogue was composed.

GENTILL

GENTILL reidar, have me at na despite,
 Thinkand that I presumpteoullie pretend
 In vulgar tounge so hie ane mater to write.
 But quhair I mis, I pray the til amend,
 To the unlearnit I wald the caus wer kend,
 Of our maist miserabill travel and torment,
 And how in eirth na place be permanent.

Howbeit that divers devot cunning clerkis,
 In Latyn tounge have written findrie buikis,
 Our unlearnit knawis litill of thair werkis,
 More than they do the raving of the ruikis :
 Quhairfoir to collyearis, carters, and to cuikis,
 To Jock and Thom my ryme falbe direckit,
 With cunning men howbeit it wil be leckit.

Thoch every Commoun may not be a clerk,
 Nor has na leid, except thair tounge maternal,
 Quhy suld of God the mervellus hevinly werk
 Be hid from them? I think it not fraternal.
 The father of hevin quhilk was, and is eternal,
 To Moses gave the law on mont Sinay,
 Not into Greik nor Latine, I heir say.

He wrait the law on tabils hard of stane,
 In their awin vulgare language of Hebrew,
 That all the barnis of Israel every one
 Micht knaw the law, and so the same ensaw.
 Had he done write in Latine or in Grew,
 It had to thame bene bot ane farilefs jest ;
 You may weil wit God wrocht al for the best.

Aristotle nor Plato, I heird sane,
 Wrait nocht thair hie philosophie naturall,
 In Dutche nor Dence, nor tounge Italiane,
 But in thair most ornate tounge maternal,

Quhais

Quhais fame and name dois reigne perpetual.
Famous Virgill, that prince of poetrie,
Nor Cicero, that flowr of oratrie,

Wrait not in Caldic language, nor in Grew,
Nor yit into language Saracene ;
Nor in the natural language of Hebrew,
But in the Roman tounge, as may be sene,
Quhilk was thair proper language, as I wene.
Quhen Romanis raug, dominatouris indeid,
The ornate Latine was thair proper leid.

In the mein time, quhen thir bald Romance
Ouer all the warld had the dominioun,
Maid Latine sculis thair gloir for to auance,
That thair language micht be ouer all commoun ;
To that intent, by my opinioun,
Traistif that thair empire suld ay indure ;
Bot of fortune alway thay war not sure.

Of languages the first diversitie,
Was maid by Goddis maledictioun,
Quhen Babylon was buildit in Caldie,
Thay buldaris gat none uther afflictioun.
Afoir the time of that punitioun,
Was bot ane tounge, quhilk Adam spak himself,
Quhair now of toungis thairin threescoir and twelf.

Notwithstanding, I think it greit plesour,
Quhair cunning men hes languages anew ;
That in thair youth, be diligent labour,
Hes leirnit Latine, Greek, and auld Hebrew :
That I am not of that fort soir I rew ;
Quhairfoir I wald all buikis neccessare
For our faith wer intill our tounge vulgare.

Christ efter his glorious ascensioun,
To his discipyles sent his halie spreit
In toungis of fyre, to that intentioun,
That being all of languages repleit
Throw all the warld, with wordis fair and sweit,

To

To every man the faith they fuld furth schaw,
In thair awin leid delyverand thame the law.

Thairfoir I think ane greit derisoun,
To heir the Nunnis and susteris nicht and day,
Singand and sayand, psalmes and orisoun ;
Nocht understanding quhat thay sing or say :
But like ane stirling, or ane popinjay
Quhilk learnit ar to speik be lang usage,
Them I compare to birdis in ane cage.

Richt sa children and ladyis of honouris
Prayis in Latine, to thame ane uncouth leid :
Mumland thair matynis, even-sangs, and thair houris ,
Thair Pater-noster, Ave, and thair Creid.
It wer als plefand to thair spreit indeid,
God have mercie on me ! for to say thus,
As to say, *miserere me Deus*.

Sanct Herome in his proper toung Romane,
The law of God trewlie he did translate
Out of Hebrew and Greik, in Latine plane,
Quhilk hes bene hid from us lang time, God wait,
Untill this time. Bot efter my conceit,
Had Sanct Herome bene born into Argyle,
In Irisch toung his buikis he had done compyle.

Prudent Sanct Paul dois mak narratioun
Tuitching the divers leid of everie land,
Sayand thair bene mair edificatioun
In fyve wordis that folk dois understand,
Than to pronounce of wordis ten thousand
In strange language, fyne wait not quhat it menis,
I think sic prating is not worth twa prenis.

Unleirnit pepill on the halie day
Solempnitlie thay heir the Evangel soun,
Not knowing quhat the preit dois sing or say,
But as ane bell quhan that thay heir it roun ;
Yet wald the preistis in thair mother toung,

Pas

Pas to the pulpit, and that doctrine declair
To lawit pepill, it war mair necessair.

I wald prelatiſ and doctouris of the law
With us lawit pepil wer not discontent,
Thoch we in our tounge vulgare did knaw
Of Chriſt Jeſus the life and teſtament,
And how that we ſuld keip commandement :
Bot in our language lat us pray and reid
Our Pater-noſter, Ave, and our Creid.

I wald ſome prince of greit diſcretioun,
In vulgare language planelie gart translate,
The neidful lawis of this regioun,
Than wald there not be half ſo greit debait,
Amang us pepil of the law eſtair ;
Gif everie man the verity did knaw,
We neidit not to treit thir men of law.

To do our neichtbour wrang we wald bewar,
If we did feir the lawis puniſchment :
Thair wald not be ſic brawling at the bar ;
Nor men of law loup to ſic royal rent.
To keip the law gif all men wer content,
And ilk man do as he wald be done to,
The judges wald get lytill thing ado.

The prophet David king of Iſraell,
Compyld the pleſand pſalmes of the pſalta
In his awin proper tounge, as I heir tell ;
And Salomon quhilk was his ſon and air,
Did mak his buik into his tounge vulgair.
Quhy ſuld not thair ſayings be till us ſchawin
In our language, I wald the cauſ wer knawin.

Let doctoris write thair curious queſtiounis,
And argumentis ſawin full of ſophiſtrie ;
Thair logic, and thair heich opiniounis,
Thair dark judgementis of aſtronomie,
Thair medicine, and thair philoſophie.

Let poetis schaw thair glorious ingyne,
 As euer thay pleise, in Greik or in Latyne;
 Bot let us have the buikis neccessair
 To commoun-weal, and our salvatioun,
 Justly translatit in our tounge vulgair.
 And als I mak you supplicatioun,
 O gentil reidar, have na indignatioun,
 Thinkand I mell me with fa hie matair.
 Now to my purpois forwart will I fair.

P. 17.—Translait the neidful lawis; *that is*, the Scottish laws prior to those of James I. after whose restoration in 1424 the statutes were all written in the vulgar tongue; while those of England continued to be written in French until the year 1484. It is likely, however, that Lindsay alludes in part to the canons of the provincial councils, otherwise called the Lawis of Haly Kirk; which, during the minority of Queen Mary, were not less interesting than the old acts of Parliament, especially to Sir David Lindsay, and other such labourers in the great work of reformation; the purpose of most of them being to check its progress, by gradually correcting acknowledged abuses, and by enforcing rigorously the punishment of heretics.

The word *Scottis*, in Arran's first statute, leads one naturally here to enquire whether there was, about this time, any translation of the Old or New Testament different from those of Tyndall and Coverdale.—Keith reports, upon the authority of Sir James Balfour, that the Earl of Arran then entertained in his house a friar Guillian, or Williams, (born near Elstonsford, in East Lothian) who translated the New Testament into the vulgar tongue. Can this be the translation alluded to in the Act? Lewis, in his History of Translations, says, nearly under this period, that three editions of the New Testament appeared, without the name of printer or place; and seems to think they were printed in Scotland. They are not, however, mentioned by Ames; nor does Lewis say that they were different from Tyndall's.

ANE EXCLAMATIOUN AGANIS IDOLATRIE.

In honour of St. GILES, the tutelar saint of the city of Edinburgh, an annual festival was celebrated on the first of September, when the statue of Egidius was carried through the streets in solemn procession; attended, as it would seem, by the principal inhabitants. Such a flagrant act of Idolatry could not well escape the notice of SIR DAVID; who, no doubt, set forth this "Exclamatioun," for the purpose of kindling the resentment of the people against the harmless representative of their ancient guardian and defender. And it did not fail at last to produce the desired effect; for, on St. Giles's day 1558, when some persons convicted of heresy were to make a public recantation, the populace rose tumultuously, broke the statue to pieces, dissipated the procession, and rescued the criminals. On the other hand, the Clergy ventured to take their revenge, by ordering SIR DAVID's works to be called in, and publicly committed to the flames.

IMPRUDENT pepill, ignorant and blynd,
Be quhat reffoun, law, or authoritie;
Or quhat authentik scripture can ye find
Isfum for tìll commit idolatrie?

Quhilk

Quhilk bene to bow your bodie, or your knie,
 With devoute humbill adoratioun,
 Till ony ydol maid of stane or trie,
 Gevand thame offerand or oblatioun.

Quhy do ye give the honour, laud, or gloir
 Pertenand God quhilk maid all thing of nocht,
 Quhilk wes, and is, and salbe evirmoir,
 Till ymagis be mennis handis wrocht?
 O fulische folk! quhy have ye succour socht
 Of thame quhilk can nocht help you in distres?
 Yet reisonabil revolve into your thocht,
 In stock nor stane can be na halines.

In the desert the pepill of Israell,
 Moses remaning on the mont Sinay,
 Thay maid ane moltin calf of fine metell,
 Quhilk thay did honour as thair God verray.
 Bot quhen Moses descendit, I heir say,
 And did consider thair ydolatrie,
 Of that pepill thré thousand gart he slay,
 As the scripture at lenth dois testifie.

Becaus the halie propheet Daniell,
 In Babylon ydolatrie reprewit,
 And wald not worschip thair fals idol Bell,
 The haill pepill at him wer sa agrevit,
 To that effect that he suld be myschevit,
 Deliverit him to rampand lyounis sevin;
 Bot of that dangerous den he was relevit,
 Throuch myrakle of the greit God of hevin.

Behald how Nabuchadonozor king,
 Into the vail of Duran did prepar
 Ane image of fyne gold, ane marvellous thing,
 Threscore of cubits heich, and sax in squair,
 As moir cleirlye the scripture dois declair;
 To quhom all pepill be proclamatioun,
 With bodyis bowit, and on thair kneis bair,
 Richt humble maid thair adoratioun.

Ane greit wonder that day was sene also,
 How Nabuchadonozor in his yre,
 Tuik Sydrach, Myfch, and Abednago,
 Quhilk wald not bow thair knie at his desire
 Till that idoll; gart cast thame in the fyre
 For to be brynt, or he sterit off that steid.
 Quhen he belevit thay wer brynt bone and lyre,
 Was nocht consumit; ane small hair of thair heid.

The angel of the Lord was with thame sene
 In that het furnace, passing up and down,
 Intill ane rosy garth as thay had bene:
 No spot of fyre distainyng cote nor gown.
 Of victorie thay did obtain the crown,
 And wer to thame that made adoratioun
 To that idoll, or bowit thair body down,
 Ane witnessyng of thair dampnatioun.

Quhat wes the caus, at me thow may demand,
 That Salomon usit none ymagerie
 In his triumphand tempil for tyll stand,
 Of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, nor Jesse,
 Nor of Moses, thair saifgaird throw the sic,
 Nor Josua thair valyeant champioun?
 Becaus God did command the contrarie,
 That thay suld use sic superstitioun.

Behald how the greit God Omnipotent,
 To preserve Israell from idolatrie,
 Directit thame ane strait commandement
 That thay suld mak nane carvit imagery,
 Nouthir of gold, of silver, stane nor trie,
 Nor give worship till ony similitude,
 Beand in hevin, in eirth, nor in the sic,
 Bot onlie till his soverane Celsitude.

The propheet David planelie did reprove
 Idolatrie to thair confusioun;
 In graven stok or stane that did beleve,
 Declaring thame thair greit abusoun,

Speakand

Speakand in maner of derisioun,
 How deid idolis by mennis handis wrocht,
 Quhom thay honourit with humbil orisoun,
 War in the market daylie fauld and bocht.

The devillis feand the evill conditioun
 Of the Gentillis, and thair unfaithfulnes,
 For till augment thair superstitioun,
 In thofe idoles thay maid thair entres,
 And in thame spak, as storyis dois expres.
 Then men belevit of thame to get releif,
 Askand thame help in all thair befinis.
 Bot finallie that turnit to thair mischeif.

Traist weill, in thame is na divinitie,
 Quhen reik and roust thair fair colour dois faid;
 Thoch thay have feit, on foot thay can not flie,
 Howbeit the tempil birn abuve thair heid.
 In thame is nouthier freindschip nor remeid.
 In sic figuris quhat favour can ye find?
 With mouth, and eris, and ene thoch thay be maid,
 All men may fé thay ar dum, deif, and blind.

Howbeit thay fall down flatlingis on the flure,
 Thay have na strenth thair selfe to rais agane.
 Thoch rattonis ouer thame rin, thay tak na cure:
 Howbeit thay brek thair neck, thay feil na pane.
 Quhy fuld men psalmis to thame sing or fane,
 Sen growand treis that yeirlie beiris frute,
 Ar mair to prais, I mak it to thé plane,
 Nor cuttit stockis, wanting baith crop and rute?

Of Edinburgh the greit idolatrie,
 And manifest abhominatioun,
 On thair feist day all creature may fie:
 Thay beir ane auld stok image through the toun,
 With talbrone, trumpet, fchalme and clarioun,
 Quhilk have bene usit mony ane yeir bygone,
 With preistis and treiris iuto proceffioun,
 Sic like as Bell was borne throw Babylon.

Eschame

Eschame ye not ye seculare priestis and freiris,
Till sa greit superstitioun till consent ?
Idolateris ye have bene mony yeiris,
Expres aganis the Lordis commandement.
Quhairfoir brether, I counsel yow repent ;
Give na honour to carvit stok nor stane,
But laude and gloir give God Omnipotent,
Allanerlie, as wiselie writtis Johne.

Fy on yow freiris that ufis for to preiche,
And dois assist to sic idolatrie.

Quhy do ye not the ignorant pepill teich,
How ane deid image carvit of ane trie,
As it wer haly, suld not honourit be,
Nor borne on burges backis up and down ?
But ye schaw planelie your hypocrisie,
Quhen ye pas formost in processsioun.

Fy on yow fostarers of idolatrie,
That till ane deid stok dois reverence,
In presence of the pepill publikelie.
Fear ye nocht God to commit sic offence ?
I counsel yow do yit your diligence,
To gar suppress sic greit abussioun.
Do ye nocht so, I dreid your recompence
Sall be nocht els bot clein confusioun.

Had St. Francis bene borne out throw the toun,
Or St. Dominic, thoch ye had not refusit
With thame for till have past in processsioun,
Intill that case sum wald have yow excusit.
Now men may sé how that ye have abusit.
That nobill toun throw your hypocrisie.
The pepill trowis that thay may richt weill use it,
Quhen ye pas with thame into companie.

Sum of yow hes bene quyet counfallouris,
Provokand princes to sched faikles blude,
Quhilk never did your prudent predecessouris ;
But ye like furious Phariseis denude

Of cheritie, quhilk rent Christ on the rude,
 For Christis flock, without malice or ire,
 Convertit fragill faultouris, I conclude
 By Goddis word, withoutten sword or fire.

Reid ye not how that Christ hes gevin command
 Gif thy brother dois ocht thee to offend,
 Then secreitlie correct him hand for hand
 In friendlie maner, or thow farther wend,
 Gif he will nocht heir thee, than mak it kend
 To ane or twa by trew narratioun.
 Gif he for thame will not his mis amend,
 Declare him to the Congregatioun.

And gif he yit remanis obstinate,
 And to the halie kirk incounfelabill,
 Than like ane Turk hald him excommunicate,
 And with all faithful folk abhominabill,
 Banisching him that he be na mair abill
 To dwell amang the faithfull companie.
 Quhen he repentis, be not unmerciabill,
 Bot him reslave agane richt tenderlie.

Bot our dum doctouris of divinitie,
 And ye of the last found religioun !
 Of puir transgressouris ye have na pitie,
 Bot cryis to put thame to confusioun,
 As cryit the Jowis for the effusioun
 Of Christis blude into thair birnand ire,
Crucifige ! sa ye with an unioun,
 Cryis, Gar cast the faultour in the fyre.

Unmercifull memberis of the Antichrist !
 Extolland your human traditioun,
 Contrair the institution of Christ,
 Effeir ye not divine punitioun ?
 Thoch some of yow be gude of conditioun,
 Reddy for to reslave new recent wyne,
 I speik to yow auld bossis of perditionn,
 Return in time, or ye rin to rewynne.

As ran the perversst propheitis of Baell,
 Quhilkis did consent to the idolatrie
 Of wicked Achab king of Israell,
 Quhose number war four hundreth and fyftie,
 Quhilkis honourit that ydol opinlie.
 But quhen Elias did preve thair abusioun,
 He gart the pepill slay them cruellie :
 So at ane hour came thair confusioun.

I pray yow prent in your remembrance,
 How the Reid frieris for thair idolatrie,
 In Scotland, England, Spaine, Italy and France,
 Upon ane day war punissit piteousslie.
 Behald how your awin brethren now laitly,
 In Dutchland, England, Denmark, and Norroway,
 Are trampit down with thair hypocrisie,
 And as the snaw ar molten clene away.

I marvel that our bischopis thinkis na schame,
 To give yow frieris sic pre-eminence,
 Till use thair office to thair greit defame,
 Preiching for them in opin audience.
 Bot nicht ane bischop eik to his awin expence,
 For ilk fermoun ten ducatis in his hand ;
 He wald, or he did lack that recompence,
 Ga preich himself baith into burgh and land.

I traist to sé gude reformatioun,
 From time we get ane faithfull prudent king
 Quhilk knawis the truth, and his vocatioun :
 All publicanis, I traist, he will down thring,
 And will not suffer in his realm to ring
 Corruptit scribes, nor false Pharisience,
 Aganis the treuth quhilk planelie dois maling ;
 Till that king cum we must tak patience.

Now fareweill friendis, becaus I cannot flyte.
 Howbeit I could, ye man hald me excusit,
 Thoch I aganis idolatrie indyte,
 Or them despyte that will not yit refuse it,

I pray to God that it be na mair usit
 Amang the rewlaris of this regioun,
 That common pepill be na mair abusit,
 Bot gif him gloir that bure the cruell croun ;
 Quhilk teichit us, be his devine scripture,
 Till richt prayer the perfite reddy way,
 As writes Matthew in his saxth chapture,
 In quhat maner, and to quhome we suld pray,
 A schort compendeous orasione everie day,
 Maist profitable baith for body and faull :
 The quhilk is nocht directit, I heird say,
 To Johne, nor James, to Peter, nor to Paul ;
 Nor to nane uther of the apostles twelf,
 Nor to na sanct, nor angell in the hevin ;
 Bot only till our Father God himself,
 Quhilk orifone it dois contain full evin,
 Maist profitable for us petitiounis sevin ;
 Quhilk we lawick folk the *Pater-noster* call ;
 Thoch we say psalmis nine, ten, or elevin,
 Of all prayeris this bene the principall ;
 By resoun of the Maker quhilk it maid,
 Quhilk was the Sone of God our Saviour ;
 Be resoun als to quhom it suld be said,
 To the Father of hevin our Creatour,
 Quhilk dwellis nocht in tempil nor in towre.
 He cleirly feis our thocht, will, and intent.
 Quhat neidis us at utheris seik succour,
 Quhen in all place his power bene present ?
 Ye prynces of the preistis, that suld preiche,
 Quhy suffer ye sa greit abusoun ?
 Quhy do ye not the simple pepill teiche,
 How, and to quhome to dress thair orifoun ?
 Quhy thole ye them to rin from town to town,
 In Pilgrimage till ony imageries,
 Hopand to get there sum satisfacioun,
 Prayand to them devotlie on thair kneis ?

This

This was the practik of sum Pilgramage,
 Quhen fillokis into Fyfe began to fon;
 With Jock and Thom than thay tuke thair veyage,
 In Angus to the field chapell of Dron.
 Than Kittok there as keadzy as ane cone,
 Without regard outhir to fin or schame,
 Gave Lowrie leif at lasure to lowp on:
 Far better bene till have tarryit at hame.

I have sene pas ane marvellous multitude,
 Young men and women slingand on thair feit,
 Under the form of fenyit sanctitude,
 For till adore an image in Lawreit:
 Mony cum with thair marrowis for to meit,
 Committand thair foul fornicatioun.
 Sum kissit the claggit taill of the hermeit.
 Quhy thole ye this abhominatioun?

Of fornicatioun and adulterie,
 Appeirandlie ye tak but littil cure,
 Secand the mervellous infelicitie,
 Quhilk hes so lang done in this land indure,
 In your defalt, quhilk hes the charge and cure.
 This bene of treuth, my lordis, with your leve;
 Sic pilgramage hes maid mony ane hure,
 Quhilk, gif I pleisit, planelie I nicht preve.

Quhy mak ye not the scriptures manifest
 To puir pepill tuitching idolatrie?
 In your preiching quhy have ye nocht exprest
 How mony kingis of Israell cruellie
 War puneist by God sa rigoroullie?
 As Jeroboam, and mony ma, bot dout,
 For worshipping of caryit imagerie,
 War from thair realmis rudelie rutit out.

Quhy thole ye under your dominioun,
 Ane craftie priest, or fainyeit fals hermeit,
 Abuse the pepill of this regioun,
 Only for thair particular profeit?

And

And speciallie that hermit of Lawriet,
 He pat the commoun pepill in beleve,
 That blind gat sicht, and crookit gat thair feit,
 The quhilk that pallyard na way can appeve.

Ye maryit men that hes trim wanton wyfis,
 And lustie douchters of young and tender age,
 Quhais honestie ye fuld lose as your lyfis,
 Permit them nocht to pas in pilgramage,
 To seik support of ony stok image;
 For I have wittin gude wemen pas fra hame,
 Quhilk hes bene trappit with sic lustis rage,
 Hes done returnit baith with sin and schame.

Get up, thow sleipis all to lang, O Lord,
 And mak ane hastie reformatioun
 On them quhilk dois tramp down thy gracious word;
 And hes ane deidly indignatioun
 At them quhilk makis treu narratioun
 Of thy gospell schawing the veritie!
 O Lord, I mak thee supplicatioun,
 Support our fayth, our hope, and cheritie.

John Knox, in one of his "merie stories," gives the best illustration of this poem. "At this time (1558) the brethrein keipit thair conventiounis, and held counsaillis with sick graivitie and closenes, that the enemies tremblit. The images war stollen away in all partis of the cuntrey; and in Edinburgh was that greit idoll, callit *Sanct Geill* first drownit in the North-loch, and syne brunt; which raised no small trubill in the toun, for the freiris roopit like ravenis upoun the bishoppis, and the bishoppis ran upoun the Quein Regent, quho thocht it culd not stand with hir advantage to offend sic a multitude as than tuk upoun them the defens of the Evangell. Yet wald not the preistis and frearis ceis to haif that greit solempnitie and manifest abhominatioun whiche they accusomablie had upoun St Geill's day; to wit, thay wald have that idoll borne, and thairfore was all preparation deuly made. A marmorset idoll was borrowed from the Greay frearis, and was fast fixed with iron nailles upoun a barrow called their fertour. Thare assemblit preastis, frearis, chanonis, and rottin papistes, with tabournis and trumpetis,

trumpetis, baneris and bagge pypes: and quho was thare to lied the ring but the Quein Regent herself, with all her schavelings for honour of that feist! West about goes it, and cumms down the hic street, and down to the comone crosse. The Queen Regent was to dyne that day in *Sandie Carpytynis* hous, betwix the bowis; and so quhan the idoll was to retarne back again, sche left it, and past in to her deanser. The heartes of the brethrein war wonderoullie inflamit, and seing sic abhominatioun so manifestlie mauteined, war decreit to be revenged. Some of those that war of the interpryis drew ney to the idoll as willing to help to bear him, and getting the serteour upon their schouldeours, began to schuder, thinking that thareby the idoll sould have fallen; but that was provided and prevented by the iron nailles; and so began ans to cry, Down with the idoll, down with it! and so without delay it was pulled down. Sum braggis maid the preastis patrounis at the first, bot they sone saw the sebilness of thair God; for one tuik him by the heallis, and dadding his heid to the calsfay, left Dagon without heid or handis, and said, *Fy upon the, throw young Sancta Geill, thy father would have taryed four yuch.* The preistis and freiris fled faster than thay did at *Pinkie cleuch.* Down went the crocis; off went the surplices, round capis, and cornet with the crownis. The gray freiris gaiped, the black freiris blew, the preistis panted and fled, and happy was he that first gat the hous".

P. 24. "Ye of the last founde religioun." Linlsey perhaps alludes to the Commission appointed after the Reformation by Edward VI. *anno* 1549, to search after and examine hereticks; that is, contemnners of the English book of Common Prayer; who, in case of obstinate perfeverance in error, were to be excommunicated, and delivered over for farther punishment to the secular power. The first victim of this Commission was a woman named Joan of Kent, who was condemned, and actually burnt for her heretical opinions; and, in April 1551, another person was burnt in Smithfield for a similar offence. Sir David's expression of "new founde religioun" shews that the opinions of the Scottish reformers, even at this early period, did by no means coincide with those of the English church.

P. 25. "How the reid freiris —————
————— wer punissit piteoullie."

Several different orders of Monks and Friars were distinguished by the name of Red Friars; as, the Knights Templars, the Knights of St John of Jerusalem, otherwise called of Malta, or Hospitallers, and the Mathurins or Trinity Friars. The first and last of these wore a red cross upon a white cloak; the Hospitallers originally a white cross upon red field. Neither to these nor to the Mathurins did ever any particular disaster befall; but the order of Templars, to use the words of Speed, under the year 1312, "was; upon proof of their general odious sinnes,

finnes, and scarce credible impieties, utterly abolished through Christendome." Philip the Fair, of France, caused fifty-four of their order, together with their great Master, to be burnt at Paris in one day; and their lands and revenues were every where annexed to the order of Knights Hospitallers, or of Malta. Their principal possessions in Scotland were Tullach, Atoyne, Inchynan, Maryculter, with the hospitals of St Germans, Balantrodoch, and Kilbartha, besides many houses in Edinburgh and Leith, some of them to this day distinguished by a cross on the top of the roof. To this suppression of the 'Templars, Lindsay, no doubt, here alludes; the other two orders continuing in a flourishing state down to the time of the Reformation. The term "Red friars" was, however, always more generally appropriated to the Mathurines than to any other order.

P. 25. "Ane faithful prudent king." Lindsay seems still to have had in view the much desired union of the crowns of Scotland and England by the marriage of Queen Mary with the "prudent and faithful" Edward VI.; he might, however, apply these epithets to the Dauphin of France, Henry II. being at that time (1552) the principal ally of the princes of the protestant league.

P. 27. "Field chapel of Dron." In the parish of Dron, county of Perth, are the remains of two small chapels; one in the east, the other in the west part of the parish; which last bears the name of *Ecclesiastigirde*. No account is given of the origin of this name; but some have supposed it to be a corruption of the church of St Magdalene. It belonged to the abbey of Lindores. One of these is probably the chapel here mentioned. *Lawreit* means the chapel of Loretto, at the east end of Musselburgh. In a preceding part of the poem, Kerrail is Crail, on the east coast of Fife, where there was formerly a collegiate church belonging to the priory of Haddington, and containing no fewer than nine altars dedicated to the Virgin Mary, St Catharine, St Michael, St James, the two St Johns, St Stephen, St Nicholas, and the high altar. In a castle which overlooks the harbour, David I. is said to have frequently resided; and, (according to Sir R. Sibbald and others,) probably also died, rather than at Carlisle. It was anciently called Carryle, which, by some transcriber of Aldred, may have been mistaken for Carlisle.

OF THE FIFTH, OR PAPAL MONARCHIE.

After a long and laboured account of the "Asserianis, Persianis, Grekis, and Romanis," LINDSAY gives a description of the rise and progress of the Papal see, from simple and humble beginnings, to an enormity of spiritual tyranny; and exposes its various modes of extortion in language that must have made a considerable impression upon the public mind. He then, like a true politician, proceeds to foretell what he anxiously desires,—a speedy emancipation from ecclesiastical tyranny; with a view of introducing which prophecy, it is probable that LINDSAY's Dialogue was solely composed. The first solemn bond or covenant "to forsake and renounce the congregation of Sathan" was signed on the 3d of December 1557.

Now haif I schawin thé, as I can,
How *Papal Monarchie* began;
Ascendand up ay gré be gré,
Abuse the Empriouris Majestie.

Swa quhan thay gat amang thair handis,
Of Italie all the Empriours landis,
After that into ilk countrie
Sprang up thair temporalitie,
With sik grit rypes and sik rent,
That thay gan to be negligent,
In making ministratioun,
To Chryslis trew congregatioun;

And

And tuk na mair payne in their preiching,
 And far les travel in their teiching ;
 Changing their spritualitie
 In temporall fenfualitie.

C. Father ! think ye that they are sure,
 That thair Empyre fall lang endure ?

E. Appeirantlie it may be kend,
 Quoth he, thair gloir fall have ane end.
 I mein thair temporall monarchie,
 Sall be turnit in humilitie.
 Thruich Goddis word, without debait,
 Thay fall turn to thair first estait ;
 As in Daniel's prophcey appearis,
 Thereto shall not be many yearis,
 Albeit Christis fayth shall never fail,
 But more and more it shall prevail,
 Though Christis true congregatioun
 Suffers great tribulatioun.

C. Father, said I, by quhat reafoun,
 Sould Papal Monarchie come down,
 Considerand thair pre-eminence ?

E. Said he, For difobedience ;
 Abusing the commandement
 Quhilk Christ left in his Testament ;
 Using thair own traditioun,
 Contrair Christis institutioun.
 Christ in his last conventioun,
 The day of his ascensioun,
 To his disciples gair command,
 That thay suld pass to every land,
 To teche and preche with true intent,
 His law and his commandement.
 No other office he to thame gair ;
 He did not bid thame seik nor craif
 Corps-presents, nor offerandis,
 Nor yet lordships, nor temporal landis.

But

But now it may be hard and sene,
 Baith with thine earis, and thine ene,
 How prelatis in every land,
 Take little cure of Christis command,
 Neither into thair deids nor sawis,
 Neglecting thair awn canon lawis.
 Using themselves contrarious,
 For the maist part, to Christ Jefous.
 Christ thocht no schame to be ane prechour,
 And to all pepill of truth ane teachour.
 A Pope, Bischop, nor Cardinal,
 To teche and preche will nocht be thral.
 They send forth friers to teche for thame,
 Quhilk garris the pepill mock for schame.
 Christ wald nocht be ane temporal king,
 Richly into no realm to ring,
 But fled temporal auctoritie,
 As in the scripture thow may sie.
 All men may know how Popis ringis
 In dignity abuve all Kingis,
 As well of temporalitie,
 As into spiritualitie.
 Thou may see be experience,
 The Pope's princely pre-eminence,
 In chronicles if thou list to luke,
 How Carion wryttis in his buke,
 Ane notabill narratioun;
 The year of our salvatioun,
 Eleven hundreth six and fyftie,
 Pope Alexander presumptuouslie,
 Quhilk was the thrid Pope of that name,
 To Fredrike Empriour did diffame.
 In Veneis, that triumphand town,
 That nobyll Empriour gart ly down
 Apone his wambe, with schame and lak,
 Syne tred his feit apone his bak,

In toknyng of obedience.

Thare he schew his prehemynence,

And caufit his Clergy for to fng

Thir wordis efter following :

Super aspidem et basiliscum ambulabis,

Et conculcabis leonem et draconem.

Than said this humyll Empriour,

I do to Peter this honour.

The Pope answerit with wordis wroith,

Thow fall me honour, and Peter boith.

Christ, for to schaw his humyll spreit,

Did wasche his puir disciplis feit.

The Popis holynes, I wys,

Wyll suffer kyngis his feit to kys.

Birdis had thare nestis, and toddis thare den,

Bot Christ Jesus, faiffer of men,

In eirth had nocht ane penny breid

Quhareon he mycht repose his heid.

Howbeit, the Popis excellence

Hes castellis of magnificence ;

Abbottis, Byfchoppis, and Cardinallis,

Hes plesand palyces-royallis ;

Lyke Paradyse ar those prellattis places,

Wantyng no plesoure of fair faces.

Johne, Androw, James, Peter, nor Paull,

Had few housis amang thame all.

From tyme thay knew the veritie,

Thay did contempne all propertie,

And wer rycht hertfullie content

Of meit, drynk, and abilyement.

To saif mankind that wes forlorne,

Christ bure ane creuell crown of thorne ;

The Pope thré crownis for the nonis,

Off gold poulderit with pretious stonis.

Off gold and sylver, I am sure,

Christ Jesus tuke bot lytill cure ;

And

And lest nocht, quhen he yald the spreit,
 To by himself ane wynding-scheit.
 Bot his successeure, gude Pope Johne,
 Quhen he deceisit in Alvinione,
 He left behynd hym ane treasoure,
 Of gold and sylver by mesoure,
 Be one just computatioun,
 Weill fyve and twenty myllioun,
 As dois indyte Palmerius.
 Reid hym, and thow fall fynd it thus.
 Christis discipulis wer weill knawin
 Throuch vertew, quhilk wes be thame schawin ;
 In speciaall fervent charitie,
 Gret pacience and humytie.
 The Popis floke, in all regiounis,
 Ar knawin best be thare clyppit crownis.
 Christ, he did honour matromony
 Into the Cane of Galaly ;
 Quhare he, be his power divyne,
 Did turne the walter into wyne ;
 And als chesit sum maryit men
 To be his fervendis, as ye ken ;
 And Peter, duryng all his lyfe,
 He thocht no syn to haif ane wyfe.
 Ye fall nocht fynd in no passage,
 Quhare Christ forbiddeth marriage ;
 Bot leiffum tyll ilk man to marye
 Quhilk wantis the gift of chaistitye.
 The Pope hes maid thé contrar lawis
 In his kingdome, as all men knawis.
 None of his preistis dar marye wyfis,
 Under no les pane nor thare lyfis.
 Thocht thay haif concubines fyftene,
 Into that cace thay ar ouersene.
 Quhat chaistitye thay keip in Rome,
 Is weill kend ouer all Christendome.

Christ

Christ did schaw his obedience
 Onto the Empriouris excellence,
 And caufit Peter for to pay
 Trybute to Cesar for thame tway.
 Paull biddis us be obedient
 To Kingis as the most excellent.
 The contrair did Pope Celistene
 Quhen that his sanctitude serene
 Did crown Henry the Empriour,
 I thynk he did him small honour,
 For with his feit he did him crown,
 Syne with his fute the crown dang down;
 Sayand, I haif auctoritie
 Men tyll exalt to dignitie,
 And to mak Empriouris and Kyngis,
 And syne depryve thame of thair ryngis.
 Peter, be my opinioun,
 Did neuer use sic dominioun.
 Apperandlye, by my jugement,
 That Pope red neuer the New Testment.
 Gif he had lernit at that lore,
 He had refusit sic vane glore
 As Barnabas, Peter, and Paull,
 And rycht so Christis disciplis all.
 The Capitaine Cornelius,
 Quhen Sanct Peter cum tyll his hous,
 Tyll worschip him, fell at his feit;
 Bot Sanct Peter, with humyll spreit,
 Did rais him up with diligence,
 And did refuse sic reverence.
 Richt so Sanct Johne, the Evangelist,
 The angellis feit he wald haif kist,
 Bot he refusit sic honoure,
 Sayand, I am bot servitoure;
 Rycht so thy fallow and thy brother,
 Gyff glore to God, and to none other.

Alykewyis

Alykewyis Barnabas and Paull
 Sic honoure did refuse at all.
 In Lystra, quhare thay wroucht gret werkis,
 The preist of Jupiter, with his clerkis,
 And all the pepill, with thare avyse,
 Wald haif maid to thame sacrifyse.
 Of quhilk thay wer so discontent,
 That thay thair clothyng raif and rent ;
 And Paull amang thame rudely ran,
 Sayand, I am ane mortall man ;
 Gyf glore to God, of kyngis kyng,
 That maid hevin, erth, and every thing.
 Sen Peter and Paull vaine glore refusit,
 With Popis, quhy suld sic glore be usit ?
 Peter, Androw, Johne, James, and Paull,
 And Christis true disciplis all,
 By Goddis word thair faith defendit ;
 To burn and scald thay neuer pretendit.
 The Pope defendis his traditioun
 By flammand fyre without remissioun.
 Howbeit men break the law divyne,
 Thay are nocht put to so great pyne.
 For huredome, nor idolatrie,
 For incest, nor adulterie.
 Or quhen young virginis are deflorit,
 For sic things men are nocht abhorrit.
 But quho that eatis flesche into Lent,
 Are terribly put to torment.
 And gif ane preist happen to marrie,
 Thay do him baneis, curse and warie,
 Thoch it be nocht aganis the law
 Of God, as men may clearly know.
 Betwix thir two quhat difference bene,
 By faithful folke it may be sene.
 Sic antitheses many mo,
 I nicht declare, quhilk I let go.

And

And may nocht tary to compyle,
 Of ilk order the staitly style.
 The feily nun will think great schame,
 Without she callit be, madame.
 The puir priest thinkis he gets no rycht,
 Be he nocht stilit like ane knycht,
 And callit, Schir, afore his name,
 As Schir Thomas, and Schir Willame.
 All monkry, ye may hear and sie,
 Are callit deans for dignitie.
 Albeit his mother milk the cow,
 He must be callit dean Androw,
 Dean Peter, dean Paul, dean Robert.
 With Christ thay tak ane painful part,
 With doubbyll clething from the cald,
 Eatand and drinkand quhen thay wald.
 With curious countryng in the queir,
 God wait gif thay buy heavin full deir.
 My lord abbet rycht venerabyll,
 Ay marshallit upmost at the batyll.
 My lord bischop most reverent,
 Sittis abuve earls in parliament.
 And cardinallis durand thair ringis,
 Fallows to princes and to kingis ;
 The Pope exaltit in honour,
 Abuve the potent Empriour.
 The proud parson I think treulie,
 He leads his lyfe rycht lustilie ;
 For quhy he hes no uther pyne,
 Bot tak his teind, and spend it syne ;
 Bot he is obligit by reasoun
 To preche unto his parishoun ;
 Thoch thay lack preaching/ seventeen year,
 He will nocht lack a peck of bear.
 Sum persons hes at thair command
 The wantoun wenchis of the land.

Als thay have great prerogatyves,
 That thay may depart with thair wyves,
 Without divorce or summondung,
 Syne tak another without wodding.
 Sum man wald think it lustie lyfe,
 Ay quhen he list to change his wyfe,
 And tak another of more beautie ;
 But feculars lack that libertie,
 The quhilk are bound in mariage.
 Bot thay like rammis into thair rage,
 Unpislellit, rinnis amang the yowis,
 So lang as nature in thame growis.
 And als the vicar, as I trow,
 He will nocht fail to tak ane cow,
 And umaist claith, thoch babes thame ban,
 From ane puir felye husband-man,
 Quhen that he lieth for tyll die,
 Havand small bairnis two or three ;
 That hath three ky withoutten mo,
 The vicar must have one of tho ;
 With the grey cloke that happis the bed,
 Albeit that he be puirly cled.
 And gif his wyfe die on the morne,
 Thoch all the babes suld be forlorne,
 The uther kow he cleiks away,
 With the puir coit of roploch gray.
 And gif within two years or three,
 The eldest chyld happnis to die,
 Of the thrid kow he will be sure.
 Quhen he thame hath all under cure,
 And father and mother baith are deid,
 Beg must the babes without remeid.
 Thay hald the corps at the kirk-style,
 And there it must remain a quhile,
 Till thay get sufficient fouertie
 For thair kirk rycht and dewitie.

Then

Then comes to the landis lord perforce,
 And cleikis to him ane horse.
 Puir labourers wald these lawis war doun,
 Quhilk neuer was foundit by reafoun.
 I heard thame say under confessioun,
 That law was brother to oppreffioun.

In this and various other parts of the *Monarchies*, LINDSAY quotes *Cario's Chronicle*, *Palmerius*, the *Fasciculus Temporum*, and the *Chronica Chronicarum*. *Cario's Chronicle* was originally composed about the beginning of the sixteenth century, by Ludovicus Cario, an eminent Mathematician, and improved or written anew by Melancthon. Matthew Palmerius wrote a general Chronicle from the fifth century to his own times, which was first printed at Milan about the year 1475. The *Fasciculus Temporum* is a Latin Chronicle, written about the end of the fifteenth century, by Wernerus Rolewinck, a Westphalian, and first published in the year 1478. The *Chronica Chronicarum*, written by Hardmannus Schedelius, a physician at Nuremburgh, and from which Lindsay evidently took his philosophy in his *DREAM*, was printed at Nuremburgh in 1493, and is at present a great curiosity, as Mr Warton observes, to those who are fond of wonders conveyed in black letter and wooden cuts. Lindsay also quotes a translation (probably the French) of Orosius, an early Christian historian, who had the honour of being translated into Anglo-Saxon by King Alfred, an edition of which has lately been published. For the story of Alexander the Great, our author seems to refer to a MS. poem on that subject, written by Adam Davie in the reign of Edward the Second. He likewise occasionally mentions Polydore Virgil, St Jerome, Avicen the Arabic physician, Josephus, Valerius Maximus, Livy, Hesiod, and Homer. W.

OF THE COURT OF ROME.

This division is merely a continuation of the former ; but in a different stanza, and alluding more particularly to the celibacy of the Clergy, a system which was originally introduced, as Lord Hailes observes, by some superstitious refinement on the laws of God and nature. " Could men have been kept alive, (continues " his Lordship,) without eating and drinking, as well " as without marriage, the same refinements would " have prohibited ecclesiastics from eating and drinking, and thereby elevated them so much nearer to " the state of angels. In process of time, however, " this fanatical interdiction became an instrument of " worldly wisdom ; and thus, as frequently happens, " what weak men began, politicians completed. The " Scottish Clergy, in obedience to their superiors, submitted to the laws of celibacy. The consequences " are well known : suis ut ipsa Roma viribus ruit."

COURTEOUR.

FATHER, said I, quhat rewl keip thay in Rome,
Quhilk hes spirituall dominion,
And monarchie abuse all Christendome ?
Schaw me, I mak you supplicatioun.

E. My sone, I wald mak trew narratioun,
Said he : To Peter and Paul thoch thay succeid,
I think thay preve nocht that into thair deid.

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F

For

For Peter, Androw, and Johne, wer fisharis fine
 Of men and women to the Christian faith :
 But thay have done spreid thair net with huik and line
 On rentis riche, on gold and uther graith ;
 Sic fisching to neglect thay will be laith.
 For quhy thay have fischit ouerthort the strandis,
 Ane greit part trewly of all temporall landis.

With the tent part of all gude movabill,
 For the uphalding of thair digniteis :
 Sa bene thair fisching verray profitabill,
 On the dry land as weill as on the feis :
 Thair hely water thay spred in all countries,
 And with thair hois net daily drawis to Rome,
 The maist fine gold that is in Christendome.

I dar weill say, within this fiftie yeir,
 Rome hes ressavit furth of this regioun,
 For bullis and benefice quhilk thay buy full deir,
 Quhilk micht full weill have payit ane kingis ranfoum.
 But wer I worthy for to wear ane croun,
 Preistis suld na moir our substance sa consoum.
 Sending yeirly sa greit riches to Rome.

Into thair tramalt net thay fangit ane fische
 Mair nor ane quhale, worthy of memorie,
 Of quhom thay have had mony dainty dische,
 Be quhilk thay ar exaltit to greit glorie,
 That marvellous monstour callit Purgatorie.
 Albeit to us it be nocht amiabill,
 It hes to thame bene very profitabill,

Lat thay that fruteful fische eschape thair net,
 Be quhilk thay have sa greit commoditeis,
 Ane mair fat fische I traist thay fall nocht get,
 Thoch thay suld seirch ouirthort the oceane feis ;
 Adew the daily dolorous dirigeis.
 Seillie puir preistis may sing with hart full forie,
 Lack thay that paneiful palace Purgatorie.

Fareweill

Fareweill Monkrie, with chanoun, nun, and freir,
 Allace, thay will be lightleit in all landis.
 Cowlis will na mair be kend in kirk nor queir,
 Lat thay that frutefull fische eschape thair handis.
 I counfall t'ame to bind him fast in bandis,
 For Peter, Androw, nor Johne, culd never get
 Sa profitabill ane fische into thair net.

Thair merchandice into all natiounis,
 As prentit leid, thair walx and parchement,
 Thair pardounis and thair dispensatiounis,
 Thay do exceed sum temporall princes rent;
 In sic traffike thay ar nocht negligent.
 Of benefice thay mak gude merchandice,
 Throw Symonie, quhilk thay hald lytill vice.

Christ did command Peter to feid his scheip,
 And sa he did feid thame full tenderlie.
 Of that command thay take but lytil keip,
 Bot Christis scheip thay spulye peteousslie,
 And with the woll thay cleith thame curiousslie.
 Like gormand wolfis thay tak of thame thair fude,
 Thay eit thair flesche, and drinkis baith milk and blude.

For that office thay 'serve bot lytill hyre.
 I think sic pastouris ar nocht for till prise,
 Quhilk can nocht gyde thair scheip about the myre,
 Thay ar sa besy in thair merchandise.
 Thocht Peter was porter of Paradice,
 That plefand passage craftelie thay clois;
 Throw thame richt few gettis entres, I suppois.

Christ Jhesus said, as Mathew dois report,
 Wo be to the Scribis and Pharisience,
 The quhilkis did clois of Paradice the port,
 Of thame we have the same experience.
 To enter thair thay mak small diligence,
 Thay tak no cure of temporall befinis,
 Richt sa from us thay stop the plane entres.

These

These spiritual keis quhilkeis Christ to Peter gaif,
 Their cullour cleir with reik and roust is fadit;
 Unoccupyit thay hald thame in thair naif,
 Of that office thay 'serve to be degradit;
 With Goddis word, without that thay remeid it.
 Oppening the port quhilk lang tyme has bin clofit,
 That we may enter with thame, and be rejosit.

Contrair till Christis institutioun,
 To thame that deis in habite of ane freir,
 Rome has thame grantit full remissioun
 To pas till Hevin straucht way withouttin weir,
 Quhilk bin in Scotland usit mony ane yeir.
 Be thair sic vertew in ane freiris hude,
 I think in vane Christ Jesus sched his blude.

Wald God the Pope, quhilk has pre-eminence,
 With advice of his counsell generall,
 That thay wald do thair detfull diligence
 That Christis law nicht keipit be our all,
 And trewlie preichit baith to greit and small;
 And geve to thame spirituall autoritie,
 Quhilk culd perfitelie schaw the veritie.

Quha cannot preiche, ane preist suld not be namit,
 As may be previt be the law devyne;
 And be the canon law thay are defamit
 That takis preistheid but onely to that fyne.
 Till all vertew thair hartis thay suld inclyne,
 In speciall to preiche with trew intentis,
 And minister the neidful Sacramentis.

As for thair monkis, thair chanonis, and thair freiris,
 And lustie ladyis of religioun,
 I know not quhat to thair office effeiris,
 Bot men may sé thair greit abusoun.
 Thay ar not like into conclusioun,
 Neither into thair wordis nor thair warkis,
 To the apostolis, prophetis, nor patriarkis.

Gif presentlie thir prelatis cannot preiche,
 Than let ilk bischop have ane suffragane,
 Or successeoure, quhilk can the pepill teiche,
 On thair expensis yeirlie to remane,
 To caus the pepill from thair vyce refrane.
 And quhare ane prelate hapnis to deceace,
 Than put ane perfite prechour in his place.

Do thay not sa, on thame fall be the charge,
 Gevand unabill men authoritie ;
 As, quha wald mak ane steirman till ane barge,
 Of ane blind borne quhilk can na danger se.
 Gif that schip droun, gude suith, I say for me,
 Quha gaif that steirman sic commissioun,
 Suld of the schip mak restitutioun.

The human lawis that ar contrarious,
 And nocht conforming to the law divyne,
 Thay suld expell, and hald thame odious,
 Quhen thay persave thame cum to na gud fyne,
 Inventit bot be sensuall mennis ingyne.
 As that law quhilk forbids mariage,
 Causing yong clarkis birn in lustis rage.

Difficill is chastitie till observe,
 But speciall grace, labour, and abstinence.
 Intill our flesche ay rignis till we sterve,
 That first originall sin concupiscence,
 Quhilk we throw Adamis inobedience
 Hes done incur, and fall indure for ever,
 Quhill that our faull and bodie deith dissever.

Quhairfoir God maid of mariage the band
 In Paradyce, as scripture dois record.
 In Galilee, richt sa I undirstand,
 Was mariage honourit be Christ our Lord.
 Auld law and new, thairto thay do concord.
 I think for me, better thay had sleipit,
 Nor till have maid ane law, and never keip it.

Tuka

Tuke not Christ Jesus his humanitie,
 Of ane virgine in mariage contractit,
 And of hir flesche cled his dignitie?
 Quhy then have thay that blisfull band dejectit
 In thair kingdome? Wald God it war correctit,
 That yong prelatis nicht marie lustie wyfis,
 And nocht in sensuall lust to leid thair lyfis.

Did nocht Christ cheis, of honest maryit men,
 Als weill as thay that keipit chaftitie,
 For to be his discipulis, as ye ken?
 As in the scripture cleirlye thow may see,
 Thay keipit still thair wyfis with honestie,
 As Peter and his spousit brethren all
 Obervit chaftitie matrimoniall.

Bot now appeiris the prophecie of Paull,
 How sum suld rise into the latter age,
 That from the trew faith suld depart and fall,
 And suld forbid the band of mariage,
 As thow fall find into that same passage.
 Thay suld command from meitis till abstene,
 Quhilk God creat, his pepill to sustene.

Bot sen the Pape, our spirituall prince and king,
 He dois ouersé sic vices manifest,
 And in his kingdome sufferis for to ring,
 The men be quhome the veritie bin suppressit,
 I excuse not himself mair than the rest.
 Allace! How suld we memberis be weill usit,
 Quhen sa our spirituall heidis bene abusit.

The famous ancient Doctor Avicene,
 Sayis, quhen evil rewme discendis from the heid,
 Into the members generis mekill pene,
 Without thair be maid hastelic remeid.
 Quhen the cold humour downwart dois proceid,
 In fennounis it causis Arthetica,
 Richt sa in the handis the cramp Cheragra.

Of maledyis it generis monie mo,
 Bot gif men get sum foverane preserve,
 As in the theis Sciathica passio,
 And in the breift sum tyme the strang Caterve,
 Quhilk caufis men richt haiftelie to fterve;
 And Podagra, difficul for to cure,
 In mennis feit quhilk lang time dois indure.

Sa to this maist triumphand court of Rome,
 This fimilitude full weill I may compair,
 Quhilk hes bene herschip of all Christindome,
 And to the warld ane evill exemplair,
 That umquhil was leid sterne and luminair,
 And the maist sapient fait of sanctitude:
 Bot now, allace, bair of beatitude.

Thair kingdome may be callit Babylone,
 Quhilk umquhile was ane bricht Jerusalem,
 As planelie menis the apostil Johne,
 Thair maist famous citie hes tint the fame,
 Inhabitaris thair of, thair nobill name;
 For quhy? thay have of Sanctis habitakle
 To Symon Magus made ane tabernakle;

Ane horrible vail of everilk kinde of vice,
 Ane laithlie loch of stinkand licherie,
 Ane cursit cove, corrupt with covatice,
 Bordowrit about with pride and symonie;
 Sum sayis, ane cistern full of sodomie,
 Quhais vice in speciall, gif I wald declair,
 It war eneuch for till perturbe the air.

Of treuth, the haill Christian religioun
 Throw thame ar scandalizat and offendit.
 It can not faill bot thair abusoun
 Befoir the throne of God it is ascendit.
 I dreid, but dout, without that thay amend it,
 The plagues of Johnes Revelatioun
 Shall fall upon thair generatioun.

O Lord,

O Lord, quhilk hes thehartis of everie king
 Into thy hand, I mak the supplicatioun,
 Convert that Court, that of thy grace bening,
 Thay wald mak general reformatioun
 Amang thame selfis in everie natioun,
 That thay may be ane halie exemplair
 Till us, thy puir lawit commoun populair
 Houngarit, allace ! for want of spirituall fude,
 Becaus from us bene hid the veritie.
 O Prince ! for us quhilk sched thy precious blude,
 Kendill in us the fyre of cheritie,
 And save us from eternal miserie,
 Now labouring into thy kirk militant,
 That we may all cum to thy kirk tryumphant.

C O N C L U S I O N .

Off our talkeing now latt us mak ane end ;
 Behald quhow Phebus dounwart dois discend,
 Towart his palyce in the occident.
 Dame Synthea, I sé, scho dois pretend
 Intyll hir wattry regioun tyll ascend.
 With vissage paill up from the orient
 The dew now dounkis, the roffis redolent ;
 The mareguldis that all day wer rejosit,
 Off Phebus heit now craftelly ar clofit.

The blysfyl byrdis bownis to the treis,
 And ceissis of thare hevinlye armoneis ;
 The corne-craik in the croft, I heir her cry ;
 The bak, the howlat, febill of thair eis,
 For thare pastyme now in the evinnyng fleis :
 The nyctyngaile, with mirthfull melody,
 Hir naturall notis perfith throw the lky,
 Tyll Synthea makand hir observance,
 Quhilk on the nycht dois tak hir dalyance.

I fé Pol-artike in the north appeir,
 And Venus ryssing with hir bemis cleir;
 Quharefor, my sonne, I hald it tyme to go.
 Wald God, said I, ye did remane all yeir,
 That I mycht of your hevinly lessonis leir.
 Of your departyng I am wounder wo.
 Tak pacience, said he, it mone be so.
 Perchance I fall returne with diligence.
 Thus I departit frome Experience,
 And sped me home, with hert fyching full fore;
 And enterit in my quyet oritore.
 I tuk this paper, and there began to wryte,
 This Miseric, as ye haif hard afore.
 All gentyll redaris, hertlye I implore
 For tyll excuse my rurall rude indyte.
 Thouch Phareseis wyll haif at me dispyte,
 Quhilkis wald not that thare craftynes wer kend:
 Lat God be juge, and so I mak ane end.

QUOD LYNDESAY 1552.

[Quod Lindesay 1552.] Thus reads the commonly called Copma-
 bonin edition, denoting the time when Lindesay finished the composi-
 tion; the date of the printing being undoubtedly 1553, as appears by
 a computation of years which he introduces in his description of the
 day of Judgment:

Of quhilk ar by gohe sickerlye,
 Fyve thousand fyve hundreth thrè and fiftye;
 And so remains to cum but weir,
 Four hundreth with sewin and fourtye yeir.

In most of the subsequent editions down to that of Andrew Hart in
 1623, these lines were altered to suit the date of the impressi-
 on; since which time, Hart's edition has continued to be the standard copy; not
 only in this date, but in the orthography.

P. 42. Peter, Androw, &c. were sisharis sine.] It is probable that
 Staveley had this chapter in his eye when he wrote his Romish Horfe-
 leech. "According to the doctrine of the Church of Rome, says he,
 Jesus Christ gave to Peter and his successors not only a power to fish

for men, but for money; and for that purpose conferred on them a right to fish in all secular ponds and rivers. "For the kings of the earth, says Jesus Christ, from whom do they receive tribute?—Not surely from us, for we are free. But go thou to the sea, and cast forth a hook, and take the first fish that cometh up; and when thou hast opened its mouth, thou shalt find a piece of money; that take." Hereby a fishing right, they contend, was established to fish in all waters, that is, among all people and nations; and the expression "Launch out into the deep," signified, "Go up to Rome," which had a vast dominion, and from whence therefore they might spread their nets over all the world. To the same purpose David exclaims, Thou hast put all things under his feet; all sheep, that is Christians; and oxen, or Jews; yea, and the beasts of the field, or Pagans; the fish of the sea, that is, souls in purgatory; and the fowls of heaven, or blessed spirits and angels.—Such is the magical nature of quotations from the Holy Scriptures! Venerable Bede has left us a curious picture of the pains of Purgatory in a story of a certain Monk of Mailros, (Melrose,) who, after being some hours dead, arose again to life, and related many remarkable things which he had seen, particularly Purgatory, which he described as a vale of great breadth, and infinite length; on the left, it appeared full of dreadful fire and flames; the other side was no less horrid, on account of tempestuous hail and snow continually flying about in all directions. Both lakes were brim-full of souls, who had no other relief but in leaping out of the one lake into the other, as if they had been tossed about by a tremendous hurricane, &c. It is easy to conceive, that whoever believed in this horrible chimera, would endeavour to secure for himself, upon any terms, something like a comfortable birth in it; or, at least, a shorter period of purgation. Hence the vast number of Monasteries, Abbies, Nunnerys, free chapels, chanteries, &c. which were founded all over Christendom. Even although a person had many children to provide for, or many debts to pay, it was common to neglect all considerations of that sort, and to lay out his whole fortune in the appointment of Masses, Diriges, Placebos, Requiems, &c. to be performed at stated times for the benefit and ease of his poor unhappy soul. Hence also the practice of burying in Monasteries, upon a presumption that the departed souls would in some degree be relieved by the prayers of the godly.

Declair to them this mortall miserie,
Be sword and fyre, derth, pest and povertie,
Proceidis of syn, gif I can richt descryve,
For laik of faith, and for idolatrie,
For fornicatioun, and for adulterie
Of Princes, prelatiſ, with monie ane man and wyve.
Expell the caus, than the effect belyve
Sall ceis : quhen that the pepill dois repent,
Than God sall slaik his bow quhilk yit is bent.

Mak them request quhilk hes the governaunce,
The synceir word of God for till avance,
Conforme to Christis institutioun,
Without hypocrisie or dissimutance,
Causing Justice hald evinlie the ballance,
On publicanis making punitioun,
Commending them of gude condition.
That being done, I dout not but the Lord
Sall of this cuntrie have misericord.

Thocht God, with monie terribill effrayis,
Hes done this cuntrie scourge be divers wayis,
Be just judgement, for our grevous offence,
Declair to them thay fall have merie dayis
Efter this trowbill, as the Propheit sayis :
Quhen God sall se our humbill repentence,
Till strange pepill thocht he hes geven licence
To be our scourge induring his desire,
Will, quhen he list, that scourge cast in the fire.

Pray them that thay put not thair esperance
In mortall men onelie them till avance ;
Bot principallie in God omnipotent,
Then neid thay not to charge the realme of France
With gunnis, galayis, nor uther ordinance.
Sa that thay be to God obedient
In thir premisses, be thay not negligent
Displayand Christis banner hie on hicht,
Thair enemies of them fall have na micht.

Ga hence, pair buik ! quhilk I have done indyte
In rurall ryme, in manner of despyte,
Contrair the warldis variatioun
Of rethorike, here I proclaim thé quhyt.
Idolaturis I feir fall with thé flyte,

Becaus

To thame quhilk has the realme in governance,
 Declair thy mind to them with circumstance.
 Ga first to James our Prince and protectour,
 And his brother our Spirituall Governour,
 And Prince of preistis in this natioun,
 Efter reverend recommendatioun,
 Under thair feit thow lawlie thee submit,
 And mak thame humbill supplicatioun,
 Gif thay in the find wrang narratioun,
 That thay wald pleis thy faltis to remit;
 And of thair grace gif thay doe the admit,
 Than ga thy way quhair euer thow pleis best,
 Be thay content, mak reverence to the rest.

To faithfull prudent pastouris spirituall,
 To nobill Erles and Lordis temporall,
 Obedientlie till thame thow thee addres,
 Declairing them this schort memoriall,
 How mankinde bene to miserie maid thrall.
 At lenth to thame the caus planelie confes,
 Beseikand them all lawis to suppres,
 Inventit be mennis traditioun
 Contrair to Christis institutioun.

And caus them cleirlye for till understand,
 That for the briking of the Lordis command,
 His thrinfald wand of flagellatioun
 Hes scourgit this puir realme of Scotland
 Be mortall weiris baith be sey and land,
 With monie terribill tribulatioun.
 Thairfoir mak to them true narratioun,
 That all our weiris, this derth, hunger and pest,
 Was not bot for our finnis manifest.

Declair to them how in the time of Noy,
 Alluterlie God did the world destroy.
 As halie scripture makis mentioun,
 Sodom, Gomor, with thair region and Roy,
 God spairit nouthier man, woman, nor boy,
 Bot all wer brint for thair offensioun.
 Jerusalem, that maist triumphant toun,
 Destroyit was for thair iniquitie,
 As in the scripture planelie thow may se.

Declair

Declair to them this mortall miserie,
Be sword and fyre, derth, pest and povertie,
Proceidis of syn, gif I can richt descryve,
For laik of faith, and for idolatrie,
For fornicatioun, and for adulterie
Of Princes, prelatis, with monie ane man and wyve.
Expell the caus, than the effect belyve
Sall ceis : quhen that the pepill dois repent,
Than God sall slaik his bow quhilk yit is bent.

Mak them request quhilk hes the governaunce,
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To be our scourge induring his desire,
Will, quhen he list, that scourge cast in the fire.

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In mortall men onelie them till avance ;
Bot principallie in God omnipotent,
Then neid thay hot to charge the realme of France
With gunnis, galayis, nor uther ordinance.
Sa that thay be to God obedient
In thir premisses, be thay not negligent
Displayand Christis banner hie on hicht,
Thair enemies of them fall have na micht.

Ga hence, pur buik ! quhilk I have done indyte
In rurall ryme, in manner of despyte,
Contrair the warldis variatioun
Of rethorike, here I proclaim the quhyt.
Idolaturis I feir fall with the flyte,

Becau₃

Becaus of them thow makis narratioun.
 Bot cure thow not the indignatioun
 Of hypocritis, and fals Pharisiense,
 Howbe't on thé thay call ane loud vengeance.
 Request the gentill reidar that thé reidis,
 Thocht ornate termis into thy park not spreidis,
 As thay in thé may have experience,
 Thocht barrane feildis beiris noch bot weidis,
 Yet brutal beiftis sweitlie on thame feidis.
 Desire of them nane uther recompence,
 Bot that thay wald reid thé with patience;
 And gif thay be in onie way offendit,
 Declair to them it fall be weill amendit.

It has already been observed that the Scottish reformers discovered very early a preference to some plan of Church Government different from that which had been adopted in England; for which Warton in his History of English Poetry endeavours thus to account: "the pomp and elegance of the catholick worship made no impressioun on a people whose devotion sought only for solid edification; and who had no notion that the interposition of the senses could with any propriety be admitted to co-operate in an exercise of such a nature, which appealed to reason alone, and seemed to exclude all aid of the imagination. It was therefore natural that such a people in their system of spiritual refinement, should warmly prefer the severe and rigid plan of Calvin."

Probably the true reason of this preference is rather to be found in the circumstance of the Scots being, at the time of the Reformation, under what was then called the *monstrous regiment of women*. England had acknowledged Henry VIII. as the head of the Church; but it was impossible for the Scottish Reformers to follow her example. Their monarch was a young woman educated in France according to the strictest Catholic form. To have placed a person of that description at the head of the Scottish Kirk, would, in the language of Knox, have been "repugnant to nature, an abomination before the Lord, and a thing most contrarious to his revealed and approved ordinance, which expressly ordains, that *"in the Congregation Women must keep silence."*

THE TRAGEDIE OF THE UNQUHILE MAIST REVEREND
FATHER DAVID, BE THE MERCY OF GOD, CARDINAL
AND ARCHEBISCHOP OF SANCT ANDROIS, &c.

Those who wish to be informed of the particulars of the life of Cardinal Betoun, or Bethune, may consult "Crawford's Officers of State," or any of the general histories of Scotland, where he makes a conspicuous appearance from 1528 to his untimely death in 1546; the manner of which is detailed by John Knox with a savage minuteness. Sir David Lindsay too in this performance rakes together every circumstance that can serve to stain the Cardinal's memory. If it was published, as said by Ames, in 1546, it ought, in strictness of arrangement, to have preceded the Monarchies, which was erroneously supposed to have been a prior composition, as not the slightest allusion to the fate of Bethune is therein to be found, although in one of the chapters he treats expressly of the downfall of ambitious men.—Probably by the publication of this Tragedie he had given some offence to his kinsman and Chief, David the master of Crawford, who a few weeks before the Cardinal's murder had married his daughter; and therefore our poet might see cause to avoid the subject entirely in his Monarchies.

From similar appearances a suspicion here arises that the history of Squire Meldrum was also written after this Tragedie of Cardinal Bethune.

Mortales

Mortales cum nati sitis, ne supra Deum vos erexeritis.

THE PROLOG.

Not lang ago, efter the hour of prime,
Secreitie fitting in my oratorie,
I take ane buke till occupy the time,
Quhair I fand monie tragedie and story
Quhilk Johne Boccas had put in memory;
How monie princes, conquerouris and kingis
War dulefully deposit from thair ringis.

How Alexander the potent conquerour
In Babylon was poysonit piteously;
And Julius, the michtie Emprour,
Murdrest at Rome, causes and cruelly.
Prudent Pompey in Egypt schamefully
He murdreist was: Quhat neidis proces moit
Quhais tragedies wer petie till deploir?

I fitting sa upon my buke reiding,
Richt suddanely afoir me did apeir
Ane woundit man abundantlie bleiding,
With visage pail, and with ane deidly cheir,
Semand ane man of twa and fystie yeir;
In raiment reid clothit full curiouse,
Of velvet and of satyne crammose.

With febill voice, as man oprest with pane,
Softlie he maid me supplicatioun,
Saying: My friend, ga reid and reid agane,
Gif thou can find, be trew narratioun,
Of onie pane like to my passioun.
Richt sure I am, wer Johne Boccas on lyve,
My tragedy at lenth he wald descryve.

Sen

Sen he is gane, I pray thé till indyte,
Of my infortune sum remembrance.
Or at the leitt my tragedie to wryte,
As I to thé fall schaw the circumstance,
In termis breve of my unhappy chance,
Sen my beginning till my fatall end,
Quilk I wald till all creature wer kend.

I not, said I, to mak sic memoriall,
Bot of thy name I had intelligence.
I am David that cairful Cardinall,
Quhilk dois apeir, said he, to thy presence,
That umquhile had sa greit pre-eminence.
Than he began his deidis til indite,
As ye fall heir, and I began to write.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE CARDINAL.

I DAVID BETOUN, umquhile Cardinall,
Of nobill blude be lyne I did discend.
During my time, I had na peregall;
Bot now, allace! is cum my fatall end.
In gré be gré upward I did ascend,
Sa that into this realme did never ring
Sa greit ane man as I under ane king.

Quhen I was ane yong joly gentilman,
Princes to serve I set my haill intent.
First till ascend, at Arbroith I began
In ane abbacie of greit riches and rent.
Of that estait yit was I not content.
To get mair riches, dignity, and gloir,
My hart was set; allace, allace thairfoir.

VOL. III.

H

I maid

I maid sic service to our Soverane King,
 He did promote me to mair hie estait.
 Ane Prince above all preistis for to ring,
 Archebischope of Sanct Androis consecrait.
 To that honour quhen I was elevait,
 My prydefull hart was nocht content at all
 Till that I creat was ane Cardinall.

Yit preissit I till have mair autoritie,
 And finally was chofen Chancellair.
 And, for uphalding of my dignitie,
 Was maid Legate ; than had I na compair.
 I purchest, for my profite singulair,
 My boxis and my trefour to avance,
 The bischoprick of Merapois in Francee.

Of Scotland I had the governall.
 But my avise concludit was na thing.
 Abbot, bischop, archebischop, cardinall,
 Into this realme na hier culd I ring,
 Bot I had bin Paip, Empriour, nor King.
 For schortnes of the time, I am not abill
 At lenth to schaw my actis honourabill.

For my maist princelie prodigalitie,
 Amang prelatis in France I bure the price ;
 I schaw my lordlie liberalitie
 In banketting, playing at cartis and dice.
 Into sic wisdome I was haldin wise,
 And spairit not to play with King nor Knicht,
 Thré thousand crownis of gold upon a nicht.

In France I maid four honest voyages,
 Quhair I did actis digne of remembrance.
 Throw me war maid tryumphand mariages,
 Till our Soverane baith profite and plesance.
 Quene Magdalene, the first dochter of France,
 With greit riches was into Scotland brocht ;
 That mariage throw my wisdome was wrocht.

After
 ,

After quhais deith in France I past agane ;
The secund Queene homewart I did convoy,
That lustie Princess Marie de Lorane,
Quhilk was reffavit with greit triumph and joy.
Sa servit I our richt redoutit Roy.

Sone efter that, Henrie of Ingland King,
Of our Soverane desirit ane commoning.

Of that meiting our King was weil content ;
Sa that in York was set baith time and place :
Bot our prelatis and I wald neuer consent
That he suld sie King Henrie in the face.
Bot we wer weil content, howbeit his Grace
Had sailit the sey, to speik with onie uther
Except the King, quha was his mother-brother.

Quhairthrow thair rais greit weir and mortal strife,
Greit heirschapis, hounger, derth, and desolation :
On ather side did monie lois thair life.
Gif I wald mak ane trew narration,
I caufit all that tribulation.

For to mak peice I never wald consent,
Without the King of France had bin content.

During this weir wer taken presoneiris,
Of nobil men, fechting full furiouslye,
Monie ane Lord, Barroun, and Bacheleiris.
Quhairthrow our King tuk sic ane melancholie,
Quhilk draif him to the deith richt dulefullie.
Extreme dolour ouirfet did sa his hart,
That fra this life, allace ! he did depart.

Bot efter that baith strenth and speeche was leifit,
Ane paper blank his Grace I gart subscribe ;
Into the quhilk I wrait all that I pleisit,
Efter his deith quhilk lang war to descrye.
Throw that wryting I purposit belyve,
With support of sum Lordis benevolence,
Into this regioun to have pre-eminence.

As for my Lord, our richteous Governour,
 Gif I wald schortly schaw the veritie,
 Till him I had na maner of favour.
 During that time I purposit that he
 Suld never cum to nane autoritie.
 For his support, thairfoir, he brocht amang us,
 Furth of Ingland, the nobill Erle of Angus.

Than was I put abak from my purpois,
 And suddanely cast in captivitie,
 My pridefull hart to dant, as I suppois,
 Devisit by the heich Divinitie.
 Yit in my hart sprang na humilitie;
 Bot now the word of God full weill I know,
 Quha dois exalt himself, God sall him law.

In the mein time, quhen I was sa subjectit,
 Ambassadouris war sent into Ingland,
 Quhair thai baith Peice and Mariage contractit;
 And, mair surelie for till observe that band,
 War promiseit dyvers pledges of Scotland.
 Of that contract I was na way content,
 Nor never wald thairto give my consent.

Till capitanis that keipit me in waird,
 Giftis of gold I gave them greit plenty.
 Rewlaris of Court I richely did rewaird,
 Quhairthrow I chaipit from captivitie.
 Bot quhen I was frie at my libertie,
 Than like ane Lyoun lousit of his cage,
 Out throw the realme I gan to reill and rage.

Contrair the Governour and his company,
 Oft tymes maid i infurrectioun,
 Purposand for to have him haistely
 Subdewit into my correctioun,
 Or put him till extreme subiectioun.
 During this time, gif it war weil decidit,
 This realme be me was uterlie devidit.

The

The Governour purposing for to subdew,
 I raisit ane hoist of mony bauld Barroun,
 And maid a raid that Lithgow yit may rew,
 For we destroyit ane myle about the toun.
 For that I gat monie blak malisoun.
 Yit contrair the Governouris intent,
 With our young Princess we to Sterling went.

For heich contemptioun of the Governour,
 I brocht the Erle of Lennox furth of France;
 That lusty Lord levand in greit plesour,
 Did lois that land and honest ordinance.
 Bot he and I fell sone at variance,
 And throw my counfall was, within schort space,
 Forfaltit and flemit; he gat nane uther grace.

Than throw my prudence, practik, and ingyne,
 Our Governour I causit to consent,
 Full quyetly to my counsail incline;
 Quhairrof his Nobillis war not weill content:
 For quhy? I gart dissolve in Parliament
 The band of peice contractit with Ingland,
 Quhairthrow cum harme and heirschip to Scotland,

That peice brokin, arais new mortall weiris
 Be sey and land, sic reif without releif,
 Quhilk to report, my frayit hart effeiris.
 The veritie to schaw, in termis breif,
 I was the rute of all that greit mischeif.

The South cuntrie may say it had bin gude
 That my nureis had smorit me in my cude.

I was the caus of mekill mair mischance.
 For, uphald of my gloir and dignitie,
 And plesour of the potent king of France,
 With Ingland wald I have na unitie.
 Bot quha consider wald the veritie,
 We micht full weil have levit in peice and rest
 Nyne or ten yeiris, and than playit lous or fast.

Had

Had we with Ingland keipit our contrakis,
 Our nobil men had leivit in peice and rest,
 Our merchandis had not loist fa monie pakis,
 Our common pepill had not bin oprest;
 On ather side all wrangis had bin redrest.
 At Edinburgh, fen fyne, Leith, and Kingorne,
 The day and hour may ban that I was borne.

Our Governour, to mak him to me sure,
 With sweit and subtel wordis I did him fyle,
 Till I his sone and air gat in my cure.
 To that effect I fand that crafty wyle,
 That he na maner of way nicht begyle.
 Than leuch I quhan his lieges did alledge
 How I his sone had gottin into pledge.

The Erle of Angus, and his german bruther,
 I purposit to gar them lois thair lyfe.
 Richt fa till have destroyit monie uther;
 Sum with the fyre, sum with the sword and knyfe;
 In special monie gentilmen of Fyfe.
 And purposit till put till greit torment,
 All favouraris of the Auld and New Testament.

Than everie man thay tuk of me sic feir,
 That time quhen I had fa greit governance,
 Greit Lordis dreiding I suld do them deir,
 They durst not cum till Court but assurance.
 Sen fyne ther hes not bene sic variance;
 Now till our Prince Barronis obedientlie,
 But assurance thay cum full courteslie.

My hope was maist into the King of France,
 Togidder with the Paipis Halines,
 Mair than in God my worchip to avance.
 I traistit fa into thair gentilnes,
 That na man durst presume me to opres.
 Bot quhan the day cum of my fatal hour,
 Far was from me thair support and succour.

Than

Than to preserve my riches and my lyfe,
 I maid ane strenth of wallis heich and braid,
 Sic ane fortres was never found in Fyfe ;
 Belevand thair durst na man me invaid.
 Now find I trew the saw quhilk David said,
 Without God of ane hous be maister of wark,
 He wirkis in vane, thoch it be neuer sa stark.

For I was, throw the hie power divyne,
 Richt dulefullie dung doun amang the as,
 Quhilk culd not be throw mortall manis ingine.
 Bot, as David did slay the greit Golyas,
 Or Holopherne be Judith killit was,
 In myd amang his triumphand armie,
 Sa was I slene into my cheif cietie.

Quhen I had greitest dominatioun,
 As Lucifer had into the Hevin empyre,
 Cam suddanlie my deprivation,
 Be thame quhilk did my dolent deith conspyre.
 Sa cruell was thair furious birnand ire,
 I gat na tyme, laifer, nor libertie
 To say, *In manus tuas Domine.*

Behald my fatall infelicitie,
 I being in my strenth incomparabill.
 That dreidful dungeon maid me na supplie,
 My greit riches nor rentis profitabill.
 My silver wark, jewellis inestimabill,
 My papall pompe, of golde my riche tresour,
 My lyfe and all I loist in half ane hour.

To the pepill was maid ane spectacle
 Of my deid and deformit carioun.
 Sum said it was ane manifest merikle,
 Sum said it was divyne punitioun
 Sa to be slane into my strang dungeoun.
 Quhen everie man had judgit as him list,
 Thay saltit me, syne clost me in ane kist.

I lay

I lay unburyit sevin monethis and moir,
 Or I was borne to closter, kirk, or queir,
 In ane midding quhilk nane bin till deploir,
 Without suffrage of channoun, monk, or freir.
 All proud Prelatis of me may lessounis leir,
 Quhilk rang sa lang, and sa triumphantlie,
 Syne in the duft dung doun sa dulefullie.

TO THE PRELATIS.

O YE my brether ! princes of the preistis !
 I mak yow hartly supplicatioun,
 Baith nicht and day revolve into your breiftis
 The proces of my deprivation.
 Consider quhat bin your vocation.
 To follow me I pray yow nocht pretend yow,
 Bot reid at lenth this cedull that I send yow.

Ye know how Jesus his discipulis sent
 Ambassadouris till every natioun,
 To schaw his law and his commandement
 To all pepill predication.
 Tharefoir, to yow I mak narratioun,
 Sen ye to thame are verray successouris,
 Ye aucht to do as your predeceffouris.

How dar ye be sa bauld till tak on hand
 For to be herauldis to sa greit ane king,
 To beir his message baith to burgh and land,
 Ye beand dumb, and can pronounce na thing,
 Lyke menstralis that can nocht play nor sing.
 Or quhy suld men give to sic birdis hyre,
 Quhilk can not gyde thair scheip about the myre.

Eschame ye not to be Christis servitouris,
 And for your fee hes greit temporall landis,
 Syne of your office can not tak the curis !
 Leif hafartrie, your harlatric, and huris,

Remembring

Remémbring on my unprovifit deid,
 For efter deith may na man mak remeid:
 Ye Prelatis, quhilk has thoufandis to fpend,
 Ye fend ane fempill freir for to preiche.
 It is your craft, I mak it to yow kend,
 Your felfis in your tempillis for to preiche.
 Bot ferlie not thocht freiris fleiche;
 For, an thay planely fchaw the veritie,
 Than will thay want the Bifchopis cheritie.

Quhairfoir bin gevin yow fic royall rent?
 Bot for to find the pepill spirituall fude;
 Preiching to thame the New and Auld Testament:
 The law of God dois planely fa conclude.
 Put not your hope into na warldlie gude
 As I have done.—Behald, my greit trefour
 Maid me na help at my unhappy hour.

That day quhan I was Bifchop confecrait,
 The Greit Bybil wes bound upon my back.
 Quhat was thairin, lytill I knew, God wait,
 Mair than ane beift beirand ane precious pack.
 Bot haiftely my covenant I brak,
 For I was obliffit, with my awin consent,
 The law of God to preiche with good intent.

Brether! richt fwa quhen ye war confecrait;
 Ye obliffit yow all on the famin wife.
 Ye may be callit Bifchoppis counterfait,
 As gallandis bufkit for to mak an gyfe.
 Now think I, Princes ar na thing to pryfe,
 Till givè ane famous office to ane fule,
 As quha wald put ane myter on ane mule.

Allace! an ye that sorrowful ficht had fene;
 How I lay bullerand, baithed in my blude;
 To mend your life it had occafoun bene,
 And leve your auld corruptit confwetude.
 Tailyeing thair of, than fchortlie I conclude;

Without ye from your ribaldrie arise,
Ye falbe servit on the famin wife.

TO THE PRINCES.

IMPRUDENT Princes ! but discretioun,
Having in eirth power imperiall,
Ye bin the caus of this transgressioun.
I speik to yow all in generall,
Quhilk dois dispone all office spirituall,
Gevand the faullis quhilk bin Christis scheip,
To blind pastouris, but conscience, to keip.

Quhen ye Princes dois want ane officiar,
Ane baxter, browster, or ane maister cuke,
Ane trym tailyeour, ane cunning cordinar,
Ouer all the land at lenth ye will gar luke,
Maist abill men sic offices to bruke.

Ane browster quhilk can brew maist hailsum aill,
Ane cunning cuke quhilk best can fesson caill ;

Ane tailyeour, that fosterit bene in France,
That can mak garmentis of the gayest gyfe.
Ye Princes bin the caus of this mischance,
That quhan thair dois vaik onie benefyse,
Ye oucht to do upon the famin wife ;
Gar seirch and feik, baith into burgh and lande,
The law of God quha best can understande.

Mak him Bischop that prudentlie can preiche,
As dois pertaine till his vocatioun,
Ane Persone quha has parochin can teiche.
Gar Vicaris mak dew ministratioun ;
And als I mak yow supplicatioun,
Mak your Abbottis of richt religious men,
Quhilk to the pepill Christis law can ken.

Bot

Bot not to rebaldis new cum from the roist,
Nor of ane stuffet stollen out of ane stabill,
The quhilk into the scule maid neuer na coist,
Nor never was to Spirituall science abill,
Except the cartis, the dyce, the ches, and tabil.
Of Rome raikeris, nor of rude ruffianis,
Of calsay paikeris, nor of publicanis.

Nor of fantastik fenyet flatteraris,
Maist meit to gadder mussillis into May ;
Of cowhowbeis, nor yit of clatteraris,
That in the Kirk can nouthur sing nor say,
Thoch thay be clokit up in clarkis array,
Like clotit doctouris new cum out of Athenis,
And mummil our ane pair of maglit mattenis ;

Bot qualesfeit to bruik ane benefyis.
Bot throw Sir Symoneis solistatioun,
I was promovit on the famin wyis,
Allace ! throw Princes supplicatioun,
And maid at Rome throw fals narratioun,
Bisshop, Abbot ; bot na religious man.
Quha me promovit I now thair banis ban.

Howbeit I was Legat and Cardinall,
Lytil ! knew thairin quhat fuld be done.
I understude na science spirituall
Na mair nor did blind Allane of the Mone.
I dreid the King that fittis heich abone
On yow Princes fall mak fair punischement ;
Richt sa on us throw richteous judgement.

On yow Princes, for indiscreit geving,
Till ignorantis sic offices to use,
And we for our inoportune asking,
Quhilk fuld have done sic dignitie refuse.
Our ignorance has done the warld abuse
Throw covetyce of riches and of rent.
That euer I was ane Prelate, I repent,

O Kingis !

O Kingis ! mak ye na cair to give in cure
 Virginis profest into religioun
 Until the keiping of ane commoun hure ?
 To mak think ye not greit derifioun,
 Ane woman parfone of ane parischoun,
 Quhair thair bin twa thousand faulis to gyde,
 That from harlattis can not hir hippis hyde ?

Quhat and King David levit in thir dayis ?
 Or out of Hevin, quhat and he lukit down,
 The quhilk did found sa monie fair abbayis,
 Seing the greit abhominatioun
 In monie abbayis of this natioun ?
 He wald repent that narrowit sa his boundis,
 Of yeirlic rent thré scoir thousand poundis.

Quhairfoir I counfall everilk Christian King
 Within his realm mak reformatioun,
 And suffer na ma rebaldis for to ring
 Abuve Christis trew congregatioun.
 Failyeing thairof, I mak narratioun,
 That ye Princes and Prelatis all at anis,
 Sall bureit be in hell, faull, blude, and banis.

That euir I bruckit benefice, I rew,
 Or to sic heicht sa proudlie did pretend.
 I mon depart—thairfoir, my friendis, adew !
 Quhaireuir it pleifis God, now mon I wend.
 I pray thee till my freindis me recommend,
 And failye not at lenth to put in wryte
 My Tragedye, as I have done indyte.

* P. 56. "Boccas." The celebrated Boccaccio wrote a Latin history entitled *De Casibus Virorum illustrium*, which was paraphrastically translated into French about the year 1409. From this French paraphrase, *Lydgate*, Monk of Bury, formed an English metrical version, about A. D. 1420, under the title of "The Tragedies gathered by Jhon Boccas of all such princes as fell from their estates throughe the mutabilit-

ty of Fortune, &c."—printed by Wayland in the reign of Henry the Eighth; and, without doubt, well known to Sir David Lindsay, whose "Tragedy of Beaton," is written exactly in the same manner, "every personage in *Beecone* being supposed to appear before the Poet, and to relate his respective sufferings," hence called *tragedies* or tragical stories.

It has been remarked by Keith that Lindsay makes here no mention of the Cardinal glutting himself inhumanly with the spectacle of Mr Wishart's death, nor of any prophetic intimation made by Wishart concerning the fate of Beaton;—from which the historian infers that both of these reports are probably groundless.

After the translation of Hector Boyce by Bellenden, and a few Acts of Parliament, some of the works of Sir David Lindsay were probably the first production of the Scottish press, since the publication of Millar and Chapman's Miscellany in 1508. Many of his earlier performances are addressed to James the Fifth; after whose death in 1542, Lindsay's intercourse with the royal family probably ceased. His sentiments with respect to French connections may be gathered from the following lines in his Nuncupatory Epistle:

Quhen God sal see our humbil repentence,
Till *strange* people thoch he hes given licence
To be our *scourge* induring his desire,
Will quhan he list *that scourge cast in the fyre*. . . .
Then neid we not to charge the realm of *France*
With gunnis, galayes, nor uther ordinance. . . .

Very different from these are the sentiments of the author of the tract called the *Complaint of Scotland*, written about the same period: In his dedication to Mary of Guise, "the margareit and perle of princesses," he says, "The immortal gloir that procedes by the richt line of vertu, fra your magnanyme avansing of the public weil of the affligit realme of Scotland, is abundantly delated ahort all cuntreis. Quhen an multitude of men of weir descendit fra the heicht of Germanie, of divers sectis, haldant *strange opinions* contrair the scriptour, (*that is, the Reformers*;) purposit to compel all Christianitie til adkere to their perverit opinion, their disordinate intentione was haistellie repulsit and extint by the martial sciens of your noble and valiant fader, the Duc of Guise.—I being summond by instigation of *ane gude zeal*, has tane an temerair constait to present your nobil grace ane tracteit of the *fyrist lauber of my pen*, &c." This dedication, in all probability, produced the above lines of Sir David Lindsay, who for many years had been the chief promoter of those "perverit opinions which Wedderburne held "to be contrair the scriptur."

To the Quarto edition of Lindsay's Works, printed by Henry Charteris 1592, is prefixed a metrical *Adhortation of all Estates to the reiding of thir present Workis*; probably by Charteris himself, or his brother the

the Professor: With the following extract from which, we shall here take leave of Sir David Lyndesay:

Thairfoir, gude Reider, I haif ~~travell~~ tane
Intill ane volume, now bristlie for to bring
Of David Lyndesay the haill warkis ilk ane,
Knight of the Mount, Lyon of Armis King,
Quha in our dayis now laithlie did ring;
Quhais pregnant practick, and quhais ornat style
To he commendit he me heidis na thing.
Lat warkis beir witnes, quhilke he has done compyle:

Thocht Gawyne Dowglas, bischop of Dunkell,
In ornat meter surmount did everilk man;
Thocht Kennedie and Dunbar bure the bell,
For the lang race of Rhethorik thay ran;
Yit never poet of our Scottisclan
Sa cleirlic schew that monstour with his markis,
The Romiscl God, in quhom all gyle began,
As dois gude David-Lyndesay in his warkis.

Let Lyndesay now, as he war yet on lyve,
Pas furth to licht, with all his sentence hic,
Unto all men thair dewtie to discryve,
Quhairin thay may ane livelie image sic,
Of his expressit mind in poetrie,
Prentit as he it publisclit with his pen.
Lat himself speik, I think it best for me,
Give gloir to God quhilke gave sic giftes to men:

EARL

EARL OF GLENCAIRN.

*KNOX, speaking of the cruelties exercised against the reformers about the end of the reign of James V. and beginning of Queen Mary's, observes, that notwithstanding this persecution, "the monsters and hypocritis "the Gray Friars, day by day came farder in con-
"tempt: For, not only did the learned espye and de-
"test their abominable hypocrisy, but also men in
"whom none such graces nor gifts were thought to
"have been, began plainlie to paint the same forth to
"the people, as this ryme made by Alexander Earl of
"Glencairne, yet alive, (ab. 1566,) can witness."*

ANE EPISTLE DIRECTED FROM THE HOLY HEREMITE OF
ALLAREIT, TO HIS BRETHREN THE GRAYE FRERS.

I THOMAS, hermite of Larcit,
Sanct Frances ordour hartely greit;
Beseking you, with ferme intent,
To be wakryif and diligent.
For thir Lutherans, rissen of new,
Our ordour dayly dois perfew.
Thir smaikis do set their haill intent
To read the Inglish New Testment;
And sayis we have thame clein disceypit,
Therefore in haist they mon be stoppit.
Our Stait hypocrisie they pryis,
And us blasphemis on this wyis:

Sayand

Sayand that we are heretykes,
 And fals loud lying mastifs tykes;
 Cummerars and quellers of Christis kirk,
 Sweir swyngeours that will not wirk,
 But idelie our living wynniss,
 Devouring woilfis into sheepe skinniss;
 Hurkland with huidis into our nek,
 With Judas mind to jouke and bek;
 Seikand Christis people to devoir,
 The doun-thringers of Goddis gloir;
 Professors of hypocrisie,
 And Doctouris in idolatrie;
 Stout fischeiris with the feyndis net,
 The upclosers of hevins yett;
 Cancart corruptars of the creede,
 Humlock fawers amang gude seede;
 To trow in trators that men do tyist,
 The hye way kennand them fra Chryist.
 Monstres with the beistis marke,
 Dogges that never stintes to barke;
 Kirkmen that are to Christ unkend,
 A sect that Sathanis selfe has fend;
 Lurkand in hoils lyke trator toddis,
 Maintainers of idolles and false goddis;
 Fantastike fuiles, and fenyeit fleichers,
 To turn fra trueth the verray teachers.
 For to declair their haill sentence,
 Wald mekill cumber your conscience:
 To say your faith it is sa stark,
 Your cord and lousie cote and fark;
 Ye lippin may bring you to salvatioun,
 And quyte excludis Chrystis passioun.
 I dread this doctrine, and it last,
 Sall outhur gar us wirke or fast.
 Thairfore with speede we menn provide,
 And not our proffit ovirslide.

I schaip

I schaip myselfe, within short quhile,
 To course our Ladie in Argyle,
 And thair on craftie wyfe to wirk,
 Till that we biggit haif ane kirk.
 Syne miracles mak be your advice.
 The kitterills, thouch they haif bot lyce,
 The twa part to us they will bring.
 -But orderlie to dresse this thing,
 A Gaist I purpose to gar gang,
 Be counsayll of frear Walter Lang;
 Quhilk fall make certaine demonstrations
 To help us in our procurations,
 Your halie order to decoir.
 That practick he proved anis befoir,
 Betwixt Kircaldie and Kinghorne;
 But lymmaris made therat sic skorne,
 And to his fame made sic degression,
 Synsyne he hard not Kingis confession.
 Thouch at that time he cam no speide,
 I pray you tak gude will as deide;
 And so me amang you ressave,
 As ane worth mony of the lave.
 Quhat I obtaine may, throuch his airt,
 Reason wald ye had your pairt.
 Your order handillis na monie;
 But for other casualtie,
 As beefe, meale, butter, and cheese,
 Or quhat we haif, or that ye please,
 To send your brethren & *habeté*.
 As now nocht ellis but *valete*,
 Be Thomas your bruther at command,
 A culrunne kythit throuch mony a land.

In various works of Sir David Lindsay, apparently written between 1540 and 1552, the Hermit of Lauriet is mentioned as a person of considerable notoriety; but no particular memorial of him seems now extant or attainable. Laureit, or Allareit, as it is printed in the first edition 8vo. of Knox, is undoubtedly Loretto at the east end of Musselburgh, where there formerly was a chapel belonging to the abbacy of Dunfermline. Of that building there are now no remains, excepting a small cell, about twelve feet by ten, in the garden of the villa which still bears the same name. This cell we may reasonably suppose to have been the pretended habitation of the holy hermit friar Thomas, where he carried on his trade of hearing confessions, selling pardons and indulgencies, and working miraculous cures upon the credulous and ignorant multitude. Lindsay talks of troops of young men and women marching from Edinburgh in pilgrimage "to kiss the claggit tail of the hermit, and to adore the image" of the Virgin Mary, after the fashion of the Italian Lady of Loretto of famous memory. And Bishop Lesley relates that James V. went in pilgrimage to this shrine after his unsuccessful attempt in 1534 to pay a visit to his intended bride in France; no doubt, with the view of securing a more prosperous voyage upon a future occasion. He accordingly was successful in his next visit; but, whether through the influence of Friar Thomas, it is not necessary here to determine. The King probably knew him to be lucky in removing difficulties in affairs of love; for, as Lindsay expresses it,

—— into Pilgrimage to pass
Is the straight way to wantonness.

Soon after the Reformation, or about the year 1590, the tolbooth of Musselburgh (says the Statistical Account) was built out of the ruins of this chapel, which must have been of considerable dimensions. The old steps of the stair, which was repaired not long since, were the bases of the pillars of the chapel, according to the report of masons still living. This is said to have been the first religious house in Scotland whose ruins were applied to an unhallowed use, for which the good people of Musselburgh, till very lately, were annually excommunicated at Rome.

Alexander, the fifth Earl of Glencairn, was one of the most strenuous promoters of the Reformation, and in particular carried his vengeance against images to an unwarranted length. When (in a great measure through his means) Queen Mary was driven from the throne, Lord Glencairn, attended by his domestics only, hastened to Holyroodhouse in a holy phrenzy, tore down the altars of the Royal Chapel, and broke the images to pieces. Soon after this, he obtained a grant of the bay of Kilwinning for his share of the spoil.

SIR

SIR RICHARD MAITLAND,

the ninth Dominus de Thirlestane, (in Berwickshire,) and grandfather of the first Earl of Lauderdale, seems to be the next Scottish Poet who claims attention in this chronological series. He was born about 1496; is said to have served his country in various public offices, particularly as Lord Privy Seal to Queen Mary, with great fidelity; and was a steady friend of the throne, and of the established religion of the country, as his predecessors had always been, and his successors have continued to be, even unto this day. In the books of Sederunt, his name is found as an extraordinary Lord of Session in 1553, by the title of Lord Lethington; about which time it has been thought he first began to write verses. That they "have considerable merit in every point of view, and shew him to have been a good man as well as a great statesman," we have the testimony of Mr Pinkerton, by whom they were first drawn from obscurity, and given to the public in 1786,—exactly 200 years after the completion of the venerable volumes in which they are preserved, and which are now commonly distinguished by the title of THE MAITLAND MSS. Sir Richard was seized with blindness, apparently about 1560, and died in 1586. His principal pieces shall here be placed according to the order in which we may suppose them to have been written; being nearly the same with that of the Quarto MS. which was transcribed during his own life-time, by Miss Mary Maitland, his third daughter.

SATIRE

SATIRE ON THE TOUN LADYES.

In the 4to. MAITLAND MS. almost the whole of Sir Richard's poems are placed at the beginning of the volume, and apparently not without some attention to the chronology. After ane Sonet to the author in commendatioun of his buik, we find this Satire as the first article, which we may therefore suppose to be one of his earliest productions. Independent of this circumstance, the nature of the subject would have led us to the same conclusion. The description of the female dress is highly curious, and must have been written when the author "had all his eyes about him;" perhaps before the death of James V. at which time Maitland was 46 years old, and for several years had been a favourite at Court; probably also a votary of the Muses. The reader may compare it with Lindsay's "Inveccyd agains sydes taillis and mus-falit faces;" Vol. II. p. 165. perhaps written nearly about the same time.

I.

SUM wyfis of the burroustoun
Sa wondir vane ar, and wantoun,
In warld thay wait not quhat to weir:
On claythis thay wair monye a croun;
And all for newfangilnes of geir.

II.

Thair bodyes bravelie thay attyir,
Of carnal lust to eik the fyir.
I fairlie quhy thai have no feir
To gar men dcime quhat thay desyre ;
And all for newfangilnes of geir.

III.

Thair gouns coistlie (full) trimlie traillis ;
Barrit with velvout, sleif, nek, taillis.
And thair foirskirt of filkis feir :
Of fynest camroche thair fuk saillis ;
And all for newfangilnes of geir,

IV.

And of fyne filk thair furrit cloikis,
With hingeand sleivis, lyk geill poikis.
Na preiching will gar thame foirbeir
To weir all thing that sinne provoikis ;
And all for newfangilnes of geir.

V.

Thair wylie coits man weill be hewit,
Broudris richt braid, with pasments sewit.
I trow, quha wald the matter speir,
That thair gudmen had caus to rew it,
That evir thair wyfes wair sic geir.

VI.

Thair wovin hois of silk ar schawin,
Burrit abone with tasteis drawin :
With gartens of ane new maneir ;
To gar thair courtlines be knawin ;
And all for newfangilnes of geir.

VII.

Sumtyme thay will beir up thair gown,
To schaw thair wylecot hingeand down ;
And sumtyme bayth thay will upbeir,
To schaw thair hois of blak or broun ;
And all for newfangilnes of geir.

VIII.

VIII.

Thair collars, carcats, and hals beidis !—
 With velvet hats heicht on thair heidis,
 Coirdit with gold lyik ane younkeir,
 Broudit about with goldin threidis ;
 And all for newfangilnes of geir.

IX.

Thair schone of velvot, and thair muillis !—
 In kirk thair ar not content of stuillis,
 The sermon quhen thay fit to heir ;
 Bot caryis cuschings lyik vaine fuillis :
 And all for newfangilnes of geir.

X.

I mein of nane thair honour dreidis.—
 Quhy sould thay not have honest weidis,
 To thair estait doand effeir ?
 I mein of thame thair stait exceidis ;
 And all for newfangilnes of geir.

XI.

For sumtyme wyfes sa grave hes bein,
 Lyik gidgets cled wald not be sein.—
 Of burges' wyfes thoch I speik heir,
 Think weil of all wemen I mein
 On vaneteis that waitis geir.

XII.

Thay fay wyfes ar so delicat
 In feiding, feisting, and bankat,
 Sum not content ar with sic cheir
 As weill may suffice thair estait,
 For newfangilnes of cheir, and geir.

XIII.

And sum will spend mair, I heir say,
 In spyice and droggis, on ane day,
 Nor wald thair mothers in ane yeir.
 Quhilk will gar monye pak decay,
Quhen thay sa vainlie waist thair geir.

XIV.

XIV.

Thairfoir, young wyfis speciallic,
Of all sic faultis hald yow frie :
And moderatly to leif now leir
In meit, and clayth accordinglie ;
And not sa vainlie waist your geir.

XV.

Use not to skift athort the gait ;
Nor mum na chaitis, air nor lait.
Be na dainfer, for this daingeir
Of yow be tane an ill consait
That ye ar habill to waist geir.

XVI.

Hant ay in honest cumpanie ;
And all suspicious places fle.
Lat never harlot cum yow neir ;
That wald yow leid to leicherie,
In houp to get thairfoir sum geir.

XVII.

My counsell I geve generallie
To all wemen, quhat ever thay be ;
This lessoun for to quin per queir ;
Syne keip it weill continuallie,
Better nor onye warldlie geir.

XVIII.

Leif, burges men, or all be loist,
On your wyfis to mak sic coist,
Quhilk may gar all your bairnis bleir.—
Scho that may not want wyne and roist,
Is abill for to waist sum geir.

XIX.

Betwene thame, and nobils of blude,
Na difference bot ane velvout huid !
Thair camroche curcheis ar als deir ;
Thair uther claythis ar als guid ;
And thai als costlie in uther geir.

XX.

Bot, wald grit ladyis tak gud heid
 To thair honour, and find remeid;
 Thai suld thole na sic wyfes to weir,
 Lyk lordis wyfis, lady's weid,
 As dames of honour in ther geir.

XXI.

I speik for na despyt trewlie,
 (Myself am not of faultis frie,)
 Bot that ye sould not perfeveir
 Into sic folische vanitie,
 For na newfangelnes of geir.

XXII.

Of burges wyfes thoch I speik plaine,
 Sum landwart ladyis ar als vain,
 As be thair clething may appeir;
 Werand gayer, nor thame may gain;
 On our vaine claythis waistand geir.

Quod Richard Maitland of Lethingtoun.

St. xii. and xiii. "Aneptis the exorbitant dearth of victualles and uther stufte for the sustentatioun of mankinde now dailie increassand," an Act of Parliament was made, anno 1551, ordaining "that na Archbishops, Bishops, nor Earles have at thair meal bot aught dishes of meat: nor na Abbot, Lord, Priour, nor Deane, but sex dishes of meat: nor na Barronne, nor Free-haldar have but four dishes: nor na Burges or uther substentious man sall have bot three dishes, and bot ane kind of meate in everie dish: The penalties for the respective classes being, ane hundreth pound for the first, ane hundreth markes for the second, forty poundes for the third, and twenty markes for the fourth.—This increasing dearth of provisiens is again mentioned in Act 41, anno 1555, where exportation of victuals is prohibited, with the exception of "bakcn bread, browen aile, and aquavite (*uisge-beatha* in Erse, by contraction whiskey) to the West Isles.—For several years prior to 1551, the two fertile counties of Berwick and Roxburgh had been unmercifully plundered by the English, who after the unfortunate battle of Pinkey, kept almost un interrupted poss. sion of the forts of Roxburgh, Lauder, Hume, Haddington, and Dungle, to the conclusion of peace in 1550. This circumstance alone was sufficient to produce a scarcity.

SATIRE.

SATIRE ON THE AGE;
(*about 1548.*)

I.

QUHAIR is the blythnes that hes bein;
Bayth in burgh and landwart, sein
Amang lordis, and ladeis schein;
Danfing, finging; game, and play?
Bot weil I wait nocht quhat thay mein:
All merrinès is worne away.

II.

For nou I heir na wourde of Yule,
In kirk, on cassay, nor in skuil.
Lordis lat thair kitchings cule;
And drawis thame to the Abbay:
And scant hes ane to keip their mule.
All houshalding is worne away.

III.

I saw no gyfars all this yeir,
Bot—kirkmen cled lyk men of weir,
That never cummis in the queir.
Lyk ruffians' is thair array;
To preitche and teitche, that will not leir:
The kirk gudis thai waste away.

IV.

Kirkmen, affoir, war gude of lyf;
Preitshit, teitshit, and staunchit stryf;
Thai seirit nother sward nor knyf.
For luif of God, the fuith to say,
All honorit thame, bayth man and wyf;
Devotioun wes nocht away.

V.

Our faders wys war, and discreit ;
 Tha had bayth honour, men, and meit.
 With luif thai did thair tennents treit ;
 And had aneuch in prefs to lay.
 Thai wantit nother malt, nor quheit ;
 And merrines was nocht away.

VI.

And we hald nother Yule, nor Pace ;
 Bot feik our meit from place to place.
 And we have nother luk nor grace ;
 We gar our landis dowbil pay :
 Our tennents cry ‘ Alace ! Alace !
 ‘ That reuth and petie is away !’

VII.

Now we have mair, it is weil kend,
 Nor our forbearis had to spend ;
 Bot far les at the yeiris end :
 And never hes ane merie day.
 God will na ryches to us fend,
 So long as honour is away.

VIII.

We waift far mair now, lyk vane fulis,
 We, and our page, to turse our mulis,
 Nor thai did than, that held grit Yulis ;
 Of meit and drink said never nay.
 Thai had lang formes quhair we have stulis ;
 And merrines wes nocht away.

IX.

Of our wanthrift sum wytis playis ;
 And sum thair wantoun vane arrayis ;
 Sum the wyt on thair wyfis layis,
 That in the court wald gang sa gay ;
 And care nocht quha the merchand payis,
 Quhil pairt of land be put away.

X.

X.

The kirkmen keipis na professioun ;
 The temporale men commits oppressioun,
 Puttand the puir from thair possessioun ;
 Na kynd of feir of God have thai.
 Thai cummar bayth the court, and sessioun :
 And chafis charitie away.

XI.

Quhen ane of thame sustenis wrang,
 We cry for justice,—heid and hang:
 Bot, quhen our neichbours we our-gang,
 We lawbour justice to delay.
 Affectioun blindis us sa lang,
 All equitie is put away.

XII.

To mak actis we have sum feil ;
 God wait gif that we keip thame weil !
 We cum to bar with jak of steil,
 As we wald boist the juge and 'fray.
 Of sic justice I have na skeil ;
 Quhair rewle, and order, is away.

XIII.

Our laws ar lichtleit for abusioun ;
 Sumtyme ar clokit with colusioun,
 Quhilk causis of blude grit effusioun ;
 For na man sparis now to slay.
 Quhat bringis cuntries to confusioun,
 Bot quhair that justice is away ?

XIV.

Quha is to wyte, quha can schaw us ?
 Quha, bot our nobils, that suld knaw us,
 And till honorabil deidis draw us ?
 Lat never comoun weil decay ;
 Or els sum mischief will befaw us,
 And nobilnes we put away.

XV.

XV.

Put our awn laws to executioun ;
 Upon trespasses mak punitioun :
 To crewel folk seik na remissioun.
 For peax and justice lat us pray ;
 In dreid sum strange new institutioun
 Cum, and our custome put away.

XVI.

Amend your lyvis, ane, and all ;
 Els bewar of ane suddane fall.
 And pray to God, that maid us all,
 To send us joy that lestis ay ;
 And lat us nocht to fin be thrall ;
 Bot put all vyce, and wrang, away.

Quod Richard Maitland of Ledingtoun, knycht.

From stanzas iii. iv. and xv. it may safely be inferred that this Satire was composed within some short time after the murder of Cardinal Beaton, and while the war with England still continued ; i. e. between the years 1546 and 1550. The Scottish Clergy must have been, at that time, in a state of considerable alarm. The admonition addressed to them by Sir David Lindsay through the mouth of Cardinal Beaton could not easily be forgotten ; and the object of the war on the part of England appeared to be no less than to unite the two kingdoms under one head and one religion, the consequence of which would be immediate ruin to the Catholic system. The counties of Mers and Teviotdale were in a great measure subjected to the English yoke, and Henry had even proceeded to assign the property of them to the conquerors. The Scottish Clergy being evidently so much interested in the fate of the war, an Act of Parliament was made in 1547, by which great encouragement was held out to such of them as would join the army to defend the country against its " auld enemies of England." This accounts for their being " cled lyk men of weir," a species of dress for which Maitland, a Baron of the Mers, seems to have entertained no partiality ; his estates of Blythe and Lethington being, about that time, probably at the mercy of English soldiers.

ON THE MALICE OF POETIS,

— in allusion, it may be presumed, to Sir David Lindsay and other rhyming declaimers against the vices and ignorance of the Clergy; WEDDERBURNE, for example, whose Satires under the title of Gude and Godlie Ballates, although not collected into a volume by Robert Smythe until nearly the end of the century, were doubtless published separately about the middle of this reign. In a Manuscript history of the Kirk, written in 1560, they are mentioned (meaning the printing and circulation of them) as “the particular means whairby came the knowledge of Goddis truth in the time of great darknes:” And chiefly with a view to the author or authors of them the 27th Act of Parliament 1551 was made, prohibiting the publication of all such “ballates, fanges, and tragedies, als weill of Kirkmen as Temporall, without licence, had and obtained fra our soveraine Ladie.” Maitland’s verses were written probably before the passing of that Act.

SUM of the poyets and makars, that ar now,
Of grit despyte, and malice, ar sa fow,
That all lesingis, that can be inventit,
Thai put in writ, and garris thame be prentit;
To gar the peple ill opinioun taik
Of thame, quhom of thai thair ballatis maik.
With sclanderous words thai do all thing thai can
For to defame mony gude honest man,

In setting furthe thair buikis, and thair rymes,
Accusand sum of improbabil crymes.

And, thoch that sum thair lybells does allow,
Yit few that will thair awin warks avow.

And thoch that thai bakbytars and blasphemars,
Now at this tyme, has mony thair mantenars,
The day will cum that thai forthink fall it
That thai have put sic lesings into writ.
To steill ane manis fame is gritter fin
Nor ony geir that is this warld within.
Thairfoir repent, ye ralars, and restoir
To thame thair fame quhom ye sklandrit befoir :
To that effect apply your wordes, and deidis,
Ill brute to tak furthe of the peple's heidis.
Cry *toung ! I leid*, throw all this natioun :
Mak buiks and rymes of recantatioun.
Sic alteratioun may cum in this land
May gar ane tak ane uther be the hand,
And say, *Think on—Ye maid of me ane ballat,*
For your rewarde now I fall brek your pallat.

Men sould bewar quhat thing thai said or did,
For it may cum to lycht lang hes bene hid.
Thairfoire na man mak ballats, nor indyte,
Of ill, detraction, sklander, nor dispyte.

Put not in writ that God, or man, may greif.
All vertew love ; and all vyces reпреif.
Or mak sum myrrie toy, to gude purpouse,
That may the herar, and redar bayth, reiose :
Or sum fruitful and gude Moralité :
Or plesand things, may stand with chirrité.
Dispytful poyets sould not tholit be
In commounweils, or godlie cumpanie :
That forte ar (redie) ay to saw feditioun ;
And put gude men into suspitioun.

Quod Sir R. M. of Ledingtown.

ON THE NEW YEIR.
(*Perhaps 1557, or 1558.*)

I.

O HIE eternal God of micht !
Of thy grit grace, grant us thy licht,
With hairt and mynd sinceir,
To leif efter thy lawis richt,
Now into this new yeir.

II.

God keip our Quein ; and grace hir send
This realme to gyde, and to defend ;
In justice perseveir :
And of *thir warris* mak an end,
Now into this new yeir.

III.

God send grace to our Quene Regent,
Be law to mak sic punishment,
To gar lymmars soirbeir
For till oppress the innocent,
Now into this new yeir.

IV.

Lord, schent all sawars of seditioun ;
Remove all rancour and suspicioun,
Quhilk may this cuntrie deir.
Put all perturbars to punitioun.
Now into this new yeir.

V.

God send pastors of veritie,
Be quham we may instructit be
Our God to serve and feir.
And to set furth his wourd trewlie,
Now into this new yeir.

VI.

And tak awa the ignorantis
Of tha kirkmen that vyceis hauntis
And leidis us arreir ;
That bayth gud lyf and cunning wantis ;
Now into this new yeir.

VII.

God gif our lordis temporal
Grace to gif ane trew confal,
This realme to gyd and steir ;
To be obedient and loyal,
Now into this new yeir.

VIII.

And tak away all grit oppressours,
Comoun mantenars of transgressours,
Movears of stryf and weir,
For theves and revars intercessours,
Now into this new yeir.

IX.

Lords of the Stait, mak expeditioun,
Gar everilk man mak restitution
Of wrangus land and geir ;
And we fall eik *our* contributioun,
Now into this new yeir.

X.

Men of law, I pray yow mend.
Tak na ill quarels be the end
For profite may appeir ;
Invent na things to gar us spend
Our geir in this new yeir.

XI.

God grant our ladeis chastitie,
Wisdom, meiknes, and gravitie :
And have na will to weir
Thir clathing full of vanitie,
Now into this new yeir :

XII.

XII.

Bot for to weir habilyement
According to thair stait and rent ;
And all thingis foirbeir,
That may thair barnis gar repent
Heirafter mony yeir.

XIII.

God fend our burges' wit and skill
For to fet furth the commounweil ;
With lawtie sell thair geir ;
And to use met and mesure leil,
Now into this new yeir.

XIV.

And all vane waistours tak away ;
Regrattours that tak double pay :
And wyne fellars our deir ;
Dyvours that drinkis all the day ;
Now into this new yeir.

XV.

Grace be to the gud burges' wyfis,
That be leissum lawbour thryvis ;
And dois vertew leir ;
Thriftie, and of honest lyfis,
Now into this new yeir.

XVI.

For sum of thame wald be weil fed,
And lyk the quenis ladeis cled,
Thoch all thair barnes suld bleir.
I trow that sic fall mak ane red
Of all thair paks this yeir.

XVII.

God fend the comouns weil to wirk ;
The grund to lawbour, and nocht irk,
To win gude quheit and beir ;
And to bring furth bayth staig and stirk,
Now into this new yeir.

XVIII.

And tak awa thir ydle lounis,
 Cryand wakkars, with cloutit gounis ;
 And fornars that ar sweir ;
 And put thame in the galiounis,
 Now into this new year.

XIX.

I pray all staitis and degree
 To pray to God continwalie
 His grace to grant us heir :
 And send us peax and unitie
 Now into this new year.

Quod Sir Richard Maitland.

St. 2. l. 4.—*Thir warris.*] Mr Pinkerton's original edition reads, "her wawis," which possibly may signify "her waes;" but Queen Mary experienced no considerable afflictions before the death of her husband the Dauphin in Dec. 1560: besides, the word is never spelt "wawis," but "waes," or "wais." The passage seeming thus to be erroneous, I have ventured to substitute "thir warris," weiris or wars, applicable to the first of the year (25th March) either of 1557 or 1558; the East borders being in a turbulent state in 1556, and the Queen Regent having endeavoured to provoke a war with England in 1557.—The "contribution" mentioned in St. 9th favours the last of these dates, an attempt having been made in summer 1557 to establish a standing army to be supported by a "contribution" of a certain proportion of annual income.

St. 18. l. 2. *Cryand wakkars*, perhaps "clamorous beggars;" but I rather suppose "cryand" to be an error for Catheran or Ketheren, a word which occurs in *Regiam Majestatem*, and seems to denote some sort of idle vagabonds who subsisted chiefly by plunder. See *Glossary*.

OF THE WYNNING OF CALICE,
(January 1558, "whereby all the English footing was
lost in the Continent of France.")

I.

REJOIS, Henrie, most Christine King of Fraunce !
Rejois, all peopill of that regioun !
That with manheid, and be ane happy chance,
Be thy Levetennent trew, of greit renown,
The Duik of Gweis, recoverit Calice towne.
The quhilk hes bene, twa hundreth yeirs begane,
Into the hands of Inglis natioun ;
Quha never thocht be force it micht be tane.

II.

But we may se that mennis jugement
Is all bot vaine, when God plesis to schaw
His michtie power : quha is omhipotent ;
For, quhen he plesis, he gars princes know
That it is he alane quha rewlis aw :
And mannis helpe is all bot vanitie.
Think that it wes his hand that brak the waw :
Thairfoir gif gloir to him eternalie.

III.

Sa hie ane purpois for to tak in hand
Quha gaif that prince sa grit audacitie ?
To seige that town, that sa stranglie did stand ?
And quha gaif him sic substance and supplie ?
And quha gaif him at end the victorie ?
Quha bot grit God, the gydar of all things ?
That, quhen he plesis, can princis magnifie :
And for thair syn translat realmes and kingis.

IV.

IV.

That nobil king wes gritlie till avance,
 Quho, efter that his captanes of renoun
 Had tynt ane field, be hafard and mischance,
 Yet tynt na curage for that misfortoun:
 Bot, lyk ane michtie valyeant campioun,
 Be his Levetennent, and nobil men of weir,
 Tuik upon hand to seige the strongest toun
 Into the deidest tym of all the yeir.

V.

Thairfoir ye all that ar of Scottis blude,
 Be blyth, rejois for the recovering
 Of that strang toun: and of the fortoun gude
 Of your maist tendir freynd that nobil king;
 Quhilk ay wes kynd in help and supporting
 Of yow, be men, and mony copious:
 And in his hand hes instantlie the thing
 To yow, Scottis, that is maist pretious.

VI.

Sen ye love God in thingis outwardlie,
 In fyris, and processsioun generale;
 Sua, in your hairtis, love him inwardlie.
 Amend your lyves; repent your fynnis all:
 Do equal reffoun, bayth to grit and small.
 And everie man do his vocatioun;
 Than God fall grant yow, quhen ye on him call,
 Of your fayis the dominatioun.

VII.

Sen God in the begynning of this yeir,
 Unto that king sa gude fortoun hes send;
 We pray to HIM sic grace to grant us heir,
 That we get Berwick our merches for to mend.
 Quhilk, gif we get, our bordours may defend
 Agains Ingland, with HIS help and supplie.
 And then I wald the weiris had an end;
 And we to leif in peax, and unitie.

Quod Sir Richard Maitland.

OF THE QUEENIS MARYAGE TO THE DOLPHIN OF FRANCE.

(1558.)

I.

THE grit blythnes, and joy inestimabil,
For to set furth the Scottis ar nocht abil;
Nor for to mak condigne solemnitie,
For the gude news, and tythings comfortabil,
Of the contract of maryage honorabil,
Betwix the Quene's maist nobil majestie,
And the gritist young prince in christentie,
And alsua to us the maist profitabil,
Of France the Dolphin, first son of King Henrie.

II.

All lustie wowars, and hardie chevaleris,
Go drefs your hors, your harnes, and your geiris,
To rin at lists, to just, and to turnay;
That it may run onto your ladeis eiris
Quha in the field maist valiantlie him beris.
And ye, fair ladeis! put on your best array.
Requeist young men to ryd in your lev'ray,
That, for your saik, thai may breik twentie speiris
For luf of you, young lustie ladeis gay.

III.

All burrowstownis, everilk man yow prayis
To maik bainfyris, fairfeis, and clerk-playis;
And, throw your rewis, carrels dans, and sing:
And at your croce gar wyn rin findrie wayis:
As wes the custome in our eldars' dayis,
Quhen that thai maid triumphe for any thing.
And all your stairs with tapestrie gar hing.

Castels,

Castels, schut gunnis ; schippis, and galayis ;
Blaw up your trumpats, and on drummis ding.

IV.

Preiftis, and clerkis, and men of that professioun,
With devote mynd gang to proceffioun,
And in your queiris sing with melodie.
To the grit God mak intercessioun
To send our Princefs gud succeffioun
With her young spous, to our utilitie ;
That eftir hir may governe this cuntrie ;
And us defend from all oppressioun ;
And it conserve in law and libertie.

V.

Ye lordis all, and barouns of renowne,
And all the staitis of this natioun,
Mak grit triumphe ; mak banket, and gud chere.
And everilk man put on his nuptial gowne ;
Lat it be sein into the burrowstowne
That in your coffers hes lyn this mony yeir.
Sen that your Quene hes chofin hir ane feir,
Ane potent Prince for to mantein your crown,
And enterteinye yow in peax and weir.

VI.

Lat all the world, be your proceeding, see
That thair is fayth, and treuthe in your cuntrie .
Luif, lawtie, law, and a gud conscience ;
Concord, concurrand in peax and unitie ;
Obedience to the autoritie ;
Foirsicht, provisioun, and experience ;
Honour, manheid, justice, and prudence ;
Quhilk, gif ye have, ye fall esteemit be,
And be ilk man haulden in reverence.

VII.

O michtie Prince, and Spous to our Maistres !
Refave this realme in luif and hartlines :

Set furth our laws, mantein our libertie.
 Do equal justice bayth to mair and les :
 Reward vertew ; and punisch wickitnes :
 Mak us to leif in gude tranquillitie.
 Defend our commouns : treit our nobilitie.
 And be thy mein our commounweil incres,
 That we tak plessour to mak politye.

VIII.

Scottis and French, now leif in unitie,
 As ye war brether borne in ane cuntrie,
 Without all maner of fuspicioun.
 Ilk ane to uther keip trew fraternitie,
 Defendand uther bayth be land and see.
 And gif that ony man of evil condition,
 Betwix yow twa would mak seditioun,
 Scottis, or French, quhat man that ever he be,
 With all rigour put him to the punitioun.

IX.

O nobil Princes, and Moder to our Quein !
 With all thy hairt to God list up thy ein,
 And gif him thanks for grace he hes thé send ;
 That he hes maid thë instrument, and mein,
 With maryage to coupill in ane chein
 Thir tua realmis, ather to defend.
 Think weil warit the tyme thow hes done spend ;
 And the travale that thow hes done sustein ;
 Sen it is brocht now to fa gude ane end.

Quod Sir Richard Maitland.

This marriage was solemnized on the 14th of April 1558, each of the parties being nearly about 15 years of age. The Dauphin ascended the throne 10th July 1559, and died 5th Dec. 1560. Queen Mary arrived in Scotland 19th Aug. 1561; about 14 months after the death of her mother.

OF THE ASSEMBLIE OF THE CONGREGATIOUN ; A POEME
MAID AT NEWYEIRISMESS IN THE YEIR OF GOD 1559.

I.

ETERNAL God, O tak away thy scourge
From us Scottis for thy grit mercie !
Send us thy help this land to clenge and purge
Of *all* discord, and inamitie,
Betwix the legis and authoritie,
That we may leif in peax, withoutin deir ;
In lawtie, law ; in luif and libertie ;
With merrines, now into this new yeir.

II.

Almichtie God, send us support and grace !
Of mannis help for we ar all desparit,
To mak concord that had sic tym and space ;
And nane, as yet, hes thair lawbor wairit ;
As na man war that for this country carit.
Bot, and this stryf and trouble perfeveir,
He fall be seage that fall escape unsarit,
And nocht thole paine, now into this new yeir.

III.

Think ye nocht schame, that ar Scottis borne,
Lordis, and barons of authoritie,
That throw your sleuth, this realme sould be forlorne ;
Your grund destroyit ; and your policie ?
Sum wraik fall cum upon yow hastelie :
That ye fall fay, ‘ Alace ! we war our sweir,
‘ Quhil we had tym that maid na unitie !’
Amend it yet, now into this new yeir.

IV.

IV.

Trow ye to ly lurk ; and to do na mair ;
To see quhilk syd fall have the victorie ?
The quhilk at last fall not help yow ane hair.
Ryis up ! Concur all ! And thame rectifie,
Quhilk with resoun will never rewlit be.
Ye [must] with force, withoutin fraud or feir,
Mak weir on thame, as comoun inimie ;
And thame correct, now into this new yeir.

V.

God grant his grace to the inferiouris
Of this puir realme, thair quiete to confider :
And till obey till their superiouris,
That lords and leiges, [as sifter and as bridder,]
In peax and luif for to remaine togidder.
Syn we war quyt of all the men of weir ;
That all trew folk, from Berwyk to Baquhidder,
May leif in rest uncest in this new yeir.

VI.

The Quenis grace, gif that scho hes offendit
In hir office, lat it reformat be.
And ye, all leiges, lat your falt be mendit ;
And with trew hairt serve the autoritie.
And ye, kirkmen, do ye your hail dewtie.
And all estaitis, syn and vyce forbeir.
The quhilk to do I prey the trinitie
To send you grace, now into this new yeir.

VII.

God ! mak us now quyt of all heresie ;
And put us anis into the richt way.
In thy law may we sa instructit be,
That we be nocht begylit every day.
Ane sayis *this* : ane uther sayis *nay* :
That we wait not quham to we fuld adheir.
Christ send to us ane rewle to keip for ay,
Without discord now into this new yeir !

VIII.

God send justice this land to rewle and gyde ;
 And put away thift, reif, and all oppreffoun :
 That all trew folk may furelie gang, and hyde ;
 Without difcord had parliament, and fessioun.
 To gar trew folk bruik thair poffeffioun.
 And gif us grace, gud Lord ! quhil we ar heir,
 To ryis from fyn, repentand our transgreffioun ;
 And leif in joy now into this new yeir.

Quod Sir Richard Maitland.

The title of *The Congregation*, by which the Protestants in Scotland were distinguished at this period, was first used by them in the solemn bond signed by a few of the nobility 3d Dec. 1557, where it does not apparently denote any sort of political association, but seems rather to have been adopted either in imitation of the English refugees at Frankfurt in 1554; or perhaps as a better translation than "kirk" (*templum*) of the Latin or Greek *ecclesia*, in which sense also it had two hundred years before that time been used by Wicliff; his definition of "Church" being "the Congregation of just men, for whom Jesu Christ shedd his blood; of which Church Jesu Christ is the head." This was precisely the idea of the Scottish Reformers. After the Solemn Bond, however, was signed, in the course of summer 1558, by numbers of people all over the kingdom, the *Congregation* came to be considered as quite a church militant; relative to whom, Maitland here writeth,

"Ye must with force, withoutten fraud or feir,
 Mak war on thame, as commoun innemic."

St. iv. l. 4. will call to the reader's recollection "a long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull all together," of famous memory in the Parliamentary Chronicle.

St. v. l. 4.—"as sifter and as bridder." This part of the line being illegible in the MS. Mr Pinkerton has supplied it with "may na mair mak sifter."

ON THE NEW YEIR.

(March 25, 1560.)

*In this new yeir I fie bot weir ;
Na caus to sing.
In this new yeir I fie bot weir ;
Na caus thair is to sing.*

I.

I CANNOT sing for the vexatioun
Of Frenchmen, and the Congregatioun,
That hes maid troubil in the natioun,
And monye bair bigging.
In this new yeir, &c.

II.

I have na will to sing or dans,
For feir of England and of France.
God send thame sorow and mischance,
In caus of thair cuming.
In this new yeir, &c.

III.

We ar fa reulit, riche and puir,
That we wait not quhair to be suire,
The Bordour or the Borrow muir,
Quhair sum perchance will hing.
In this new year yeir, &c.

IV.

And yit I think it best that we
Pluck up our hairt, and mirrie be.
For thoch we wald ly down and die,
It will us helpe na thing.
In this new yeir, &c.

V.

Lat us pray God to staunche this weir ;
 That we may leif withoutin feir,
 In mirrines, quhil we ar heir :
 And hevin at our ending.
In this new yeir, &c.

Quod Richard Maitland of Ledingtoun, knycht.

Although the *Congregation* had now for about nine months been in a state of open rebellion, the reader will observe, that Sir Richard in this new year's ditty speaks of them with less acrimony than in the preceding : one reason for which, no doubt, was " the fear of England and of France ;" by both of whom considerable supplies of forces had in the month of January been sent to the aid of the two contending parties ; so that it was by no means certain at present to which of the sides victory would ultimately incline. But *Maitland* had now another reason for expressing himself in cautious terms. " His son William, says Knox, " Secretair to the Queen," (that is, to the then present Queen, Mary Stewart, *not* to her mother,) " upoun All-hallow-even perceaving himself not onelic to be suspected as one that favourit our partie, bot also to stand in danger of his lyif, gif he sould remane amang so ungodlie a cumpanye, convoyed himself away, (from the Quein's partie in " the fortrefe of Leith,) and randerit himself to Kircaldie of Grange," one of the leaders of the Congregation. *Maitland's* defection appears thus to have taken place within a week after the Congregation had suspended the Queen Dowager in her office of Regent ; and to this defection his father probably alludes in the third line of the third stanza.

OF THE QUEENIS ARRYVALE IN SCOTLAND ;

August 1561.

I.

EXCELLENT Princes ! potent, and preclair,
Prudent, peerles in bontie and bewtie !
Maist nobil Quene of bluid under the air !
With all my hairt, and nicht, I wylcum thee
Hame to thy native peple, and cuntrie.
Beseakand God to gif thé grace to have
Of thy leigeis the hairtis faythfullie,
And thame in luif and favour to relave.

II.

Now sen thou art arryvit in this land,
Our native Princes, and illustre Quene !
I traist to God this regioun fall stand
An auld frè land, as it lang tyme hes bene.
Quhairin, richt sone, thair fall be hard and sene
Grit joy, justice, gud peax, and policie :
All cair, and cummer, baneist quyte and clene ;
And ilk man leif in gud tranquillitie.

III.

I am nocht meit, nor abil, to furthset
How thou fall use discretlie all thing heir :
Nor of ane Princes the dewtie and the det,
Quhilk I beleif thy hienes hes *per queir*.
Bot, gif neid be, thair is anew can leir
Thy majestie, of thy awn natioun ;
And gif thee counsal how to rewle and steir,
With wysdome, all belangand to thy wounce.

IV.

IV.

Yet I exhort thee to be circumspect
 Of thy Counsaile in the electioun.
 Cheis faythful men of prudens and effect,
 Quha will for wrang mak dew correctioun;
 And do justice, without exceptioun.
 Men of gude lyf, knowlege, and conscience,
 That will nocht failye for affectioun;
 Bot of gude fame, and lang experience.

V.

Quhilk, gif thou do, I hope that thou fall ring
 Lang in this land in grit felicitie.
 Will thou pleis God, he will thee send all thing
 Is nedeful to mantene thy royaltie.
 Quha gif the grace to gyd sa prudentlie,
 That all thy doing be to his plesour;
 And of Scotland to the commoditie,
 Quhilk, under God, thou hes now in thy cure.

VI.

And gif thy hienes plesis for to marie,
 That thou haif help I pray the Trinitie
 To cheis, and tak, ane husband without tarie
 To thy honour, and our utilitie;
 Quha will, and may, mantein our libertie;
 Replete of wisdome and of godlines;
 Nobill, and full of constance and lawtie:
 With guid successioun, to our quyetnes.

VII.

Madame, I wes trew servand to thy mother;
 And in hir favour stud ay, thankfullie,
 Of my estait alls weil as ony other:
 Prayand thy grace I may refavit be
 In siklyk favour with thy majestie;
 Inclynand ay to me thy gracious eiris;
 And, amang other servands, think on me.—
 This last request I lernit at the freiris.

VIII.

VIII.

And thoch that I to serve be nocht sa abil,
As I wes wont, becaus I may not see ;
Yet in my hairt I fall be ferme and stabil
To thy hienes, with all fidelitie.
Ay prayand God for thy prosperitie ;
And that I heir thy peple, with hie voce,
And joyful hairtis, cry continwallie
Viva Marie tre nobil royne d'Escofs.

Quod Richard Maitland of Letbington.

St. vii. In what capacity *Sir Richard* had served the Queen Regent, is not altogether certain ; perhaps merely as one of the Lords of her Privy Council. This stanza bears a considerable resemblance to a curious passage in a letter from his son William to Secretary Cecil, dated 10th Aug. of the preceding year (1560.) " Although I do chiefly respect the common cause and publick estate, yet doth my own private not a little move me to be careful in this behalf. In what case I stand, you will easily judge by sight of the inclosed, which I pray you to return to me with speed. [*In the margin, "which I pray come not to light."*] I know by my friends in France, that she (the Queen) hath conceived such an opinion of my affection towards England, that it killeth all the means I can have to enter in any favour. But, if it might be compassed that the Queen's Majesty, and her Highness (Queen Elizabeth) might be as dear friends as they are Cousins, then were I able enough to have as good part in her good grace as any other of my quality in Scotland. If this cannot be brought to pass, then I see well, at length it will be hard for me " to dwell at Rome and fight with the Pope : " That is, he was determined at all events to attach himself to the service of the Queen ; and accordingly, in less than three weeks after her arrival, we find him mentioned as her confidential Secretary ; an appointment which this very poem might tend not a little to accelerate.

AGANIS THE THIEVIS OF LIDDISDAIL ;

written perhaps in Summer 1561.

I.

OF Liddisdail the commoun theifis
Sa pertlie steillis now and reifis,
That nane may keip
Hors, nolt, nor scheip : Nor yit dar sleip,
For thair mischeifis.

II.

Thay plainly throw the cuntrie rydis,
I trow the mekil devil thame gydis.
Quhair thay onsett,
Ay in thair gait thair is na yett,
Nor dure, thame bydis.

III.

Thay leif richt nocht, quhairever thay ga ;
Thair can na thing be hid thame fra.
For, gif men wald
Thair housis hald, Than waxe thay bald
To burn and sla.

IV.

Thay thiefs have neirhand herreit haill
Ettrick forest, and Lawderdail :
Now ar they gane
In Lothiane ; And spairis nane
That thay will wail.

V.

Thai landis ar with stouth sa socht
To extreme povertie ar brocht.
Thai wicked schrowis
Has laid the plowis ; That nane, or few, is
That ar left ocht.

VI.

VI.

Bot commoun taking of blak maill,
Thay that had fiesche, and breid, and aill,
Now ar sa wraikit,
Maid puir and naikit; Fane to be flaikit
With walter-caill.

VII.

Thai theifs that steills, and turfis hame,
Ilk ane of thame hes ane *to-name*;
Will of the Lawis;
Hab of the Schawis: To mak bair wawis
Thay think na schame.

VIII.

Thay spuillye puir men of thair pakis.
Thay leif thame nocht on bed, nor bakis.
Bayth hen, and cok,
With reil, and rok, *The Lairdis Jok*
All with him takis.

IX.

Thay leif not spendil, spone, nor speit;
Bed, bofter, blanket, fark, nor schein.
Jobne of the Parke
Ryps kist, and ark. For all sic wark
He is richt meit.

X.

He is weil kend, *Jobne of the Syide*,
A gretar theif did never ryide.
He never tyris
For to brek byris. Our muir, and myris,
Ouir gude ane gyide.

XI.

Thair is ane, callit *Clement's Hob*,
Fra ilk puir wyfe reiffis the wob.
And all the laif
Quhatever thay haif. The devil resave
Thairfoir his gob.

XII.

To sic grit slouth quha eir wald trow it
 Bot gif sum greit man it allowit?
 Rycht fair I rew
 Thoch it be trew; Thair is fa few
 That dar avow it.

XIII.

Of sum grit men thay have sic gait
 That redy ar thame to debait;
 And will up weir
 Thair stolin geir: That nane dar steir
 Thame, air nor lait.

XIV.

Qubhat caufis theifis us our-gang,
 Bot want of Justice us amang?
 Nane takis cair,
 Thoch all forfair: Na man will spair
 Now to do wrang.

XV.

Of slouth thoch now thay cum gud speid,
 That nother of men nor God hes dreid,
 Yit, or I die,
 Sum fall thame fie, Hing on a trie,
 Quhill thay be deid.

Quod Sir Richard Maitland.

In October 1559, the leaders of the Congregation ventured to adopt the bold measure of depriving the Queen Regent of her office and authority; from which time, to the arrival of Queen Mary, a period of almost two years, there was no regular Government in Scotland. The Border thieves and robbers began in summer 1561 to take advantage of this circumstance by "making continuale heirschippis, stowthis, and reiffis upoun the peaceable subjectis dwelland in the Inn-cuntries;" i. e. the counties of Roxburgh, Selkirk, Mers, &c. Maitland here represents these depredations in a manner that soon produced the desired effect; one of the first acts of Queen Mary's Government being the punishment of the Laddisdale robbers,

WA KYNDNES AT COURT WITHOUT SILLER ;

(*perhaps 1563.*)

I.

SUMTYME to court I did repair,
Thairin sum errands for to dres ;
Thinkand I had sum freindis thair
To help fordwart my beseynes.
Bot, not the les,
I fand nathing bot doubilnes.
Auld kyndnes helpis not ane hair.

II.

To ane grit court-man I did speir ;
That I trowit my friend had bene,
Becaus we war of kyn sa neir ;
To him my mater I did mene.
Bot, with disdene,
He fled as I had done him tene ;
And wald not byd my taill to heir.

III.

I wend that he, in word and deid,
For me, his kynsman, sould have wrocht.
Bot to my speiche he tuke na heid :
Neirnes of blude he sett at nocht.
Than weill I thocht,
Quhan I for sibnes to him socht,
It wes the wrang way that I yeid.

IV.

My hand I put into my sleif,
And furthe of it ane purs I drew ;
And said I brocht it him to geif :
Bayth gold and silver I him schew.

Than

Than he did rew
That he unkindlie me misknew ;—
And hint the purs fast in his neif.

V.

Fra tyme he gat the purs in hand,
He kyndlie *Cousin* callit me.
And baid me gar him understand
My befeynes all haillalie ;
And swair that he
My trew and faythfull freind suld be
In courte as I ples him command.

VI.

For quhilk better it is, I trow,
Into the courte to get supplé,
To have ane purs of fyne gold fow ;
Nor to the hiaft of degré
Of kyn to be.
Sa alters our nobilitie.
Grit kynrent helpis lytil now.

VII.

Thairfoir, my freinds, gif ye will mak
All courte men youris as ye wald,
Gude gold and filver with yow tak ;
Than to tak help ye may be bald.
For it is tauld,
Kyndnes of courte is cost and sald.
Neirnes of kyn na thing thai rak.

Quod Sir R. M. of Ledingtoun, knycht.

Sir Richard's mother was Martha Seaton, daughter of George, third Lord Seaton, whose grandson, George, the sixth Lord, was Provost of Edinburgh in the time of the Queen Dowager's Regency ; and Master of the Household, and a Lord of the Privy Counsel to her daughter Queen Mary. It is not unlikely that the " Court Man" here mentioned was this Lord Seaton ; one of the few Noblemen who continued staunch friends to the Queen Dowager and her daughter in all their most calamitous situations. Sir Richard Maitland in 1563 succeeded him as Lord Privy Seal. The poem may have been composed at least upon that occasion.

COUNSALE TO HIS SON, BEAND IN THE COURT ;

(perhaps 1565.)

SIR RICHARD MAITLAND *having three sons, William, John, and Thomas, it cannot now be ascertained to which of them this piece of salutary "counsale" was addressed ; but we may reasonably suppose,—to William, who became more compleatly a Courtier by profession than either of his brothers. The advice in the 4th line of stanza 1st assuredly must allude to a time when Scotland had a King ; who, if not Francis II. must have been King Henry Stewart, who bore the Scottish Crown from July 1565 to February 1567. Mary's third husband deserves not to be mentioned ; and James VI. seems too late.*

I.

Mr sone, in court gif thou pleisis remane,
This my counsal into thy mind imprent.
In thy speiking luik that thou be nocht vane ;
Behald and heir ; and to the King tak tent.
Be no lear, or ellis thou art schent ;
Found thé on treuth, gif thou wald weil betyJ.
To governe all and reull be nocht our bent.
He reulis weil that weil in court can gyd.

II.

Be nocht ane scornar, nor fenyat flatterar ;
Nor yet ane rounder of inventit talis ;
Of it thou heirs be nocht ane clatterar.
Fall nocht in plie for thyng that lytil valis :

Have

Have nocht to do with uther mennis falis.
 Fra wickit men thow draw thee far on fyde.
 Thow art ane fule gif thow with fulis dalis.
 He reulis weil that weil in court can gyd.

III.

Bewar quham to thy counsal thow reveil,
 Sum may seim trew, and yit difsemblars be.
 Be of thy promiseis and condition leil.
 Waist nocht thy guid in prodigalitie ;
 Nor put thyne honour into jeopardie :
 With folk difamit nouthir gang nor ryde.
 With wilful men to argue is folie.
 He reulis weil that weil in court can gyd.

IV.

Be na dysar, nor playar at the cairtis,
 Bot gif it be for pastyme, and small thing.
 Be nocht blawin with windis of all airtis,
 Constance in gude of wisdome is ane sing.
 Be wyfe, and tentie, in thy governing ;
 And try thame weil in quhame thow wilt confide :
 Sum fair wourdis will gif, wald se ye hing.
 He reulis weil that weil in court can gyd.

V.

Attour all thing ay to thy Prince be trew
 In thocht, and deid ; in wourde, in werk, and sight :
 Fra tressonabil company eschew ;
 Thy Prince profit, and honour at thy nicht.
 Set ay forward the puir, day and nicht.
 And lat na thing the commoun weil elyde ;
 And at all tyme mainteine justice and richt.
 He reulis weil that weil in court can gyd.

VI.

Thoch thou in court be with the hiest placit,
 In honour, office, or in dignitie,
 Think that sumtyme thow may be fra it chassit ;
 As sum hes bein befoir, and yet may be.

Neidful

Neidful it is thairfoir to gang warlie,
That rakleslie thow snapper nocht, nor flyd.
Ken ay thyself best in prosperitie.
He reulis weil that weil in court can gyd.

VII.

Prefs nocht to be exaltit above uther,
For, gif thow do, thow fall be fair invyit;
Grit peral is to tak on hand the ruther,
Quhil first that thy experience be tryit.
Think, at the last thy doing will be spyit,
Thoch thow with slicht wald cover it and hyd;
And all thy craft fall at the croce be cryit.
He reulis weil that weil in court can gyd.

VIII.

Bewar in giffing of ane hie consale,
In maters grit, and doutsum, speciallie;
Quhilk, be the wirking of the warld, may fail,
Thoch it seem never sa apparentlie,
Behald the warldis instabilitie,
That never still into ane stait dois byd;
Bot changeand ay, as dois the mone and see.
He reulis weil that weil in court can gyd.

IX.

Gif with the peple thow wald luifit be,
Be gentil, lawlie, and meik in thyn estait.
For an thow be uncourtes, proude, and hie,
Than all the warld fall thé detest and hait.
Flie feinyng, flattering, falsheid, and dissait.
Invent nathing that may the realme divyd,
Or fall occasioun trouble, and debait.
He reulis weil that weil in court can gyd.

X.

Grund all thy doing upon suthfastnes;
And hald thé ay gud cūpany amang.
Gadder na geir with wast and wretchitnes;
Preis nocht to conqueis ony thing with wrang:

Evil.

Evil-gottin gudis leftys never lang.
 Thoch all war thyne, within this warld fa wyd,
 Thow fall fra it, or it fra thé fall gang.
 He reulis weil that weil in court can gyd.

XI.

Above all thing, I thee exhort and pray,
 To pleis thy God fet all thy bissie cuire,
 And syn thy Prince serve, luif weil, and obey ;
 And, as thow may, be helpand ay the puire.
 Sen erdlie thingis will nocht ay endure,
 Thairfoir in hevin ane place for thé provyd ;
 Quhair thair is joy, rest, gloir, and all plesour ;
 Onto the quhilk eternal God us gyd.

Quod Sir Richard Maitland.

Stained as the character of William Maitland is with many blemishes, a celebrated historian has added one to the number, apparently without sufficient cause. Under the year 1559, he observes, that "the Queen (Regent) suffered an irreparable loss by the defection of *her principal secretary*, William Maitland of Lethington." This circumstance of aggravation seems to be founded upon the ambiguous expression of Knox, (already quoted, see page 100,) who probably means the Queen and Secretary of 1566, when he was compiling his history, *not* of 1559. In the list of Secretaries, at the end of Scottstarvet's memoirs, Maitland's name occurs first in 1561 as Secretary to Queen Mary, who surely would not have assigned to him that very post which, to her knowledge, he so lately and so shamefully had deserted.

ON THE FOLYE OF ANE AULD MAN'S MARYAND ANE
YOUNG WOMAN.

I.

AMANG folys ane grit folye I find :
Quhan that ane man, past fyftie yeir of age,
Can in his vane confait grow fa blind
As for to join himself in maryage
With ane young las, quhais blude is in ane rage ;
Thinkand that he may serve hir appetyte ;
Quhilk gif he fail, than will scho him dyspyte.

II.

Still ageit men sould jois in moral talis ;
And nocht in tailis. For folye is to mary,
Fra tyme that bayth thair strenth and nature falis ;
And tak ane wyf to bring thameself in tarye.
For fresche Maii, and could January,
Agreeis nocht upon ane sang in tune :
The tribbil wants that sould be sang abune.

III.

Men sould tak voyage at the laikis sang,
And nocht at evin, quhen passit is the day.
Efter mid age the luifar lyis full lang,
Quhen that his hair is turnit lyart gray.
Ane auld gray beird on ane quhyte mouth to lay
Into ane bed, it is ane peteous fycht !
The ane crys *Help* ! the uther hes no mycht.

IV.

Till have bene merchand, bigane mony yeir,
In Handwarp burges, and the toun of Bervie ;
Syne in the deip for to tyne all his geir ;

With vane consal to pure himselfe, and herrie !
 Grit peral is for to pas our the ferrie,
 Into ane lekand bott, nocht nait fast ;
 To beir the sail nocht havand ane steif mast.

V.

To tak ane maling, that grit lawbour requyris ;
 Syne wantis grayth for to manure the land ;
 (Quhen seid wantis than men of teling tyris ,)
 Than cumis ane ; findis it waift lyand :
 Yokis his pleuch ; telis at his awin hand.
 Bettir had bene the first had never kend it,
 Nor thoil that schame. And sa my tale is endit.

Quod Sir R. M. of Ledingtoun, knycht.

The remainder of Maitland's poems belong to the reign of James the Sixth.

ALEXANDER

ALEXANDER SCOTT,

"the Anacreon of old Scottish poetry, began to write about the year 1550. His pieces," as observed by Mr Pinkerton, "are correct and elegant for the age, and almost all amatory." In addition to those which were published by Lord Hailes and Ramsay from the Bann. MS. the reader is here presented with a few more from the same source, being all that seemed worthy of transcribing.

To what family or class of men SCOTT belonged, is not known.

LAMENT OF THE MAISTER OF ERSKYN.

I.

DEPARTE, departe, departe, allace ! I most departe
From hir that hes my hart, with hart full foir,
Aganis my will indeid, and can find no remeid,
I wait, the panis of deid can do no moir.

II.

Now most I go, allace ! frome sight of her sweit face,
The grund of all my grace and soverane :
Quhat chans that may fall me, fall I nevir mirry be,
Unto the tyme I fé my sweit agane.

III.

III.

I go, and wait nocht quhair, I wandir heir and thair,
 I weip and fichis rycht fair, with panis smart,
 Now most I pass away, in wildirnefs and willfull way;
 Allace ! this wofull day we fuld departe.

IV.

My spreit dois quaik for dreid, my thirlit hairt dois
 bleid,
 My painis dois exceid ; quhat fuld I say ?
 I wofull wychit allone, makand ane petous mone,
 Allace ! my hairt is gone, for evir and ay.

V.

Throw langour of my sweit, so thirlit is my spreit,
 My dayis ar most compleit, throw hir absencc :
 Charyft, sen scho knew my smert, ingraivit in my hairt,
 Becaus I most departe frome hir prefens.

VI.

Adew, my awin sweit thing, my joy and comforting,
 My mirth and follesing, of erdly gloir :
 Fairweill, my lady bricht, and my remembrance rycht ;
 Fairweill, and haif gud nycht ; I say no moir.

ALEXANDER SCOTT.

It is probable that the person here meant was the Master of Erskine, killed at the battle of Pinkie-Cleugh. Knox says, p. 79. " In that same battel was slayne the Maister of Erskin, deirlic belevit of the Quein, " (Mary of Lorraine Queen-Dowager;) for quhome scho maid grit " lamentatioun, and bare his deythe mony dayis in mynd." This passage in Knox may lead us to conjecture what lady is here meant. H.

ANE

ANE NEW YERE GIFT TO THE QUENE, QUHEN SCHO CAME
FIRST HAME.

(1562.)

This poem furnishes us with a present state of Scotland in 1561, (or, perhaps, 1562,) and on that account is curious and instructive. The author affects impartiality, and therefore it may be presumed that the portraits which he draws are not much out of nature.

I.

WELCUM, illustrat Ladye, and oure Quene ;
Welcum oure lyone, with the *Floure-de-lyce* ;
Welcum oure thrissill, with the *Lorane* grene ;
Welcum oure rubent rois upoun the ryce ;
Welcum oure jem and joyfull genetryce ;
Welcum oure beill of Albion to beir ;
Welcum oure plesand princes, maist of pryce ;
God gife thé grace aganis this guid new yeir.

II.

This guid new yeir, we hoip, with grace of God,
Sall be of peax, tranquillitie, and rest ;
This yeir sall rycht and ressonne rewle the rod,
Quhilk sa lang seasoun has bene soir supprest ;
This yeir, ferme fayth sall frelie be confest,
And all erronius questionis put areir,
To laboure that this lyfe amang us lest ;
God gife thé grace aganis this guid new yeir.

III.

III.

Heirfore addres thé dewlie to decoir,
 And rewle thy regne with hie magnificence ;
 Begin at God to gar fett furth his gloir,
 And of his gosPELL get experience ;
 Caus his trew kirk be had in reverence ;
 So fall thy name and fame spred far and neir ;
 Now, this thy dett to do with diligence,
 God gife thé grace aganis this guid new yeir.

IV.

Found on the first four vertewis cardinall,
 On wisdome, justice, force, and temperance ;
 Applaud to prudent men, and principall
 Of vertewus lyfe, thy worschep till avance ;
 Waye justice equale, without discrepance ;
 Strenth thy estait with steidfastnes to steir ;
 To temper tyme with trew continuance,
 God gife thé grace aganis this guid new yeir.

V.

Cast thy confale be counfall of the sage,
 And cleif to Chryst, hes keipit thé in cure,
 Attingent now to twentye yeir of aige,
 Preservand thé fro all misaventure.
 Wald thou be servit, and thy cuntré sure,
 Still on the commoun-weill haif é and eir ;
 Preifs ay to be protrectrix of the pure ;
 So God fall gyde thy Grace this guid new yeir.

VI.

Gar stanche all stryff, and stabill thy estaitis
 In constance, concord, cherité, and lufe ;
 Be bisshie now to banissh all debatis,
 Betwixt kirk-men and temporall men dois muse ;
 The pulling down of policie reprufe,
 And lat perversit prelettis leif perqueir ;
 To do the best, besekand God abuve,
 To give thé grace aganis this guid new yeir.

VII.

VII.

At croce gar cry be oppin proclamatioun,
Undir grit panis, that nothir he nor scho,
Of halye writ, haif ony disputatioun,
Bot letterit men, or lernit clerkis thereto ;
For lymmer lawdis, and litle lassis lo,
Will argun baith with bischop, preist, and freir.
To dantoun this, thow hes aneuch to do,
God gife thé grace aganis this guid new yeir.

VIII.

Bot wyte the wickit pastouris wald nocht mend
Their vitious leving, all the world prescryvis,
Thay tuke na tent their traik fould turne till end,
Thay wer sa proud in thair prerogatyvis ;
For wantonnes thay wald nocht wed na wyvis,
Nor yit leif chaste, bot chop and change thair cheir ;
Now, to reforme thair fylthy litcherous lyvis,
God gife thé grace aganis this guid new yeir.

IX.

Thay brocht thair bastardis with the skrufe thay skraip,
To blande thair blude with barrownis be ambitionn ;
Thay purchest pithles pardonis fra the Paip,
To caus foud fulis confyde he hes fruitioun,
As God, to gif for synnis full remissioun,
And faulis to saif fro me suffering sorrowis seir.
To sett asyde sic fort's of superstitioun,
God gif thé grace aganis this guid new yeir.

X.

Thay lost baith benifice and pentioun that mareit,
And quha e t flesch on Frydayis was fyre-fangit ;
It maid na mis quhat madinis thay miscareit ;
On fasting dayis, thay were nocht brint nor hangit :
Licence for luthrie fra thair lord belangit,
To gif indulgence as the devill did leir ;
To mend that menyé hes sa monye mangit,
God gif thé grace aganis this guid new yeir.

XI.

XI.

Thay lute thy lieges pray to stokkis and stanes,
 And paintit paiparis, wattis nocht quhat thay meine;
 Thay bad thame bek and bynge at deid mennis banes;
 Offer on kneis to kifs. syne saif thair kin :
 Pilgrimes and palmaris past with thame betwene,
 Sanct Blais, Sanct Boit, blate boðeis ein to bleir :
 Now to forbid this grit abuse hes bene,
 God gif thé grace aganis this guid new yeir.

XII.

Thay tyrit God with tryfillis tume trentalis,
 And daifit him with daylie dargeis;
 With owklike Abitis, to augment thair rentalis,
 Mantand mort-mumlingis, mixt with monye leis,
 Sic sanctitude was Sathanis forcereis,
 Christis fillie tcheip, and fobi flok, to smeir :
 To ceifs all fyndrye sectis of herefeis,
 God gif thé grace aganis this guid new yeir.

XIII.

With mefs nor matynes nowayis will I mell,
 To jüge thame justlie passis my ingyne;
 Thay gyde nocht ill hat governis weill thame sell,
 And lelalie on lawtie layis thair lyne:
 Dowtis to discus, for doctouris ar devyne,
 Cunning in clergie to declair thame cleir:
 To ordour this, the office now is thyne,
 God gif thé grace aganis this guid new yeir.

XIV.

As béis takkis walx and honye of the floure,
 So dois the faythfull of Goddis word tak frute;
 As waspis reffavis of the same bot soure,
 So reprobatis Christis buke dois rebute:
 Wordis, without werkis, availyeis nocht a cute:
 To feis thy subjectis so in luf and feir,
 That rycht and reasoun in thy realme may rute,
 God gif thé grace aganis this guid new yeir.

XV.

XV.

The epistollis and evangelis now ar prechit,
 But sophistrie or cere noneis vane ;
 Thy pèpill, maist pairt, trewlie now ar techit,
 To put away idolatrie prophaine :
 Bot in su n hartis is gravit new agane,
 Ane image, callit cuvatyce of geir ;
 Now, to expell that idoll standis up plane,
 God gif thé grace aganis this guid new yeir.

XVI.

For sum ar sene at sermonis seme sa halye,
 Singand Sanct *Davidis* psalter on thair bukis,
 And ar bot biblistis fairsing full thair bellie,
 Backbytand nychtbours, noyand thame in nuikis,
 Rugging and raifand up kirk-rentis lyke ruikis ;
 As werrie waspis aganis Godeis word makis weir :
 Sic Christianis to kifs with chanteris kuikis,
 God gif thé grace aganis this guid new yeir.

XVII.

Dewtie and dettis ar drevin by dowbilnes,
 Auld folkis ar flemit fra young fayth professours,
 The grittest ay, the greddiar I gefs,
 To plant quhair preistis and personis wer possessours ;
 Teindis ar uptane by testament transgressours ;
 Credence is past, off promeis thocht thay sweir :
 To punisch Papistis and reproche oppressouris,
 God gif thé grace aganis this guid new yeir.

XVIII.

Pure folk ar famist with thir fassionis new,
 They faill for falt that had befoir at fouth ;
 Leill labouraris lamentis, and tennentis trew,
 That thay ar hurt and hareit north and south :
 The heidismen hes *cor mundum* in thair mowth,
 Bot nevir with mynd to gif the man his meir :
 To quenche thir quent calamiteis so cowth,
 God gif thé grace aganis this guid new yeir.

XIX.

Protestandis takis the freiris auld antetewme,
 Reddie reffavaris böt to rander nocht;
 So lairdis upliftis mennis leifing ouir thy rewme,
 And ar rycht crabit quhen thay crave thame ocht;
 Be thay unpayit, thy pursevandis ar socht,
 To pund pure communis corne and cattell geir:
 To vify all thir wrangus workis ar wrocht,
 God gif thé grace aganis this guid new yeir.

XX.

Paull biddis nocht deill with thingis idolatheit,
 Nor quhair hypocrasie hes bene committit;
 Bot kirk-mennis curfit substance femis sweit
 Till land-men, with that leud burd-lyme are knyttit;
 Giff thou persave sum senyeour it hes smittit,
 Solist thame softlie nocht to perseveir:
 Hurt not thair honour, thocht thy hienes wittit,
 Bot graciouslie forgife thame this guid yeir.

XXI.

Forgifanis grant, with glaidnes and guid will,
 Gratis till all into your parliament;
 Syne stabill statutis, steidfast to stand still,
 That barrone, clerk, and burges be content:
 Thy nobillis, erlis, and lordis consequent,
 Treit tendir, to obtene thair hartis intair;
 That thay may serve and be obedient,
 Unto thy Grace, aganis this guid new yeir.

XXII.

Sen so thou fittis in faitt superlatyve,
 Caus everye stait to thair vocation go,
 Scolaistik men the scriptouris to descryve,
 And majestratis to use the fwerd also,
 Merchandis to trafique and travell to and fro,
 Mechaniks wirk, husbandis to saw and scheir;
 So fall be welth and weilfaire without wo,
Be grace of God aganis this guid new yeir.

XXIII.

XXIII.

Latt all thy realme be now in reddines,
 With costlie clething to decoir thy cors ;
 Yung gentilmen for danfing thame address,
 With courtlie ladyes cuplit in consors ;
 Frak ferce gallandis for feild gemis enfors ;
 Enarmit knychtis at listis with scheild and speir,
 To fecht in barrowis bayth on fute and hors,
 Agane thy Grace gett ane guid-man this yeir.

XXIV.

This yeir fall be imbaffatis heir belyffe,
 For mariage, frome princes, dukis, and kingis ;
 This yeir, within thy regioun, fall aryse,
 Rowtis of the rankest that in Europ ringis ;
 This yeir bayth blythnes and abundance bringis,
 Naveis of schippis outthrocht the sea to sneir,
 With riches raymentis, and all royall thingis,
 Agane thy Grace get ane guid-man this yeir.

XXV.

Giffe sawis be suth to schaw thy celsitude,
 Quhat berne suld bruke all *Bretane* be the sé ?
 The prophecie expresse dois conclude,
 The *Frensch* wyfe of the *Brucis* blude suld be :
 Thow art bé lyne fra him the nynte degree,
 And wes King *Frances* pairty maik and peir ;
 So be discente, the same sould spring of thé,
 By grace of God agane this gude new yeir.

XXVI.

Schortlie to conclud, on Christ cast thy comfort,
 And chereis thame that thou hes undir charge ;
 Suppone maist sure he fall thé send support,
 And len thé lustie liberos at large :
 Beleif that Lord may harbary so thy bairge,
 To make braid *Britane* blyth as bird on breir,
 And thé extoll with his triumphand targe,
 Victoriusslie agane this guid new yeir.

L'ENVOY.

L'ENVOY.

XXVII.

Prudent, mais gent, tak tent, and prent the wordis
 Intill this bill, with will tham still to face,
 Quilkis ar nocht skar, to baron far fra bowrdis,
 Bot leale, but feale, may haell avaell thy Grace;
 Sen lo, thow scho this to, now do hes place,
 Receive, and swaif, and haif, ingraif it heir:
 This now, for prow, that yow, fweit dow, may brace,
 Lang space, with grace, solace, and peace, this yeir.

LECTORI.

XXVIII.

Fresch, fulgent, flurist, fragrant flour, formois,
 Lantern to lufe, of ladeis lamp and lot,
 Cherie maist chaist, cheif charbuckle and chois;
 Smaill fweit smaragde, smelling but smit of smot;
 Noblest natour, nurice to nurtour not,
 This dull indyte, dulce, dowble, dasy deir,
 Sent be thy sempill servand *Sanderis Scott*,
 Greiting grit God to grant thy Grace guid yeir.

St. I. l. 2. "Welcum oure lyone, with the floure-de-lyce." This alludes to the arms of Scotland, a lion with a border or tressure adorned with flower de-luces. While the science of coats armorial was in high esteem, such allusions had beauty and dignity.

— l. 3. "The *Lorane grene*." In right of her mother Marie de Lorraine. Guillim, in his *Display of Heraldry*, p. 18. has a profound note on the colour green. "This colour is green, which consisteth of more black and of less red, as appeareth by the definition, *Viridis est color nigredine copiosiore, et rubedine minore contemperatus*.—" This colour is blazoned vert, and is called in Latin *viridis*, a *vigore*, "in regard of the strength, freshness, and liveness thereof; and therefore best resembleth youth, in that most vegetables, so long as they flourish,"

"Sourish, are beautified with this verdure, and is a colour most whole-
some and pleasant to the eye, except it be in a young gentlewoman's
face.

—— 1. 7. "Our *pleasand* princes." So much has been said of the
beauty of Mary Queen of Scots, that the subject may seem exhausted.
I can add one testimony which has been overlooked by her admirers.
It is from *Adriani Turnebi poemata*, p. 31.

"Omnes hæc formas præstanti corpore et ore
"Exuperat, Paride et pomum vel iudice ferret:
"Hæc tereti filo et procero corpore furgit
"Primævo sub flore."——

From the same poem, it appears that Mary Queen of Scots had the
small pox before her marriage with Francis II.

"Huic decus et tantum speciosæ frontis honorem
"Invidit Cytherea Venus; populatque sævâ
"Diva lue, obsevit variis deformibus ora."

Her face, however, was not spoilt; for the author adds,

"Non tulit invidiam Cypriæ tamen æmula Juno,
"Non Pallas," &c.

St. 6. l. 5. "The pulling down of *polisie* reprufe." Alluding to the
destruction of monasteries in 1559.

St. 9. l. 2. "To blande thair blude with barrownis be ambitiou." The clergy were ambitious of giving their spurious daughters in marriage to men of family. It would be invidious to enter into particulars. They who are acquainted with the history of Scotland need not be told, that the best blood of the nation was contaminated by such base mixtures.

St. 10. l. 1. "Thay lost baith benefice and pentioun that marcit." Pitcottie, p. 277. (edit. 1749.) says, "They would thole no preist to marry, but they would punish and burn him to the dead; but if he had used ten thousand whores, he had not been burnt."

—— 1. 2. "And quha eit flesch on Frydayis was *fyr-fangit*."—Fanged or seized by the fire; i. e. punished as heretics. Pitcottie says, p. 343. "In the end of February, the Queen, Governor, Cardinal, and Lords, held a Convention at St Johnston; there they caused hang four honest men for eating of a goose on Friday." Mr Goodall, Examination, vol. 1. p. 132. is pleased to say, "This story let any man believe who lists." There seems to be no reason for disbelief. The passage in Scot's poem, shews that the fact was understood to be true by those who had better opportunity of information than Mr Goodall.

St. 11.

St. 11. l. 2. "And *paintis palparis*, wattis nocht quhat thay meine:"
They permitted thy subjects to perform their devotions to coloured prints, of which they understood not the signification, as Virgil speaks of *Æneas*,

"Miratur, rerumque ignarus imagine gaudet."

— l. 6. "Sanct Blais, Sanct Boit, blate bodeis ein to bleir."
"To clear one's eyes," is used, by Dunbar in Kennedy's Testament,

"And yit he bleiris my Lordis ee."

The sense is,—imposed on the credulity of the simple, with tales of the powerful intercession of saints. *Sanct Boit* is probably an obscure saint called *Boysban*, here chosen on account of the alliteration.

St. 12. l. 1. "I'ume *trentalis*." A service of thirty masses performed for the dead; daylie darges, daily diriges; owklic abitis, weekly obits, or service performed for the dead.

St. 13. l. 1. "With meis nor matynes nowayis will I mell." The poet cautiously avoids that topic, as the Queen had declared her sentiments concerning it. There is a remarkable passage in Aymon, *Synodes nationaux des Eglises réformées de France*, tom. 1. p. 17. which has escaped the observation of our historians. The Cardinal *Sanctæ Crucis* writes thus to Cardinal Borromeo, 24th November 1561. "Giunse in questa città il Gran Priore di Francia, et Monsignore Danvilla figliolo del Signore Conestabile, qu. venivano di Scotia, donde portano nuova che la Regina si conservava nella religione Cattolica costantemente, et va rimediando al piu che ella puo per il regno.—In particolare raccontano che andando un giorno alla messa, furono due o tre volte smorzate le candele, da certi heretici; et che la Regina comparse nella sua capella, et havendo havuto notitia di questo fatto, chiamo un di quei *Baroni* il piu Luterano, et piu grande che vi fosse, et gli comande che lui medesimo andasse ad illuminar quelle candele, et portarle all' altare, et fu subito obbedita." I transcribe the Italian as I find it, although it may require correction. Aymon translates *Baroni* by the French *Felitres*, and hence makes the sense to be, that the Queen ordered the greatest scoundrel of the company to light the tapers which the heretics had extinguished. *Baroni* in this place means *Barons* or *Noblemen*, and nothing else.

The same letter reports more news from those young gentlemen, particularly, That the Queen had threatened to hang three *burgomasters* of a certain territory for having banished the Popish priests.

St. 15.—20. These stanzas contain much curious matter concerning the state of Scotland in 1561. When the Reformation took place, many of the Commons expected to be eased of the payment of tithes; but though the exactors were changed, payment was still exacted with all the ancient rigour. The reformed clergy expected that the tithes would be applied to charitable uses, to the advancement of learning, and the maintenance

maintenance of the ministry. But the Nobility, when they themselves had become the exactors, saw nothing rigorous in the payment of tithes, and derided those devout imaginations. See Knox, p. 256.

St. 25. In a collection of Prophecies published by Andro Hart 1615, there is a mysterious rhapsody called the prophecy of Berlington, which contains the following passages :

St. 16. l. 1. A few years before this, an Act of Parliament was made " anent them that perturbis the Kirk ;" by one of the regulations of which, the Dean of Gild, kirk-masters, and rewlars, wer ordained "*es gar leifche bairnis* that makis perturbation or impediment in the time of divine service."

" Of Bruce's left side shall spring out a leafe
 " As near as the ninth degree,
 " And shall be fleemed of fair Scotland
 " In France far beyond the sea.
 " And then shall come again riding
 " With eyes that many men may see.
 " At Aberlady, he shall light
 " With hempen helters and horse of tree." —

" However it happen for to fall,
 " The Lion shall be Lord of all,
 " The French wife shall bear the son
 " Shall weild all Britain to the sea,
 " And from the Bruces blood shall come
 " As near as the ninth degree." —

" Yet shall there come a keen knight over the salt sea,
 " A keen man of courage, and bold man of armes,
 " A Duke's son doubled, a born man in France,
 " That shall our mirths amend, and mend all our harmes, &c.

This prophecy was originally intended for the Duke of Albany, Regent of Scotland during the minority of James V. Alexander Duke of Albany, the brother of James III was obliged, for his disloyal practices, to leave Scotland, and retire into France. He married the daughter of the Earl of Boulogne. By her he had a son, John Duke of Albany, born and educated in France.

I conjecture, says Lord Hailes, that the prophecy was composed after the death of James IV. and before the arrival of the Duke of Albany in Scotland, i. e. between September 1513, and June 1515. At that period Scotland was reduced very low. James IV. and the flower of the nobility, had fallen at Flouden ; his son an infant ; faction, distrust, and dependency, every where. This was a fit season for a politic impostor to revive the hopes of a superstitious people.

As the prophecy of Berlington had not been fulfilled in the Duke of Albany, the next age resolved to new-model it, and to point out its probable completion in Queen Mary.

"Scott therefore supposes that the person who was to rule Britain, was to be the son of a woman descended from Robert Bruce in the ninth degree; and illustrates his calculation thus: 1. Margery Bruce. 2. Robert II. &c. whereby Mary becomes the *ninth*.—It is not wonderful that the prophecy should have been revived and applied to Mary in 1562. At that period Elizabeth, Queen of England, was thirty; Mary, the next heir, twenty; and surely the most likely woman of the two. Besides, foreigners were apt to consider the title of Queen Elizabeth as principally depending on possession: And Roman Catholics were apt to consider her as an usurper. In such circumstances it was not very presumptuous to assert that the progeny of Mary had a fairer chance of reigning in England than the progeny of Elizabeth. It was no more than prophesying on the side of the odds. The Prophecy of *Thomas the Rhymer* is partly an unmeaning assemblage of the names of the Scottish nobility, partly a relation of past events; (many of the lines, and even whole stanzas copied almost *verbatim* from that of *Berlington*.) It is amazing that Archbishop Spotswood, a man of sense, and a scholar, should have imagined that this pretended prophecy was ancient (i. e. written in the 13th century by *Thomas Learmonth*, called the Rhymer.) The author does not assume the character of Thomas the Rhymer; but, on the contrary, repeats what Thomas the Rhymer, his *familiar*, is supposed to have shewn him. The language is not of the 13th century, but rather (of the 16th.) approaching to Spotswood's own times. By language, I mean the turn of expression, and cadence of the numbers."

Any ancient poem of moderate length, upon which Lord Hailes has thought fit to make a single observation, cannot be altogether unworthy of a place in a compilation of this nature. Besides, in the most ancient and most correct edition of it now extant, there appears to be a variety of inaccuracies which seem capable of being removed, merely by the transposition of about four or five lines. Without farther apology, therefore, I here present the reader with a corrected copy of this popular legend.

THE PROPHECY OF THOMAS THE RHYMER.

I.

STILL on my wayis as I went,
Out thruch a land besyd a lie,
I met a bairne spoun the way,
Methecht him seimly for to sie.

II.

I askt him haily his intent;
Gude Schir, if ~~that~~ your will be,
Sen that ye byde upon the bent,
Sum uncuth tydings tell you me.

III.

Quhen fall all tha weiris be gane,
That leil men may leit in lie?
Or, quhen fall Falsset ga fra hyne,
And Lawtie blaw his horn on hie?

IV.

Then saw I tway knichts on a lee,
And thay war airmit seimlie new,
Baith crosses on thair breists thay bare,
And thay war cled in divers hew.

V.

Of findrie cuntries als thay wer.
The tane on red as onie blode,
Had in a sheild ane dragoun kene,
And steir'd his fieid as he war wode,

VI.

With crabbit wordis scharp and kene.
Rycht so the uther bairn him by,
Quhais hors did all of silver shine,
His bordour azur lyk the sky.

VII.

His sheild was schapit rycht seimlie;
With silc and sabill weill was plet;
In it a rampand Lyon kein
Seimlie into gold was fet.

VIII.

I luikit than far ower a grein,
 And saw ane lady on a lie ;
 The sic a ane had I neuer sein,
 The lycht of hir schynit fa hie.

IX.

Attour the muir quairthruch scho fure,
 The feildis methocht fayr and grein,
 Scho raid spoun a steid ful sture,
 That sic a ane had I neuer sein.

X.

Hir steid wes quhyt as onie milk ;
 His mane, his taill war baith ful blae,
 Ane syde saddil, sewit with filk,
 As it war goud, it glitterit sae.

XI.

His harneiffing was fylk of lode,
 And set with precious staneis frie ;
 He amlit on ane nobill kinde :
 Apone hir heid stude crownis thrie.

XII.

Hir garments war of gowels gay ;
 Bot uthir colour saw I nane.
 Ane slyand foul then did I see
 Lycht besyd hir on ane stane.

XIII.

A stowp intill hir hand scho bair,
 And halie water had ready.
 Scho sprinklit the feild baith heir and thair,
 Said, *Thair* fall monie deid corps ly :

XIV.

At yon brig upon yone burn,
 Quhair the water rins brycht and scheip,
 Thair fall monie steidis spurn,
 And knychtis de thurch battail keir.

XV.

To the two knychtis than cuth scho say :
 Lat be your stryif, my knychtis fré,
 Ye tak your hors, and ryde your way,
 As God ordainis, fa must it be.

XVI.

San& George ! quhilk art mine awin knycht,
 Ye will be forcit the feild to tae :
 San& Andro ! thow has the rycht,
 But thy wrangous heirs fall wirk the wae.

XVII.

Now ar thay on thair wayi-gane,
The Ladie and the knychtis tway.—
To that beirn then can I mane,
And askit tydings by my fay.

XVIII.

Quhat kind of sicht was that, I said,
Thow shewit me upon yon lee?
Or quhairfrom cam yon knightis two?
They feimit of ane far countrie.

XIX.

That Lady that I lat you fie,
That is the Quein of Hevin sa bricht.
The fowl that flew down by her knie,
Is Sanct Michael, meikil of micht.

XX.

The knychtis twa the feild will ta,
Quhair monie man in feild fall sicht.
Knew ye weill, it fall be sa,
And die fall monie a gentill knight.

XXI.

With Deith fall monye a douchtie deil;
And Lordis all be then away.—
Thair is nane herrell now can tell
Quha fall win the feild that day.

XXII.

A crownit King, with armies thrie,
Under the banner fall be set;
Two fals and fainyet thair fall be,
The third fall fight and maik grit let.

XXIII.

Banneirs fyve again fall stryve,
And cum in on the uther syde;
The quhite Lyoun fall bet thame doun,
And wrik thame wae with woundis wyde.

XXIV.

But the beiris heid, with the red Lyoun,
Sa sweitlie into red gold fett,
That day fall slay the king with crown,
Thoch monie Lordis mak grit lett.

XXV.

Thair fall attour the water of Forth;
Set in gold the red Lyoun;
And monie Lordis out of the North
To that battell fall maik thame boun.

XXVI.

Thair fall erefcantis cum full kein,
 That weirs the croce as reid as blude;
 On ilka fyde fall forow be fein,
 Defouled is monie doughty brude,

XXVII.

Befyde a loch upon a life:
 Thay fall assemblil upon a day,
 And monie douchtry man fall die;
 Few in quiet fall found away.

XXVIII.

Our Scottis King fall cum full kein;
 The red Lyoune beireth he:
 A fedderit arrow sharp, I wein,
 Sall maik him wink rycht wae to see,

XXIX.

Out of the feild he fall be led,
 Yit to his men then fall he say,
 "For Goddis luv, turn yow agane,
 "And gif yon Southron folk a fray.

XXX.

"Quhy sould I lose? the richt is mine;
 "My fate is not this day to die.—
 "Yonder is Falsfett fled away,
 "And Lawtie blaws his horn on hie."

XXXI.

Our bludy King that weirs the crown,
 Than bauldlic fall the battel bide;
 His banneir fall be beaten down,
 And haif na hoil his heid to hyde.

XXXII.

The sternis thrie that day fall die
 Quhilk beirs the hart in silver shein;
 Thair is na riches, gold, nor fle,.
 May length his lyif ane hour, I wein.

XXXIII.

Twys thruch the field that knycht fall ride,
 And twys rekew the King with crown.
 He fall maik monie a banner yeild,
 The knycht that bearis the toddis brown.

XXXIV.

Bot quhan he fies the Lyoune die,
 Than wait ye weill, he will be wae.
 Befyd him seichtis bairnis thrie;
 Two ar quhite, the thrid is blae.

XXXV.

XXXV.

The toddis thair fall slay the two,
The thrid of thame fall maik him die.
Out of the feld fall ga na mair
Bot ane knicht, and knaifs thrie.

— XXXVI. —

Thair cummis a bairner red as blude
In a schip of silver sheyne ;
With him cummis monye ferlie brude
To wirk the Scottis grit hurt and peyne.

XXXVII.

Thair cummis a gaisf out fra the west,
Is of another langage than he.
To the battell bounis him in hest,
Sune as the seinye he can sic.

XXXVIII.

The raches wirks thame grit wanrest
Quhair thay ar rayit on a lie.
I can nocht tell yow quho hath the best,
Ilk on of them maiks uther die.

XXXIX.

A quhite swan set into blae,
Sall sembyll now fra the south sic,
To work the Northern folk grit wac,
For knaw ye weill, thus fall it be.

XI.

The staikkis aucht, with silver set,
Sall sembyll fra the uther side ;
Untill he and the swan be met,
Thay fall wirk wac with woundis wide.

XLI.

Thair woundis wyde thair weids hath wet,
So baldie will thir bairnis byde ;
It is na reck quha gettis the best,
Thay fall baith die in that sam tyde.

XLII.

Thair cummis a Lord out of the north,
Ridand upon a hors of trie,
That brade landis hath beyond Forth ;
The quhite hind beireth he.

XLIII.

And twae raches that ar blae,
Set into gold that is so frie,
That day the eagle fall him tae,
And then put up his banner hie.

XLIV.

XXVI.

Thair fall erefcentis cum fall kein,
 That weirs the croet as reld as blinde;
 On ilka syde fall sorow befein,
 Defouled is monie doughty brude,

XXVII.

Befyde a loch upon a le:
 Thay fall assembl upon a day,
 And monie douchtry man fall die;
 Few in quiet fall found away.

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Our Scottis King fall cum full kein;
 The red Lyoun beireth he;
 A fedderit arrow sharp, I wein,
 Sall maik him wink rycht wae to see,

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Out of the feild he fall be led,
 Yit to his men then fall he say,
 "For Goddis love, turn yow agane,
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 "And Lawtie blaws his horn on hie."

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 Than bauldlie fall the battel bide;
 His banneir fall be beaten down,
 And haif na hoil his heid to hyde.

XXXII.

The sternis thrie that day fall die
 Quhilk beirs the hart in silver shein;
 Thair is na riches, gold, nor sic,
 May length his lyif ane hour, I wein.

XXXIII.

Twyfs thruch the field that knycht fall ride,
 And twyfs rekew the King with crown.
 He fall maik mope a banner yeild,
 The knycht that bearis the toddis browns.

XXXIV.

Bot quhan he sies the Lyoun die,
 Than wait ye weill, he will be wae.
 Befyd him feichtis bairnis thrie;
 Two ar quhite, the thrid is blae.

XXXV.

XXXV.

The toddis thair fall slay the two,
The thrid of thame fall maik him die.
Out of the feld fall ga na mair
Bot ane knicht, and knaifs thrie.

— XXXVI. —

Thair cummis a bannier red as blude
In a schip of silver sheyne ;
With him cummis monye ferlie brude
To wrik the Scottis grit hurt and peyne.

XXXVII.

Thair cummis a gaisf out fra the west,
Is of another langage than he.
To the battell bounis him in heft,
Sane as the seinye he can se.

XXXVIII.

The raches wirke thame grit wantrest
Quhair thay ar rayit on a lie.
I can nocht tell yow quho hath the best,
Ilk on of them maiks uther die.

XXXIX.

A quhite swan set into blae,
Sall sembyll now fra the south se,
To work the Northern folk grit wae,
For knaw ye weill, thus fall it be.

XI.

The staikkis aucht, with silver set,
Sall sembyll fra the ither side ;
Untill he and the swan be met,
Thay fall wrik wae with woundis wide.

XLI.

Thair woundis wyde thair weids hath wet,
So baldie will thir bairnis byde ;
It is na reck quha gettis the best,
Thay fall baith die in that sam tyde.

XLII.

Thair cummis a Lord out of the north,
Ridand upon a hors of trie,
That brade landis hath beyond Forth ;
The quhite hind beireth he.

XLIII.

And twae raches that ar blae,
Set into gold that is so frie,
That day the eagle fall him tae,
And then put up his banner hie.

XLIV.

XLIV.

The Lord that beirs the lozans thrie,
Set into gold with gowels two,
Befoir him fall ane battell be,
He weirs a banner that is blew.

XLV.

Set with peacock taillis thrie,
And lustie Ladies heidis twa;
Unfain of uther ilk fall be,
All through greif togidder they go.

XLVI.

The eagle grey set into grein,
That weirs the hartis heidis thrie,
Out of the south he fall be sein,
To light and ray him on a lie.

XLVII.

With fyftie fyve knichts that are keir,
And Earlis either two or thrie,
From Carlyl fall cum bedein,
Again fall they it never sic.

XLVIII.

At Pinkin Cleugh there fall be spilt
Mukil gentill blude that day;
Thair fall the bear lose the gylt,
And the eagill beir it away.

XLIX.

Befoir the water men calls Tyne,
And thair ourlays a brig of stane,
The beiris thrie fall lose the grie,
Thair fall the eagill wyn his name.

L.

Thair cummis a beist out of the west,
With him fall cum a fair menye,
His banner hath bene seldom sein.
A bastard, trow I best, he be;

LI.

Gottin with a Ladie shein,
And a knight in privitie;
His armis ar ful eith to know,
The red Lyoun beirith he.

LII.

That Lyoun fall forsaken be,
And be richt glad to be away
Into ane orchyard on a lie,
With herbis grene and alleis gray.

LIII.

LIII.

Thair will he enlaked be,
His menyé sayis, harmesay;
The eagill puts his banner on hie,
And saifs the feild he won that day.

LIV.

Thair fall the Lyoun ly ful still
Into a vaillic fair and bricht.
A Lady shouts with wordis still,
And sayis, Wac wirth thé, coward knicht!

LV.

Thy men ar flane spoun yon hill,
To deid ar monie douchty dicht.
Thereat the Lyoun lyketh ill,
And raifeth his banneir hie on hicht.

LVI.

Upon the muir that is fa grey,
Befyd ane heidles croce of flane,
Thair fall the Eagil die that day,
And the red Lyoun win the name.

LVII.

The Eagils thrie fall lose the grie
Quhilk thay haif had this monie a day;
The red Lyoun fall win renoun,—
Win all the feild, and beir away.

LVIII.

One crow fall cum, another fall ga,
And drink the gentill blude fa fré.—
Quhen all these ferlies wer away,
Then saw I nane but I and he.

LIX.

[Than to the bairn fast cuth I say,
Quhair duellis thow? In quhat cuntrie?
Or quho fall rewl the isle Britain
Fra the North to the South sic?

LX.

The French wife fal beir the son
Sal rewl al Britane to the sic;
That of the Bruces blude fal cum
As neir as the ninth degrie.]

LXI.

I frainit fast what was his name;
Quhence that he cam—From quhat cuntrie.
In E-flingtone I dwell at hame;
Thomas the Rymer men call me.

It is evident that the whole of this rhapsody, from stanza 4. to stanza 35, has a reference to the fatal day of Flodden field; the latter part of it, to that of Pinkie; and that the two contending nations are therein distinctly represented by their tutelar saints, St. George and St. Andrew.—The English champion in ancient legends is sometimes denominated the “Knecht of our Lady;” but there is some appearance here as if the author had an eye to Margaret, Queen of James IV. of Scotland, upon whose “head stands crownis thrie;” she being at that time (1513) heir apparent to her brother Henry VIII. and her second husband a knight of the order of “St. Michael.”

Be this, however, as it may, every reader must be satisfied that the “crownit king with armies thrie” is James IV. at the battle of Flodden; represented in stanzas 24, 28, &c. as “beat down by the white lyon,” Howard Earl of Surrey; and that the “Sternis thrie” in the 32d. stanza, with equal certainty, denote the Master of Angus, who, with his brother Sir William Douglas, and many more of the same family fell there with their Sovereign.

From stanza 36 to 55 the allusions are all to the war of 1547; particularly to the battle of Pinkie. Two of the English leaders, the Earl of Warwick, and Lord Grey, are clearly distinguished by their armorial bearings; viz. the Swan, and the Eight (rather six) bars across the shield: As also the Earl of Huntly by the ratches (hounds) his supporters, and the white hind, his crest. The personage described from stanza 50 to 55 is not so easily made out;—perhaps Matthew Stewart, Earl of Lennox, married to Lady Margaret Douglas, niece of Henry VIII. and daughter of the Earl of Angus. The Earl of Lennox was, at that time, entirely under the influence of the English Court. Some of the particulars of this description are to be found, word for word, in Berlington’s prophecy: I shall not say,—borrowed from it; for, after all, it is not quite clear which of them contains the oldest stanzas. The whole of these ridiculous prophecies published under the names of Berlington, Thomas the Rhymer, Merlin, Bede, Waldhave, Gildas, Sybilla, &c. allude chiefly to Scotland, and have, in all respects, a great resemblance to one another, being apparently made up, in a great measure, of scraps of much older things of the same nature. In two of them the year 1485 is enigmatically pointed out as likely to become a remarkable epoch; in another, 1522; and in a third, 1549. In the form we now find them, however, they all probably made their appearance between the years 1538 and 1548.

The book of prophecies being very common, it is not worth while to point out the few slight corrections which have here been made.

THE

THE JUSTING AND DEBATE UP AT THE DRUM,
BETWIXT WILLIAM ADAMSON AND JOHNE SYME.

“Allan Ramsay imagined that the scene of action was in the Bannatyne MS. the Doun; whereas it is the Drum, near Dalkeith, now Somerville-house. This circumstance seems to point out that SCOTT was an inhabitant of Dalkeith. The humour being temporary and local, is now in a great measure lost.” H.

I.

THE grit Debate and Turnament,
Of treuth no tounge can tell,
Was for a lusty lady gent,
Betwix twa freikis fell;
For Mars the God armipotent
Was not sa ferfs himsell,
Nor Hercules, that aiks uprent,
And dang the devil of hell;
Up at the Drum that day.

II.

Doutles was not so duchtty deidis
Amangis the dowfy peiris,
Nor yit no clerk in storry reidis
Of sa triumphand weiris;

To se so stoutly on thair steidis
 Tha stalwart knychtis steiris,
 Quhyle bellyes bair for brodding bleidis
 With spurs as scherp as breiris,
 And kene up at the Drum that day.

III.

Up at the Drum the day was fet,
 And fixit was the feild,
 Quhair baith thair noble chiftains met
 Enarmit under schield;
 They wer sae hafty and sae het,
 That nane of them wad yeild,
 But to debait, or be down bet,
 And in the quarrell keild,
 Or slane up at the Drum that day.

IV.

There was ane better and ane worfs,
 I wald that it wer wittin,
 For William wichtar wes of corfs
 Nor Sym, and bettir knittin.
 Sym said, He set nocht by his forfs,
 But hecht he suld be hittin,
 And he micht counter Will on horfs,
 For Sym was better fittin
 Nor Will up at the Drum that day.

V.

To see the fryfe come yunkers stout,
 And mony galyart man,
 All dointies deir was thair bot dout,
 The wyne on breith it ran:
 Trumpettis and schalmis, with a schout,
 Playid or the rink began,
 And eikwall juges sat about
 To see quha tint or wan
 The field up at the Drum that day.

VI.

VI.

With twa blunt truncher speiris squair,
 It was their interpriffs
 To fecht with baith their faces bair,
 For luv, as is the gyifs ;
 A friend of theirs, throu hap cam thair,
 And hard the rumor ryifs ;
 He stall away their stings baith clair,
 And hid in secret wayifs,
 For skaith up at the Drum that day.

VII.

Strang men of armes and of micht,
 Wer fet them for to fiddir ;
 The harrald cryd, God schaw the richt,
 Syn bad them go togidder.
 Quhair is my speir ? says Sym the knight,
 Sum man go bring it hidder ;
 But wald they tary thair all nicht,
 Thair launces cam to lidder
 And slaw up at the Drum that day.

VIII.

Sym flew as fery as a fown,
 Down frae the hors he slaid,
 Sayis, He fall rew my staff has stown,
 For I fall be his deid.
 William his vow plicht to the powin,
 For favour or for feid,
 Als gude the trie had nevir growin,
 Quhairof my speir was maid
 To just up at the Drum that day.

IX.

Thair vowis maid to fun and mone,
 They raikit baith to rest,
 Them to refresch with their disjone,
 And of their armour kest ;

Not

Not knowing of the deid wes done,
 Quhen they fuld haif fawn best,
 The fyre was pischt out lang or none,
 Their dennaris fuld haif drest,
 And dicht up at the Drum that day.

X.

Then wer thay movit out of mynd,
 Far mair than of beforne,
 They wist not hou to get him pynd,
 That them had driven to scorn:
 Ther was nae death mycht be devynd,
 But aithis haif thay sworn,
 He fuld deir by, be thay had dynd,
 And ban that he was born,
 Or bred up at the Drum that day.

XI.

Then to Dalkeith they made thame boun,
 Reid-wod of this reproche,
 There was baith wyne and venifoun,
 And barrells ran on broche.
 They band up kyndnes in that toun,
 Nane frae his feir to foche,
 For there was nowder lad nor loun
 Micht eat ane baikin-lotch
 For fownefs, up at Dalkeith that day.

XII.

Syne after denner raise the din,
 And all the toun on steir.
 William was wyifs, and held him in,
 For he was in a feir.
 Sym to haif bargain cowl'd not blin,
 But bukkit Will on weir,
 Says, Gif thou wald this lady win,
 Cum furth and break a speir
 With me, up at Dalkeith this day.

XIII.

XIII.

Thus still for bargane Sym abyddis,
 And schoutit Will to schame.
 Will saw his faes on baith the fyddis,
 Full fair he dred for blame :
 Will schortly to his horfs he flydes,
 And sayis to Sym be name,
 Better we baith were buyand hyddis
 And wedder skynnis at hame,
 Nor heir, up at Dalkeith this day.

XIV.

Now is the grume that was sae grym
 Richt glad to leif in lie.
 Fy, thief, for schame, sayis littil Sym,
 Will thou not fecht with me !
 Thou art mair large of lyth and lim,
 Nor I am be sic thrie.
 And all the field cryd. Fy on him,
 Sae cowardly tuke the fle
 For feir, up at Dalkeith that day.

XV.

Then every man gave Will a mok,
 And said, He was owre meik.
 Says Sym, Send for thy broder Jok,
 I fall not be to siek ;
 For were ye foursum in a flok,
 I compt yow nocht a liek,
 Tho' I had rycht not but a rok
 To gar your rumpill reik
 Behynd, up at Dalkeith this day.

XVI.

There was richt nocht but haif and ga,
 With lauchter loud they leuch,
 Quhen they saw Sym sic courage ta,
 And Will mak it sae teuch.

Sym

Sym lap on horseback lyke a ra,
 And ran him till a huche.
 Says, William, cum ryde down this bra,
 Thocht ye suld brek a buche,
 For lufe, up at Dalkeith this day.

XVII.

Syne down the bra Sym braid lyke thunder,
 And bad Will follow fast ;
 To grund, for ferfenes, he did funder,
 Be he mid-hill had past.
 William saw Sym in sic a blunder,
 To ga he wes agast ;
 For he affeird, it was nae wounder
 His courfour suld him cast,
 And hurt him up at Dalkeith that day.

XVIII.

Than all the yonkers bad Will yield,
 Or down the glen to gang ;
 Sum cryd the coward suld be keild,
 Sum doun the heuch they thrang ;
 Sum ruscht, sum rummyld, and sum rielt,
 Sum be the bewches hie hang :
 Thar avers fyld up all the feild,
 They were sae fou and pang,
 With eise, up at Dalkeith that day.

XIX.

Than gelly John came in a jak,
 To field quhair he was seidit,
 Abone his brand a bucklar blak,
 Bail fell the beirn that baid it ;
 He slipit swiftly to the slak,
 And rudly doun he raid it,
 Before his curpall was a-crak,
 Could na man tell quha maid it,
 For lauchter, up at Dalkeith that day.

XX.

XX.

Be than the bougil gan to blaw,
 For nicht had them owretane :
 Alace, said Sym, for faut of law,
 That bargan get I nane.
 Thufs hame with mony crack and flaw
 They passit every ane ;
 Syne partit at the Potter-raw,
 And findry gaits are gane,
 To rest them within the toun that nicht.

QUOD ALEX. SCOTT.

Like *Christ's Kirk on the Greene*, this imitation of it seems to have suffered by absurd augmentation. The copy in the MS. ends with the following stanza, to all appearance, unconnected with any part of the poem :

This Will has he beguild the May,
 And did hir marriage spill ;
 He promist hir to let him play,
 Hir purpose to fulfill ;
 Frae scho fell fow, he fled away,
 And came nae mair hir till ;
 Quherfore he tint the feild that day,
 And tuke him to a mill,
 To hyd him as cōward false of fay.

St. viii. l. 5. " plicht to the powin." Bound himself by a vow to the peacock, according to the usual custom of Knights upon their undertaking to give some conspicuous proof of their valour.

COUNSALE

COUNSALE TO WANTOUN WOWARIS.

[From the BANNATTINE MS.]

I.

Ye blindit luvaris, luke
The rekless lyfe ye leid.
Espy the snair and huke
That halds you be the heid.
Thairfoir, I reid remeid,
To leife and lat it be ;
For lufe hes non at feid
Bot fulis that can not fle.

II.

Quhat is your lufe bot lust,
Ane littill for delyte ;
And bestly game robust,
To reif your reffoun quyte.
Ane fowsum appetyte,
That strenth of person waikis ;
Ane pastance unperfyte,
To smyte you with the glaikis.

III.

Quhair sensuall lust proceids,
All honest lufe is pynd ;
Ye ma compair your deids
Unto ane brutall kynd.
Fra vertew be contrynd
To follow vyce, considder
That reffoun, wit, and mynd,
Are all ago togidder.

IV.

IV.

The wysest woman thairout,
With wurdis may be wyllit,
To do the deid, but dout
That honour hes exyllit.
How mony ar begyllit,
And few I find that chaipis ;
Thairfoir your faithis ar fylit
To frawd thay filly aipis.

V.

Ye mak regaird for grace
Quhair nevir grace yit grew ;
Ye lang to rin the race
That ane or baith fall rew ;
Ye preifs ay to perfew
Thair fyte and awin sorrow ;
Ye treft to find thame trew
That nevir wes beforrow.

VI.

Ye cry on Cupeid king,
And Venus quene in vane ;
Ye send all maner thing
With trattils thame to trane ;
Ye preitche, ye fleitch, ye frane,
Ye grane ay quhile thay grant ;
Your pretticks ar profane,
Pure ladeis to supplant.

VII.

Ye schout as ye wer schent,
Thay swoun to se you smartit ;
Ye rame as ye wer rent,
And thay ar rewthfull hairtit.
Your play is sone pervertit,
Fra that thair belly ryfs ;
Thay wary yow that gart it,
And ye thame in lykwys.

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T

VIII.

VIII.

Yit thair is Iesum Iuse
 That lauchtfully fuld left ;
 He is nocht to reprove
 That is with ane possess.
 That band I hald it best,
 And nocht to pass attour,
 Bot ye can tak no rest
 Quhill thay kast up all four.

IX.

Sic Iuvaris seyndill meitis,
 Bot Iadeis ay forlorne is
 Quhen thay bewaill and greitis,
 Sum of you lawchis and skornis.
 Your hecht, your aith menfwerne is,
 Your lippis ar lyk burd lyme ;
 I hald ye want bot hornis,
 As bukkis in belling tyme.

X.

Ye trattill and ye tyft,
 Quhill thay foryet thair fame ;
 Ye trane thame to ane hyft,
 And thair ye get thame tame.
 Thay fussy nocht for schame,
 Nor castis nocht quhat cumis syne ;
 Bot quhen ye claw thair wame,
 Thay tummyll our lyk swyne.

XI.

Nocht yung perverfit natouris
 To palyardy applawddis,
 Bot yit auld rubiatouris
 That hant the laittis of lawdis.
 Quhen thay begin sic gawdis,
 To leif thay ar most laith ;
 Quhan thay haif gottin blawdis,
 With Venus bowtyne cleth.

XII.

XII.

Ye wantoun wowaris waggis
 With thame that hes the cunye;
 Haif ane bismeir baggis,
 Ye grunch not at her grunye.
 Swa ladeis will nocht sounye
 With waistit wowbattis rottin,
 Bot proudly thay will prounye,
 Quhair geir is to be gottin.

XIII.

Quhair money may yow moif,
 I hald it averyce,
 Thair is na constant lufe,
 Bot common merchandyce.
 This ordour now is nyce,
 Quhair lufe is fauld and coft,
 It is ane dowbill vyce
 To bring the Devill on loft.

XIV.

The bich the cur-tyk fannis;
 The wolf the wilrone ufis;
 The muill frequentis the annis,
 And hir awin kynd abusis.
 Rycht swa the meir refusis
 The cursour for ane aiver;
 Swa few I fynd excusis
 Bot wemen quha will waver.

XV.

Yit pathettis few decreitis,
 Saif ane hecht Pertonie.
 Bot of your Sodomeitis
 In Rome and Lumbardie,
 In avillous Italie,
 To compt how ye convers,
 I ug for villanie
 Your vycis to reherfs.

XVI.

Quhair Lechery belappis,
 All steidfast luvē it stoppis;
 Quhair hurdome ay unhappis
 With quenry, cannis and coppis,
 Ye pryd yow at thair proppis,
 Till hair and berd grow dapill;
 Ye covet all kyn croppis,
 As Eva did the apill.

XVII.

Thus ye haif all the wyte,
 And thair mischeif ye mak it,
 That suld haif wit perfyte,
 And wisdom to abstrakit.
 Suld ladeis than be lakkit,
 Thocht few of thame be gad.
 For all disfalt thay tak it,
 Of your awin flesh and blude.

XVIII.

Wald ye foirfē the forme,
 The fassoun, and the fek,
 Ye suld it fynd inorme,
 With bawdry yow to blek.
 Thairfoir fle fra suspek,
 Or than sa mot I thryfe,
 Your natouris ye neglek,
 And wantis your wittis fyve.

XIX.

Appardoun me of this,
 Gif ocht be to displeis yow,
 And quhair I mak a mis,
 My mynd fall be to meis yow.
 Thir reffouns ar to rais yow
 Fra crymes under coite;
 On war ye say nocht, waifs yow!

Quod ALEXANDER SCOTE,

COUNSALE TO LUSTIE LADYIS.

[*From Ramfay's Evergreen, compared with the Batna-
tyne MS.*]

I.

YE lusty Ladyis, luke
The rackles lyfe ye leid,
Haunt nocht in hole or nuke,
To hurt your womanheid ;
I red, for best remeid,
Forbeir all place prophane
Gif this be cause of feid,
I fall not sayt again.

II.

Quhat is sic luve but lust,
A lytill for delyte,
To hant that game robust,
And beistly apetyte ;
I nowther sleich nor flyte,
But veritie tell plain ;
Tak ye this in despyte,
I fall not sayt again.

III.

The wysest scho may sone
Seducit be and schent,
Syne frae the deid be done,
Perchance fall fair repent ;
Ower late is to lament,
Frae belly dow not lane,
Therfor in tyme tak tent :
I fall not sayt again.

IV.

IV.

Licht wenches luve will fawin,
Evin lyke a spanyeolis lauchter,
To lat hir wyme be clawin
Be them list geir betawcht hir;
For conyie ye may chaucht hir,
To sched hir schankis in twane,
And nevir speir quhais aucht hir:
I fall not sayt again.

V.

Thocht bruckle women hantis
In lust to leid thair lyvis,
And wedow men that wantis
To steil ane pair of swyvis;
But quhere that marriet wyvis
Gois by thair husbands bane,
That houshald nevir thryvis:
I sayt, and sayt again.

VI.

It fettis not madynis als
To lat men lowfe thair laice,
Nor clym about mens hals,
To clap, to kifs, nor brace,
Nor round in secreit place;
Sic treatment is a train
To cleif thair quaver-case:
I fall not sayt again.

VII.

Fareweil with cheftetie,
Fra wenchis fall to chucking,
Thair followis thingis thre,
To gar them ga in gucking,
Bracing, graping, plucking;
Thir foure the futh to fane,
Enforfis them to backing:
I fall not sayt again.

VIII.

VIII.

Sum luvis new cum to toun,
With jeigs to mak them joly ;
Sum luvis danfs up and down,
To miefs thair melancoly ;
Sum luvis lang troly loly,
And sum of niggling fain,
Lyk fillocks full of foly:
I fall not sayt again.

IX.

Sum mone-brunt maidynis myld,
At none-tyde of the nicht,
Ar chapit up with chyld,
Bot coil or candle-light ;
Sua sum said, mayds has slicht
To play and tak na pane,
Syne chift thair sein fra sicht :
I fall not sayt again.

X.

Sum thinks na scharne to clap
And kifs in open wyifs ;
Sum cannot keip her yap
Frae lanfing, as scho lyifs ;
Sum goes sa gymp in gyifs,
Or scho war kiffit plain,
Scho leur be japit thryifs :
I fall not sayt again.

XI.

Mair gentrice is to jot
Undir ane filkin gown,
Nor ane quhyt pettycot
And reddyar ay boun,
The denkeft soneft doun,
The faireft but refrain,
The gayeft greateft loun,
I fall not sayt again.

XVI.

Quhair Lechery belappis,
 All steidfast luvè it stoppis;
 Quhair burdome ay unhappis
 With quenry, cannis and coppis,
 Ye pryd yow at thair proppis,
 Till hair and berd grow dapill;
 Ye covet all kyn croppis,
 As Eva did the apill.

XVII.

Thus ye haif all the wyte,
 And thair mischeif ye mak it,
 That suld haif wit perfyte,
 And wisdom to abstrakit.
 Suld ladeis than be lakkit,
 Thocht few of thame be gad.
 For all dissait thay tak it,
 Of your awin flesh and blude.

XVIII.

Wald ye foirfè the forme,
 The fassoun, and the fek,
 Ye suld it fynd inorme,
 With bawdry yow to blek.
 Thairfoir fle fra suspek,
 Or than fa mot I thryfe,
 Your natouris ye neglek,
 And wantis your wittis fyve.

XIX.

Appardoun me of this,
 Gif ocht be to displeis yow,
 And quhair I mak a miss,
 My mynd fall be to meis yow.
 Thir resounis ar to rais yow
 Fra crymes under coite;
 On war ye say nocht, waifs yow!
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I.

Ye lusty Ladyis, luke
The rackles lyfe ye leid,
Haunt nocht in hole or nuke,
To hurt your womanheid ;
I red, for best remeid,
Forbeir all place prophane
Gif this be cause of feid,
I fall not sayt again.

II.

Quhat is sic lue but lust,
A lytill for delyte,
To hant that game robust,
And beistly apetyte ;
I nowther fleich nor flyte,
But veritie tell plain ;
Tak ye this in despyte,
I fall not sayt again.

III.

The wyfest scho may sone
Seducit be and schent,
Syne frae the deid be done,
Perchance fall fair repent ;
Ower late is to lament,
Frae belly dow not lane,
Therfor in tyme tak tent :
I fall not sayt again.

IV.

XVI.

Quhair Lechery belappis,
 All steidfast luvè it stoppis;
 Quhair hurdome ay unhappis
 With quenry, cannis and coppis,
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 And quhair I mak a miss,
 My mynd fall be to meis yow.
 Thir resouns ar to rails yow
 Fra crymes under coite;
 On war ye say nocht, waifs yow!
Quod ALEXANDER SCOTE,

VIII.

Sum luvis new cum to toun,
 With jeigs to mak them joly ;
 Sum luvis danfs up and down,
 To miefs thair melancoly ;
 Sum luvis lang troly loly,
 And sum of niggling fain,
 Lyk fillocks full of foly :
 I fall not fayt again.

IX.

Sum mone-brunt maidynis myld,
 At none-tyde of the nicht,
 Ar chapit up with chyld,
 Bot coil or candle-light ;
 Sua sum said, mayds has slicht
 To play and tak na pane,
 Syne chift thair fein fra sicht :
 I fall not fayt again.

X.

Sum 'thinks na scharne to clap
 And kifs in open wyifs ;
 Sum cannot keip her yap
 Frae lanfing, as scho lyifs ;
 Sum goes sa gymp in gyifs,
 Or scho war kiffit plain,
 Scho leur be japit thryifs :
 I fall not fayt again.

XI.

Mair gentrice is to jot
 Undir ane filkin gown,
 Nor ane quhyt pettycot
 And reddyar ay boun,
 The denkest foneft doun,
 The faireft but refrain,
 The gayeft greateft loun,
 I fall not fayt again.

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Quhair Lechery belappis,
 All steidfast luvē it stoppis;
 Quhair hurdome ay unhappis
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 For all dissait thay tak it,
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 Gif ocht be to displeis yow,
 And quhair I mak a mis,
 My mynd fall be to meis yow.
 Thir ressouns ar to rais yow
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Syne frae the deid be done,
Perchance fall fair repent ;
Ower late is to lament,
Frae belly dow not lane,
Therfor in tyme tak tent :
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 Ye pryd yow at thair proppis,
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 Thairfoir fle fra suspek,
 Or than sa mot I thryfe,
 Your natouris ye neglek,
 And wantis your wittis fyve.

XIX.

Appardoun me of thiss,
 Gif ocht be to displeis yow,
 And quhair I mak a mis,.
 My mynd sall be to meis yow.
 Thir resouns ar to rais yow
 Fra crymes under coite;
 On war ye say nocht, waifs yow!
 Quod ALEXANDER SCOTE,

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Sum luvis new cum to toun,
 With jeigs to mak them joly ;
 Sum luvis danfs up and down,
 To miefs thair melancoly ;
 Sum luvis lang troly loly,
 And sum of niggling fain,
 Lyk fillocks full of foly :
 I fall not fayt again.

IX.

Sum mone-brunt maidynis myld,
 At none-tyde of the nicht,
 Ar chapit up with chyld,
 Bot coil or candle-light ;
 Sua sum faid, mayds has slicht
 To play and tak na pane,
 Syne chift thair sein fra sight :
 I fall not fayt again.

X.

Sum thinks na scharne to clap
 And kifs in open wyifs ;
 Sum cannot keip her yap
 Frae lasing, as scho lyifs ;
 Sum goes sa gymp in gyifs,
 Or scho war kiffit plain,
 Scho leur be japit thryifs :
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XI.

Mair gentrice is to jot
 Undir ane filkin gown,
 Nor ane quhyt pettycot
 And reddyar ay boun,
 The denkest foneft down,
 The faireft but refrain,
 The gayest greateft loun,
 I fall not fayt again.

IV.

Licht wenches luv will fawin,
 Evin lyke a spanyeolis lauchter,
 To lat hir wyme be clawin
 Be them list geir betawcht hir;
 For conyie ye may chaucht hir,
 To fched hir schankis in twane,
 And nevir speir quhais aucht hir:
 I fall not sayt again.

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Thocht bruckle women hantis
 In lult to leid thair lyvis,
 And wedow men that wantis
 To steil the pair of swyvis;
 But quhere that marriet wyvis
 Gois by thair husbands bane,
 That houshald nevir thryvis:
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VI.

It fettis not madynis als
 To lat men lowse thair laice,
 Nor clym about mens hals,
 To clap, to kifs, nor brace,
 Nor round in secreit place;
 Sic treatment is a train
 To cleif thair quaver-case:
 I fall not sayt again.

VII.

Fareweil with chrestetie,
 Fra wenchis fall to chucking,
 Thair followis thingis thre,
 To gar them ga in gucking,
 Bracing, graping, plucking;
 Thir foure the futh to fane,
 Enforfis them to backing:
 I fall not sayt again.

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 Lyk fillocks full of foly :
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 The denkest foneft doun,
 The faireft but refrain,
 The gayeft greateft loun,
 I fall not sayt again.

XII.

The moir degeft and grave,
The grydiar to grip it ;
The nyceft to reflave,
Upon the nynnys will nip it ;
The quyeteift will quhipit,
And nocht thair hurdeis hane ;
The lefs, the larger hippit ;
I fall not fayt again.

XIII.

Lo ladyis gif this be,
A gude counfale I geif you,
To fave your honeftie,
Fra sklander to releife you ;
But ballatis ma to breif you,
I will nocht break my brain,
Suppofe ye fould mifcheif you,
I fall not fayt again.

QUOD SCOTT.

LOVE SHULD BE USIT WITH PRUDENCE.

I.

FRA raige of youth the rynk hes rune,
And reffone tane the man to tune,
The brukle body than is wone,
And maid ane vefchell new.
For than thruch grace he is begunne
The well of wifdom for to kunne,
Than is his weid of vertew spunne.
Trest weill this taill is trow.

II.

For routh and will are fo conforfs,
Without that wifdome mak devorfs,
Thay rin lyk wyld undauntit horfs,
But brydills, to and fro.
Thair curage fa ourendis thair corfs,
Throcht heit of blude it hes sic forfs,
Bot gif the mynd haif sum remorfs,
Of God all is ago.

III.

This wid fantaftyk luft but lufe,
Dois fo yung men to madnefs mufe,
That thay may nouthir reft nor rufe
Till thay mifcheif thair fellis.
Haif thay thair harlottis in behufe,
Thay fuffy not thair God abufe ;
Thair fame, thair wirfchip, nor reprufe
Of honour nor ocht ellis.

IV.

Ferme luvè with prudens fult be ufit,
 Thocht füm allegeand to excus it,
 Saying, that luvè with will inclufit
 Yit is not worth a buttoun.
 Sic vane opinions is confufit,
 That ma but reffoun may be rufit.
 Quha bene with beiftly luft abufit,
 I hald him but ane muttoun.

V.

Quha wald in luvè be eftimat,
 Suld haif thair hairtis ay elevat
 With mertial mynds in doing that,
 Mycht caufs thair fais to dout thame.
 Thocht women felf be temerat,
 Thay luvè no man effeminat,
 And halds thame, bot I wat not quhat,
 That can nocht be without thame.

VI.

Yit man fult favour thame, howbeid
 Thay be bot neceffar of neid;
 Becauks we cum of thame, indeid,
 Thair perfons fult be pryfit.
 As grund is ordaind to beir feid,
 So is the woman born to breid
 The fruct of man, and that to feid,
 As nature hes devyfit.

VII.

Schort to conclude, I wald baith knew
 That luvaris fult be leill and trew;
 And ladeis fult all thingis efchew
 That ma thair honor fmot.
 Be permanent that wald perfew,
 And rin nocht reklesly to rew,
 Bot as I direct. Adew!
 Thus I depairt quod SCOTT.

OF WEMENKYND.

I.

I MUSE and mervellis in my mynd,
Quhat way to wryt, or put in vers,
The quent consaitis of wemen-kynd,
Or half thair havingis to rehers ;
I fynd thair haill affectioun
So contrair thair complexioun.

II.

For quhy? no leid unleill thay leit,
Untrewth exprefsly thay expell ;
Yit thay ar planeist and repleit,
Of falsset and dissait thair sell :
So find I thair affectioun
Contrair thair awin complexioun.

III.

Thay favour no wayis fuliche men,
And verry few of thame ar wyifs.
All gredy personis thay misken,
And thay ar full of covettyifs.
So find I thair affectioun
Contrair thair awin complexioun.

IV.

I can thame call but kittie unfellis,
That takkis sic maneris at thair motheris,
To bid men keip thair secreit counsailis,
Syne schaw the same againe till uthiris ;
So find I thair affectioun
Contrair thair awin complexioun.

V.

V.

Thay lawch with thame that thay dispyt,
 And with thair lykingis thay lament ;
 Of thair wanhap thay lay the wyt
 On thair leill luvaris innocent :
 So find I thair affectioun
 Contrair thair awin complexioun.

VI.

Thay wald be rewit, and hes no rewth ;
 Thay wald be menit, and no man menis ;
 Thay wald be trowit, and hes no trewth ;
 Thay wifs thair will that skant weill wenys :
 So find I thair affectioun
 Contrair thair awin complexioun.

VII.

Thay forge the friendship of the fremmit,
 And fleis the favour of thair freinds ;
 Thay wald with nobill men be nemmit,
 Syne laittandly to lawar leinds :
 So find I thair affectioun
 Contrair thair awin complexioun.

VIII.

Thay lichtly fone, and cuvetis quickly ;
 Thay blame ilk body, and thay blekit ;
 Thay kindill fast, and dois ill lickly ;
 Thay sklander saikles, and *suspectit :
 So find I thair affectioun
 Contrair thair awin complexioun.

IX.

Thay wald haif all men bund and thrall
 To thame, and thay for to be fré ;
 Thay covet ilk man at thair call,
 And thay to leif at libertie :
 So find I thair affectioun
 Contrair thair awin complexioun.

X.

* MS. and *they* suspectit.

X.

Thay tak delyt in martiall deidis,
And ar of nature tremebund,
Thay wald men nureist all thair neidis,
Syne confortles lattis thame confound :
So find I thair affectioun
Contrair thair awin complexioun.

XI.

Thay wald haif wating on alway,
But guerdoun, genyeild, or regaird ;
Thay wald haif reddy servands ay,
But recompans, thank, or rewaird :
So find I thair affectioun
Contrair thair awin complexioun.

XII.

The vertew of this writ and vigour,
Maid in comparisone it is,
That famenene ar of this figour,
Quilk clippit is *antiphrasis* :
For quhy ? thair haill affectioun
Is contrair thair complexioun.

XIII.

I wat, gud wemen will not wyt me,
Nor of this sedull be eschamit ;
For be thay courtas, thay will quyt me ;
And gif thay crab heir I quytclame it ;
Confessand thair affectioun
Conforme to thair complexioun.

Quod Scott.

LUVE ANE LEVELLAR.

I.

LUVE preysis, but compare sone,
Both gentill, sempill, generall ;
And of fré will gevis ware sone,
As fortoun chanis to befall :
For luv makis nobill ladeis thrall,
To bassir men of birth and blud ;
So luv garris sobir wemen small,
Get maistrice our grit men of gud.

II.

Ferme luv, for favour, feir, or feid,
Of riche nor pur to speik fuld spair ;
For luv to hienes hes no heid,
Nor lychtleis lawlines ane air,
But puttis all personis in compair :
This prowerb planely for to preve,
That men and women, les and mair,
Ar cumd of Adame and of Eve.

III.

Sa thocht my liking wer a ledy,
And I no Lord, yet nocht the les,
Scho fuld my service find als reddi,
As Duke to Duches docht him dres ;
For as proud princely luv express
Is to haif soverenie,
So service cummis of sympilnes,
And leilest luv of law degré.

IV.

IV.

So luvaris lair no leid fuld lak,
 A lord to lufe a filly las,
 A ledly als, for luf to tak,
 Ane propir page, hir tym to pafs.
 For quhy? as bricht bene birneist brafs
 As filver wrocht at all dewys;
 And als gud drinking out of glafs
 As gold, thocht gold gif grittar pryfs.

QUOD ALEX. SCOTT.

THE

THE BLAIT LUVAR.

I.

QUHEN Flora had ourfret the firth,
In May of every moneth quene ;
Quhen merle and mavis fingis with mirth,
Sweit melling in the fchawis fchene ;
Quhen all luvaris refofit bene,
And moft defyrus of thair pray ;
I hard a lufly luvare mene,
I love, bot I dar nocht affay.

II.

Strang ar the panis I daylie prufe,
Bot yet with patience I fufstene ;
I am fo fetterit with the lufe
Onlie of my Lady fchene ;
Quhilk for her bewty mycht be Quiene,
Natour fa craftely alwey,
Hes done depaint that sweit fcherene,
Quhome I luf I dar nocht affay.

III.

Scho is fa brycht of hyd and hew,
I lufe but hir allone I wene ;
Is non hir luf that may efchew,
That blenkis on that dulce amene.
Sa cumly cleir ar hir twa ene,
That fcho ma luvaris dois effrey,
Than evir of Grice did fair Helene.
Quhome I luf I dar nocht affay.

GRATULATIOUN TO THE MONETH OF MAY.

I.

MAY is a moneth maist amene
For tham in Venus service bene,
To recreate thair havy hartis :
May cauffis curage fra the splene,
And every thing in May revertis.

II.

In May the pleasant spray unspringis,
In May the mirthful maveis singis ;
And now in May to madynnis fawis,
With tymmer wechtis to trip in ringis,
And to play upcoil with the bawis.

III.

In May gois gallandis bringin symmer,
And trymly occupyis their tymmer,
With "*bunt up*" evry morning plaid :
In May gois gentlewemen gymmer,
In gardynnis grene their grumes to glaid.

IV.

In May quhen men yied everichone,
With Robene Hoid and Littil John,
To bring in bowis and birkin bobbynis ;
Now all sic game is fastlings gone,
Bot gif it be amangs clowin Robbrynys.

IV.

Abbotts by rule, and Lords but reffone,
Sic senyeoris tynes our weill this fessone ;
Upon thair vyce war lang to waik,
Quhais Falfit, Feibleness and Treffone,
Hes rung thryfs owre this zodiak,

VI.

In May begins the golk to gail ;
 In May drawis deir to doun and dale ;
 In May men mells with famynie,
 And ladys meitis thair luvaris leil,
 Quhen Phebus is in Geminie.

VII.

Butter, new cheise, and beir in May,
 Connans, cokkillis, curds and quhey,
 Lapsters, lempets, mussels in schellis,
 Grein leiks, and all sic men may sey,
 Suppose sum of thame sourly smellis.

VIII.

In May grit men within thair boundis,
 Sum halkis the walters, sum with houndis
 The hares out throw the forestis cachis,
 Syne after them thair ladeis foundis,
 To scent the rynning of the rachis.

IX.

In May frank archers will affix
 Ane place to meit. syne marrows mix,
 To schute at butts, at bankis and brais ;
 Sum at the revers, sum at the prikkis.
 Sum laich and lo beneth the clais.

X.

In May fowld men of amouris go,
 To serve thair ladies and na mo,
 Sen thair releifs in ladies lyifs ;
 For sum may cum in favouris fo,
 To kifs his loif on Buchone wyifs.

XI.

In May gois damofells and dammis
 In gardynnis grein to play lyk lammis ;
 Sum at the barris thay brace like billers ;
 Sum rinnis at barlabreikis like rammis,
 Sum round about the standan pillars.

XII.

XII.

In May gois madynis till Lareit,
And hes thair mynyeons on the streit,
To horse them quhair the gate is ruch:
Sum at Inchbuckling-brae thay meit,
Sum in the middis of Muffelburch.

XIII.

So May and all thir monethis thrie,
Are het and dry in thair degrie;
Therefore ye wanton men in youth,
For health of body now haif ee,
Not oft to mell with thankles mouth.

XIV.

Sen every pastyme is at plesure,
I council you to mel with mesure,
And namely now May, June, and July,
Delyt nocht lang in luvaris leifure,
But weit your lipps and labour huly.

QUOD SCOTT.

St. 2. l. 4. "—— tymmer wechtis;" i. e. tambour sieves. In shape, size, and materials, they resemble the upper part of a drum, and are still commonly used in the winnowing of corn. Both the words are more immediately of Belgic origin; *wechts* from *waegen*, vacillare, commoveri; *tymmer*, a variation of *tamboer*, tympanum. "Upcoil with the bawis," to play with hand-balls, perhaps by throwing up, and again keeping or catching them; a diversion which was greatly practised about this season of the year: As were also the games of Robin Hoid, Littil John, and the Abbot of Unreason, mentioned above, p. 161, for the suppression of which, our poet expresses no small regret; accompanied with a satirical allusion, we may suppose, to the Lords of the Congregation about 1562. Sir Walter Scot of Buck-cleugh, to whom the poet might probably be allied, was one of the Queen's most firm and zealous supporters.

St. 9. l. 4. "—— revers and prikkis;" the long and short distances at shooting with the bow and arrow. Most of the other May revels here enumerated, are well known.

IN PRAIS OF THE TWA FAIR ENE OF HIS MISTRESS.

I.

THOW well of vertew, floure of womanheid,
And patrone unto patiens,
Lady of lawty baith in word and deid,
Rycht sobir, sweit, full meik of eloquens,
Baith gude and fair : To your magnificens
I me commend, as I haif done befoir,
My sempill heart for now and evirmoir.

II.

For evirmoir I fall you service mak,
Sen, of befoir, into my mynd I made,
Sen first I knew your ladyschip, bot lak,
Bewtie, youth of womanheid ye had,
Withouten rest my hart couth nocht evade.
Thus am I youris, and ay senfyne haif bene
Commandit by your gudly twa fair ene.

III.

Your twa fair ene makis me oft fyis to sing,
Your twa fair ene makis me to fych also,
Your twa fair ene makis me grit comforting,
Your twa fair ene is wyt of all my wo,
Your twa fair ene may no man keip thame fro,
Withouttin rest that gets a sicht of thame,
Thus of all vertew weir ye now the name.

IV.

IV.

Ye beir the name of gentilnefs of blude,

Ye beir the name, that mony for ye deis,

Ye beir the name, ye are baith fair and gude,

Ye beir the name that farrier than yow feis.

Ye beir the name, fortune and you agreis,

Ye beir the name of lands of lenth and breid,

The well of vertew and floure of womanheid.

QUOD SCOTT.

TO HIS HEART.
[From the BANN. MS.]

I.

HENCE hairt with hir that must departe,
And hald the with thy soverane,
For I had lever want ane harte
Nor haif the hairt that dois me pane.
Therefore go with thy luve remaine,
And let me leif thus unmoleft ;
Se that thou cum not (back) againe,
Bot byd with hir thou luvís best.

II.

Sen scho that I haif servit lang
Is to depairt so suddanly,
Addrefs the now, for thou fall gang
And beir thy lady company.
Fra scho be gon, hairtless am I ;
For why ? thou art with hir possést.
Thairfor my hairt ! go hence in hy,
And byd with hir thou luvís best.

III.

Thocht this belappit body heir
Be bound to servitude and thrall,
My faithful heart is fre inteir,
And mynd to serf my lady at all.
Wald God that I wer perigall
Under that redolent rose to rest !
Yit at the leif, my hairt thow fall
Abyd with hir thow luvís best.

IV.

IV.

Sen in your garth the lilly quhyte
 May not remane amang the laif,
 Adew the flour of haill delyte !
 Adew the succour that ma me saif !
 Adew the fragrant balmie suaif,
 And lamp of ladies lustiest !
 My faithful hairt scho fall it haif,
 To byd with hir it luvis best.

V.

Deploir ye ladeis cleir of hew,
 Hir absence sen scho most departe,
 And specially ye luvairis trew,
 That woundit bene with luvis darte.
 For ye fall want yow of ane hairt
 Als weill as I, thairfore at last
 Do go with myn with mynd inwart,
 And byd with hir thou luvis best.

Quod Scott.

ON

ON THE DELYTE OF A LUVAR'S INWART MURNYNG.

[*From the BANN. MS.*]

I.

QUHA is perfyte to put in wryte
The inwart murnyng and mischance,
Or to indite the grit delyte .
Of lustie lufis observance,
But he that may certane
Patiently suffer pane,
To wyn his soverane
In reservance.

II.

Albeit I knaw of luvis law
The plessour and the painis smart ;
Yit I stand aw for to furth schaw
The quyet secretis of my hart.
For it may Fortune raith
To do hir body skaith,
Quhilk wait that of them baith
I am expert.

III.

Scho wait my wo that is ago ;
Scho wait my weifair and remeid ;
Scho wait also, I lufe no mo
Bot hir the well of womanheid.
Scho wait withoutten fail
I am hir luvar leil ;
Scho has my hart alhaill
Till I be deid.

IV.

IV.

That bird in blifs in beauty is
 In eard the only *A per se*,
 Quhais mouth to kis is worth, I wifs,
 The warld full of gold to me.
 Is nocht in erd I cure,
 Bot pleifs my lady pure,
 Syne be hir servitur
 Unto I die.

V.

Scho has my lufe at hir behufe ;
 My hart is subiect, bound, and thrall,
 For scho dois moif my hart aboif,
 To se hir proper perfoun small.
 Sen scho has rewth at will
 That natur may fulfill,
 Gladlie I gif hir till
 Body and all.

VI.

Thair is no wie can estimie
 My forrow and my fickingis fair ;
 For I am so done fothfullie,
 In favour with my ladie fair.
 That baith our hartis ar ane,
 Luknyt in lufis chene ;
 And everilk greif is gane
 For evir mair.

Quod Scott.

LAMENT QUHEN HIS WYFE LEFT HIM.

I.

TO luvē unlūvit it is ane pane ;
For ſcho that is my ſoverane,
Sum wantoun man ſo hé hes ſet hir,
That I can get no luſe agane,
Bot breke my hairt, and nocht the bettir.

II.

Quhen that I went with that ſweit May,
To dance, to ſing, to ſport, and play,
And oft tymes in my armis plet hir ;
I do now murne both nycht and day,
And breke my hairt, and nocht the bettir.

III.

Quhair I wes wont to ſé hir go,
Rycht trymly paſſand to and fro,
With cumly ſmylis quhen that I met hir ;
And now I leiſ in pane and wo,
And breke my hairt, and nocht the bettir.

IV.

Quhattane ané glaikit fule am I,
To ſlay myſelf with melancoly,
Sen weill I ken I may nocht get hir ?
Or quhat fuld be the cauſ, and quhy,
To breke my hairt, and nocht the bettir ?

V.

My hairt, ſen thow may nocht hir pleis,
Adew ; as gude luſe cumis as gais,
Go chuſe ane udir, and forget hir ;
God gif him dolour and diſeis,
That breks his hairt, and nocht the bettir.

QUOD SCOTT.

CUPID

THE QUENE OF HE TYRANE MURDER AND
INVENTION

QUENE HOW I WITTE MY UNKINSHIPP
But COUNTE ANY OF UNKINSHIPP?
TRY COURT, WITHOUT CONSIDERATION.

Quene I know,
Of EVE HOW THE UNKINSHIPP.
But, but I know.

II.

THOU AND THE LAW OF INSTRUMENTS
OF DIVERSE INSTRUMENTS:
TRY INSTRUMENTS ARE REPEATED.

Knowing the quene's
Quene more, more and substance of her
And isal in perel.

III.

Quene is thy mother but mother's
SHEET, anger, grunching, yre and greif,
Ill lyfe, and langour bot rekeife.

Of woundis she wan,
Displisour, pain, and hie reprecise
Of God and man.

IV.

Thou luv's all them that loud'st leis,
And follows fastest them that sleis;
Thou lichtlies all trew properties
Of luv'e expresse,
And marks quhen neir a tyme thou sleis,
And hits begets.

V.

Blind buk ! but at the bound thou shutes,
 And them forbeirs that the rebutes ;
 Thou ryves thair hartis fra the rutes,
 Quilk ar thy awin,
 And cures them that cares not three cutes
 To be misknawin.

VI.

Thou art in friendship with thy fae,
 And to thy best freinds fremit ay,
 Thou fleims all faithful men thee frae,
 Of stedfast thocht,
 Regarding nane but them perfoy
 That cures the nochht.

VII.

Thou chirrieis them that with the chyds,
 And bannieis them with thee abyds :
 Thou hes thy horn ay in thair fyds
 That cannot fle.
 Thay furder warft in thee confyds,
 I say for me.

QUOD SCOTT.

RONDEL

I.

Lo quhat it is to lufe,
 Lerne ye that will to lufe,
 Be me, I say, that no ways may,
 The grund of grief remove,
 Bot still decay, both nycht and day;
 Lo quhat it is to lufe.

II.

Lufe is ane fervent fyre,
 Kendillit without defyre,
 Schort plesour, lang displeasour;
 Repentance is the hyre;
 Ane pure treasour, without messour;
 Lufe is ane fervent fyre.

III.

To lufe and to be wyis,
 To rege with gud advyis;
 Now thus, now than so gois the game,
 Incertaine is the dyis;
 Thair is no man, I say, that can,
 Both lufe and to be wyis.

IV.

Flé alwayis frome the snair,
 Lerne at me to beware;
 It is ane pane and dowbill trane
 Of endlefs wo and cair;
 For to refrane that denger plane,
 Flé alwayis frome the snair.

Quod Scott.

To

TO HIS HEART,

I.

RETURNE thé hamewart, hairt, agane,
And byde quhair thou was wont to be ;
Thow art ane fule to suffer pane,
For luvè of hir that luvìs not thé.
My hairt, lat be sic fantesie,
Luvè nane bot as thay mak thé cause,
And lat her seik ane hairt for thé ;
For feind a crum of thé scho fawis.

II.

To quhat effect fould thou be thrall ?
But thank sen thou hes thy fré will ;
My hairt be nocht sa bestiall,
But knaw quha dois thé guid or ill.
Remane with me, and tarry still,
And sé quha playis best their pawis,
And lat fillok ga sling her fill ;
For feind a crum of thé scho fawis.

III.

Thocht scho be fair, I will not fenyie,
Scho is the kind of utheris ma ;
For quhy ? thair is a fellone menyie,
That semis gud, and ar not sa.
My hairt tak nowdir pane nor wa,
For Meg, for Merjory, or yit Mawis,
Bot be thou glaid, and latt hir ga ;
For feind a crum of thé scho fawis.

IV.

IV.

Becaus I find scho tuk in ill,
 At her departing thow mak na cair;
 Bot all begyld, go quhair scho will,
 A schrew the hairt that mane makis mair.
 My hairt be mirry lait and air,
 This is the fynall end and clause;
 And let her fallow ane filly fair,
 For feind a crum of thé scho fawis.

QUOD ALEX. SCOTT.

This poem is strangely interpolated in the Evergreen. The burden, "For feind a crum of thé scho fawis," is literally, D—a bit of thee befalls her; i. e. she has no share in thee.

St. 4. l. 7. "And let her fallow ane filly fair." Let her match herself with a fair filly, here used for a handsome young man, or fellow.

▲ LUVARIS

A LUVARIS COMPLAINT.

I.

QUHAIR luvè is kendlit comfortles,
Thair is no fever half so fell ;
Fra Cupid keist his dert be gefs,
I had na hap to faife my fell.
Lyik as my wofull hairt can tell,
My inwart painis and ficing fair,
For weill I watt the painis of hell
Onto my pane is nocht compair.

II.

For ony mellady ye ma ken,
Except peuir luvè or than stark deid,
Help may be had fra handis of men,
Throw meddecyne to mak remeid.
For harmis of body, hands, and heid,
The pottingaris will purge the painis ;
Bot all the membaris are at feid
Quhan that the law of lufè remainis.

III.

As Tantalus in water standis,
To stanche his thirfty appetyte,
Bewaling body, heid, and handis,
The revar flyis him in despyte.
So dois my lufly lady quhyte,
Scho flyis the place quhair I repair ;
To hungry men is small delyte
To twich the meit, and eit na mair.

IV.

IV.

The nar the flamb, the hettar fyre ;
 The moir I pyne, yit I persew ;
 The moir enkendills my desyre,
 Fra I behald her hevinly hew.
 Peuir Piramus him selfe he slew,
 Maid saul and body to dessaver ;
 He dyit bot anis, fairwell, adew !
 I daylie de, and dyis never.

V.

Yit Jafone did injoy Medea,
 And Theseus gat Adriane ;
 Dido dissavit was with Enea,
 And Demophon his lady wan.
 Gif women trowd sic traytours than
 For till enjoy the frutte of lufe,
 Quhy wald ye slay your saikles man,
 Quha myndis never to remufe ?

VI.

The ferfs Achill, ane worthy knicht,
 Was slane for lufe, the futh to say.
 Leander, in ane stormy nicht,
 Dyit sleittand on the fludis gray.
 Trew Troyallus, he langerit ay,
 Still waitand for his luvis returne,
 Had nocht sic pyne, it was bot play,
 As daylie dois my body burne.

VII.

As poill to pylattis dois appeir
 Moir brichtar than the starris abowt,
 So dois your visage schyne als cleir
 As rose amang the raschell rowt.
 War Paris levand now, no dowt,
 And had the goldin ball to serve,
 I wait he wald sone waill you owt,
 And leiff baith Venus and Minerve.

VIII.

Now paper pafs and at her speir,
 Gif pleis hir prudence to imprent it.
 My faithful hairt I fend it heir,
 In signe of paper I present it.
 Wald God my body war fornent it,
 That I micht serve hir grace but glammer ;
 To be hir knaiff I am contentit,
 Or smallest varlet in her chammer.

L' Envoy.

The hairt did think, the hand did frem,
 The body fend to yow the same.

This poem is placed here on account of some resemblance which it bears to the productions of Alexander Scot. Allan Ramsay ascribes it to King Henry Stewart, but upon what authority is now unknown, there being no name to it in the BANN. MS.

The whole of Scot's pieces, excepting his "*Address*," and "*Justing*," being in the amatory stile which had scarcely at all been attempted by any preceding Scottish poet, it seems more than probable that he was no stranger to the gallant sonnets and poems of Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, which were first published in 1557, and several times reprinted in the course of a few years.

DARNLEY'S BALLAD.

I.

GIFE langour makis men licht,
Or dolour thame decoir,
In erth thair is no wicht
May me compair in gloir.
Gif cairfull thoftis restoir
My havy hairt frome sorrow,
I am, for evir moir,
In joy, both evin and morrow.

II.

Gif pleſer be to pance,
I playnt me nocht oppreſt,
Or abſence nicht avance,
My hairt is haill poſſeſt :
Gif want of quiet reſt,
From cairis nicht me convoy,
My mynd is nocht molleſt,
Bot evir moir in joy.

III.

Thocht that I pance in paine,
In paſſing to and fro,
I laubor all in vane,
For ſo hes mony mo,
That hes nocht ſervit ſo,
In ſuting of thair ſweit,
The nare the fyre I go,
The grittar is my heit.

IV.

IV.

The turtour for hir maik,
 Mair dule may necht indure;
 Nor I do for hir faik,
 Evin hir quha hes in cure
 My hairt, quilk sal be sure,
 And service to the deid,
 Unto that lady pure,
 The well of womanheid.

V.

Schaw, schedull, to that suer,
 My pairt so permanent,
 That no mirth quhill we meit,
 Sall cause me be content:
 Bot still my hairt lament,
 In sorrowfull ficking soir,
 Till tyme scho be present,
 Fairweill, I say no moir.

QUOTH KING HENRY STEWART.

The signature being in an ancient hand, "I have ventured (says Lord Hailes) to give this song the title of *Darnley's Ballad*." It may be added, that by far the greater part, if not the whole, of the Bannatyne MS. having been compiled within less than three years after the death of Darnley, there seems to be no room for entertaining any doubt with respect to the author. The Bishop of Winton, in his preface to the works of James the Sixth, mentions Lord Darnley as the translator of Valerius Maximus; so that he is not altogether destitute of claim to a place among Scottish authors.

IV.

Becaus I find scho tuk in ill,
 At her departing thow mak na cair;
 Bot all begyld, go quhair scho will,
 A schrew the hairt that mane makis mair.
 My hairt be mirry lait and air,
 This is the fynall end and clause;
 And let her fallow ane filly fair,
 For feind a crum of thé scho fawis.

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This poem is strangely interpolated in the Evergreen. The burden, "For feind a crum of thé scho fawis," is literally, D— a bit of thee befalls her; i. e. she has no share in thee.

St. 4. l. 7. "And let her fallow ane filly fair." Let her match herself with a fair filly, here used for a handsome young man, or fellow.

TO HIS HEART,

I.

RETURNE thé hamewart, hairt, agane,
And byde quhair thou was wont to be ;
Thow art ane fule to suffer pane,
For luvè of hir that luvis not thé.
My hairt, lat be sic fantesie,
Luvè nane bot as thay mak thé cause,
And lat her seik ane hairt for thé ;
For feind a crum of thé scho fawis.

II.

To quhat effect sould thou be thrall ?
But thank sen thou hes thy fré will ;
My hairt be nocht sa bestiall,
But know quha dois thé guid or ill.
Remane with me, and tarry still,
And sé quha playis best their pawis,
And lat fillok ga fling her fill ;
For feind a crum of thé scho fawis.

III.

Thocht scho be fair, I will not fenyie,
Scho is the kind of utheris ma ;
For quhy ? thair is a fellone menyie,
That semis gud, and ar not sa.
My hairt tak nowdir pane nor wa,
For Meg, for Merjory, or yit Mawis,
Bot be thou glaid, and latt hir ga ;
For feind a crum of thé scho fawis.

IV.

VIII.

Few honor wynnys, into that innys.
 For schutting at the schellis ;
 Out of your schynnys the substance rynnys,
 Thay get no gainyell ellis.
 In tyme lat be, I counsal thé,
 Use not that offerand stok ;
 Quhen thay thé fé, thay blere thair ee,
 And mak at thé ane mok.

IX.

Thocht thow, suppoifs, haif at thy choifs
 I reid thé for the nanis,
 Keip stuf in poifs, Tyne not thy hoifs,
 Wair nocht all in that wanis.
 Fra tyme scho se undir thine ee,
 The brawin away doun muntis,
 Than game and glé ganis not for thé,
 Thow man lat be sic huntis.

X.

Fra thow luk chest, adew that feist,
 To hunt into that schaw ;
 Quhen on that beist at thy requeist,
 Thy kennettis will not kaw.
 Within that stowp fra tyme thow fowp,
 And wurd is to be sweir,
 And mak a stop quhen thay fuld hop,
 Adew the thrissil deir.

XI.

Thairfor albeid, thy hounds haif speid,
 To ryn our oft latt be ;
 In thy maist neid, sum tyme but dreid,
 Thay will rebutit be.
 Ouer oft to hound in unknowth ground,
 Thow ma tak up unbaittit ;
 Thairfoir had bound thocht scho be found,
 Or dreid thy doggis be slaittit.

XII.

XII.

Scho is nocht ill that fittis still,
 Perfewit in the fait ;
 That beist scho will gif thé thy fill,
 Quhill thow be evin chak-mait.
 Suppois thow reinge our all the grenge,
 And seik baith fyk and feuche,
 Still will scho menge and mak it strenge,
 And gif thé evin aneuche.

XIII.

Than with avyis, suppois scho ryis,
 Laich under thy fute,
 Bot thow be wyis, scho will suppryis
 Thy hounds, and thame rebute.
 In tyme abyde, the feilds ar wyde,
 I counsal thé, gude bruder,
 Evill is the gyde that faillis but tyde,
 Syne raklefs is the ruder.

XIV.

Huntaris, adew ! gif ye perfew
 To hunt at every beist,
 Ye will it rew, thair is anew,
 Thairto haif ye no haist.
 With ane and ane,
 Ye huntaris all and sum,
 Quhen best is play, pass hame away,
 Or dreid war eftir cum.

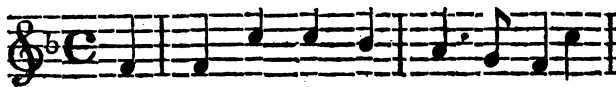
QUOD BALNEVIS.

It is not altogether improbable that this may be Henry Balnavis, the friend of Sir David Lindsay, and one of the most active promoters of the reformation. At different periods of this reign, he filled the offices of Queen's Advocate, Justice Clerk, and Lord of Session. McKenzie says he wrote a Catechism and Confession of Faith, which perhaps may be that which we find in verse at the beginning of the Book of *Godlie Ballate*.

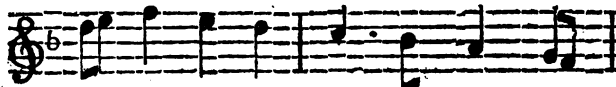
THU

THE BANKIS OF HELICONE.

I.



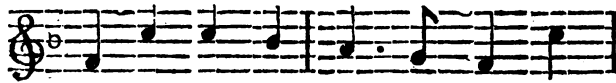
De - clair ye banks of He - li-con, Par-



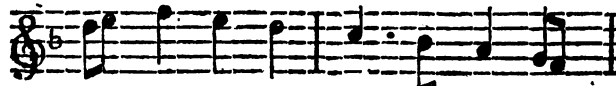
nassus hill, and dails ilk on, And



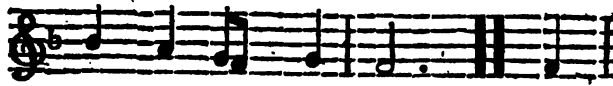
fountain Ca - bell - ein, Gif



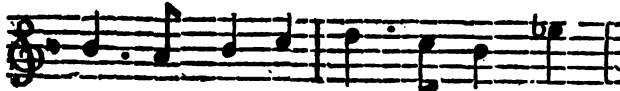
o - ny of your Muses all, Or



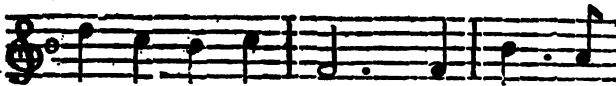
nymphis, may be pe - re - gall Un -
VOL. III. A a



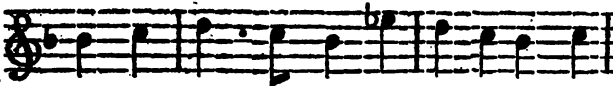
to my la - dy schein. Or



if the Ladeis that did lave Thair



bodies by your brim, So seim - lie



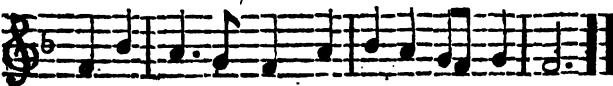
wer or yet so fuave So beautiful or



trim. Con - tem - pill ex - em - pill Tak



be her proper port, Gif o - nie



fa bo- nie, Amang you did re - fort.

II.

No, no. Forfuith wes never none
That, with this perfect paragon,
In bewtie nicht compair.
The Muses wald have gevin the grie
To her, as to the *A per se*,
And peirles perle preclair.
Thinking with admiratioun
Hir persone so perfyte.
Nature, in hir creatioun,
To forme hir tuik delyte.
Confes then, expres then,
Your nymphes, and all thair race;
For bewtie, of dewtie
Sould yeild, and give hir place.

III.

Apelles, quha did fa decoir
Dame Venus' face and breift befoir,
With colours exquisite;
That nane nicht be compair'd thairtill;
Nor yit na painter had the skill
The bodye to compleit:
War he this lyvelie goddes' grace,
And bewtie, to behauld,
He wald confes his craft and face
Surpast a thousand fauld.
Nor abill, in tabill
With colours competent,
So quiklie, or liklie,
A forme, to represent.

IV.

Or had my ladye bene alyve
Quhen the thrie goddeffis did stryve,
And Paris wes made judge;
Fals Helene, Menelaus' maik,
Had ne'er caus'd king Priamus' wraik;

In Troy nor had refudge.
 For ather scho the pryis had wone,
 As weill of womanheid ;
 Or els with Paris, Priam's sone,
 Had gone in Helen's steid.
 Esteemed, and demed,
 Of colour twyis so cleir :
 Far fuetar, and metar
 To have bein Paris' feir.

V.

As Phebus' trefs hir hair and breeis ;
 With angel hew, and cristall eeis ;
 And tounge most eloquent.
 Hir teithe as perle in curall set ;
 Hir lips, and cheikis, pumice fret ;
 As rose maist redolent.
 With yvoire nek, and pomells round,
 And comelie intervall.
 Hir lillie lyre so soft and found ;
 And proper memberis all,
 Bayth brichter, and tichter,
 Then marbre poleist clein ;
 Perfyter, and quhyter,
 Than Venus, luifis quein.

VI.

Hir angell voice in melodie
 Dois pafs the hevinlie harmonie,
 And Siren's song most fueit.
 For to behauld hir countenance,
 Hir gudelie grace, and governance,
 It is a joy compleit.
 Sa wittie, verteous, and wyis ;
 And prudent bot compair.
 Without all wickednes and vyce :
 Maist douce and debonair.
 In vesture, and gesture,

Maist

Maist feimlie, and modest.
With wourdis, and bourdis,
Fo solace the opprest.

VII.

Na thing thair is in hir at all
That is not supernaturall,
Maist proper and perfyte.
So fresche, so fragrant, and so fair,
As Dees, and dame Bewties air,
And dochter of Delyte.
With qualeteis, and forme, divine,
Be nature so decoird,
As goddes of all feminine
Of men to be adoird.
Sa blissed that wissed
Scho is in all mens' thocht,
As rarest, and fairest,
That ever Nature wrocht.

VIII.

Hir luiks, as Titan radiant,
Wald pers ane hairt of adamant,
And it to love alleur.
Hir birning beawtie dois embrayis
My breist, and all my mind amayis ;
And bodye haill combuire.
I have no schift bot to refing
All power in hir handis ;
And willinglie my hairt to bring,
To bind it in hir bandis.
To langwis in angwis,
Soir woundit, and opprest :
Forleitit, or treitit,
As scho sall think it best.

IX.

I houp sa peirles pulchritud
Will not be voyde of mansuetud ;

Nor cruellie be bent.
 Sa, ladye, for thy courtesie,
 Have pitie on my miserie;
 And lat me not be schent!
 Quhat prayis have ye to be fweir,
 Or crewellie to kill
 Your woful woundit prifoneir,
 All youldin in your will?
 All preifing, but ceifing,
 Maist humlie for to ferve.
 Then pruiſ me, and luiſ me
 As deidis ſall deſerve.

X.

And, gif ye find diſſait in me,
 Or ony quent conſait in me
 Your bontie till abuſe,
 My dowbill deling be diſdainē
 Acquyt, and pay me hame againe;
 And ſtatlie me reſuiſe.
 Bot ſen I mein ſinceritie,
 And trew luiſ from my hairt;
 To quyt me with auſteritie
 Forſuith war not your pairt.
 Or trap me, or wrap me
 Maist wrangfullie in wo;
 Forſaiking, and wraiking
 Your ſervand, as your ſo.

XI.

Alace! let not trew amitie
 Be quyt with ſo greit creweltie;
 Nor ſervice be diſdaine!
 Bot rather, hairt, be reuthfull,
 And ye ſall find me treuthfull,
 Conſtant, ſecreit, and plaine.
 In ſorrow lat me not conſome,
 Nor langer dolour drie,

Bot

Bot suddanlie pronounce the dome,
 Gif I fall leif, or die.
 That having my craving,
 Mirthfull I may remaine ;
 Or speid sone the deid sone,
 And put me out of paine.

These musical notes are printed from a little book in MS. of an ancient hand, bearing the date of 1639, and consisting of airs, songs, pavenes, Scottish psalms, &c. in the possession of Mr Campbell, author of the history of Scottish Poetry. Near the beginning of the Bannatyne MS. is a pious poem "On the Creation," by Sir Richard Maitland, directed to be sung "to the tone of the Bankis of Helicone," which therefore can scarcely be of later date than between 1550 and 1560, and on that account alone, independent of its intrinsic merit, is an object of some curiosity. It appears, as naturally may be supposed, to have been a favourite melody among the learned, but probably was never much known among the vulgar, to whom the words must have appeared incomprehensible, and of course the music useless. To this circumstance also must be ascribed its sinking into an obsolete state in less than a century, while *John cum kifs me now, Thou'll never be like my auld gudeman, Cauld and raw, Gramachree, Low down in the broom, Robin's Jok*, and others, beyond a doubt, of higher antiquity, have constantly maintained their ground down to the present day. No other liberty has been taken with the Air, excepting to supply it with bars, and to print it in close instead of open notes, to prevent inattentive readers from pronouncing it to be "a mere drawl."

The poem is from Mr Pinkerton's "Maitland Collection," and probably may be an early composition of Montgomery, author of the *Cherry and Slae*, to be taken notice of in due time. Such an uncommon measure required a skilful musician to compose an appropriated air ;— and the task seems to have been executed with success, otherwise we should not have found new words to the same tune so early as 1568 ; as also various other compositions within twenty years afterwards.— There is no probability, therefore, that a new or different "Banks of Helicon" was composed before 1639.

O LUSTY MAY.
*From the BANN. MS.**

O LUSTY May. with Flora quene !
Quhois balmy drapis frome Phebus schene,
Preluciand beimes befor the day ;
Be thè Diana growis grene,
Thruich glaidnefs of this lusty May.

Than Esperus, that is so bricht
Till wofull hairtis, casts his lycht
On bankis and blumes on every brae ;
And schuris ar sched furth of that ficht,
Thruich glaidnefs of this lusty May.

Birdis on bowis of every birth,
With rewving nottis makand thair mirth,
Richt plefandly upon the spray
With fluriffingis, our feild and firth,
Thruich glaidnefs of this lusty May.

All luvaris that are in cair,
To thair ladeis than do repair
In fresch mornyngis befor the day,
And ar in mirth ay mair and mair,
Thruich glaidnefs of this lusty May.

Of everie moneth in the yeir
To mirthfull May thair is no peir,
Hir glistrin garments ar so gay,
You lovaris all mak merie cheir,
Thruich glaidnefs of this lustie May.

WELCUM

* Compared with the copy in Forbes's Song book 1666. It is mentioned in the *Complaint of Scotland* 1549.

WELCUM TO MAY.
From the BANN. MS.

I.

BE glaid al ye that luvaris bene,
For now hes May depaynt with grene
The hillis, valis, and the medis ;
And flouris hastily upspredis.
Awalk out of your sluggardy,
To heir the birdis melody ;

II.

Quhois suggourit nottis loud and cleir,
Is now ane parradise to heir.
Go walk upon sum revir fair ;
Go tak the fresh and holfum air ;
Go luke upon the flurist fell ;
Go feil the herbis pleasand smell ;

III.

Quhilk will your comfort gar increse,
And all avoid your havinefs.
The new cled purpoure hevin espy,
Behald the lark now in the sky,
With besy wyng scho (towrs) on hicht,
For grit joy of the dayis licht.

IV.

Behald the verdour fresh of hew,
Powdderit with grene, quhyt, and blew,
Quhair with dame Flora, in this May,
Dois richely all the feild array ;
And how Aurore, with visage pale,
Inbalmis with her cristall hale,

V.

The grene and tender pylis ying,
 Of every gres that dois upspring ;
 And with berall droppis bricht,
 Makis the græssis gleme of licht ;
 Luk on the purple firmament,
 And on the enammellit orient.

VI.

Luk on Phebus put up his heid,
 As he dois raifs his baneris reid,
 He dois the eist so bricht attyre,
 That all seimis birning in a fyre,
 Quilk comfort dois to every thing,
 Man, bird, beist, and fluriffing.

VII.

Quhairfor luvaris be glaid and licht,
 For shortened is your havy nycht,
 And lenthit is your mirry day.
 Thairfor ye welcum now this May,
 And bridis do your haill plesance
 With mirry song and obfervance,

VIII.

This May to welcum at your mycht,
 At fresh Phebus upryfing bricht ;
 And all ya flowris that dois spred,
 Lay furth your levis upon breid,
 And welcum May with bemys cheir,
 The quene of every moneth cleir.

IX.

And every man thank in his mynd
 The God of natur and of kynd,
 Quilk ordaint all for our behufe,
 The erd under, the air abuse ;
 Bird, beist, flour, tyme, day, and nycht,
 With planets haill to gif us licht.

WA WORTH MARYAGE.

I.

IN Bowdown, on Blak-money day,
Quhen all was gadderit to the Play,
Bayth men and wemen semblit thair,
I hard ane sweit ane sich and say
Wa worth maryage for evermair !

II.

Madinis, ye may have grit plesance
For to do Venus observance,
Thoch I inclufit be with cair,
That I dar nother fing nor dance.
Wa worth maryage for evermair !

III.

Quhen that I was ane madein ying,
Lichtlie wald I dance and fing,
And sport and play, bayth lait and air.
Now dar I nocht luik to sic thing.
Wa worth maryage for evermair !

IV.

Thus am I bunden out of blis,
Onto ane churle says I am his,
That I dar nocht luik our the stair,
Scantlie to gif Schir Johne ane kifs.
Wa worth maryage for evermair !

V.

Now war I ane madin, as I was,—
To mak me lady of the Bas,—
And thoch that I wer never so fair,
To weddin fuld I never pas.
Wa worth maryage for evirmair !

VI.

VI.

Thus am I thirlit onto ane schrew,
 Quhilk dow nothing of chalmer glew;
 Of boure-bourding bayth bask and hair.
 God wayt gif I have caus to rew!
 Wa worth maryage for evermair!

VII.

All nicht I clatter upon my creid,
 Prayand to God gif I wer deid:
 Or ellis out of this world he wair;
 Then suld I se for sum remeid.
 Wa worth maryage for evermair!

VIII.

Ye suld heir tell, and he war gane,
 That I suld be ane wantoun ane.
 To leir the law of Luffis layr
 In our toun lyk me suld be nane.
 Wa worth maryage for evermair!

IX.

I suld put on my ruffet gowne,
 My reid kirtill, my hois of brown;
 And lat thame se my yallow hair,
 Undir my curché hingand down.
 Wa worth maryage for evermair.

X.

Luffaris bayth suld heir and se
 I suld luif thame that wald luif me.
 Thair harts for me suld never be fair.—
 Bot ay unweddit suld I be.
 Wa worth maryage for evermair!

QUOD CLAPPERTOUN.

"Blak-money day," that is, "annual rent day," is here substituted for "Blak Monpocay," in Mr Pinkerton's edition. The inhabitants of Bowden probably paid Black-mail to their Liege-lord, Ker of Halienden, or Celsford. See some farther remarks subjoined to the next article.

GOD

GOD GIF I WER WEDO NOW.

I.

UNDER ane brekkin bank *on bie*
I hard ane heynd cheild mak his mane;
He sicht, and said richt drerélie,
Evil is the wyf that I have tane!
Forthy to yow I mak my mane,
Ye tak gud tent quhair that ye wow.
Thoch it is scant ane twelf-month gane—
God gif I wer wedo now!

II.

War I ane wedo, forouttin weir,
Full weill I culd luik me aboute
In all this land, bayth far and neir;
Of wyfing I fuld have na doute.
Upon my hip I have ane clout,
Quhilk is nocht plesand for my prow.
Quhen scho is in, I am thairout.
God gif I wer wedo now!

III.

Quhen scho is in, I am thairout.
Scho list nocht at my layr to leyr:
In all this land, forouttin dout,
Of sturtsumnes scho hes no pair.
Scho garris me fay with sempill cheir
That I have nother corne nor kow.
I mak my mane, as ye ma heir,
God gif I wer wedo now!

IV.

IV.

Scho luikis doun oft, lyk ane fow,
 And will nocht speik quhen I cum in;
 I spak ane wourde, nocht for my prow.
 To ding her weill it war na syn.
 Syne on hir fut (up) couth scho wyn;
 And to the rude scho maid ane vow,
 'For I fall hit thy spindill schyn.'
 God gif I wer wedo now!

V.

With that scho raucht me sic ane rout
 Quhill to the erde scho gart me leyn;
 Suppois my lyf wes oft in dout,
 Hir malice I culd nocht refrein.
 Scho gars me murne, I bid nocht feyn,
 And with fair straiks scho gars me fow.
 Thus am I cummerit with ane quene.
 God gif I wer wedo now!

In the Maitland Folio MS. this poem or song immediately succeeds *Wa Worth Maryage*, to which it seems intended as a counter part, and therefore may perhaps be another composition of CLAFFERTON. Of the author no particulars are known; but we may conjecture that he belonged to the county of Roxburgh, from his mentioning the village of Bowdean as the scene of peculiar merriment and gayety, which doubtless it was upon particular occasions, so long as the powerful Ker of Cessford (now of Roxburgh) resided chiefly at his magnificent seat of Halieden, in its immediate vicinity. The castle or tower, situated in the center of a deer park of 500 acres, appears to have been built in 1530; from the following inscription on a lintel:

Fear God,
 Flé from sin,
 Mak to the lyf
 Everlasting
 To the end.
 Dem Isabel Ker, 1530.

This dame Isabel Ker was the grandmother of the first Earl of Roxburgh; herself also a Ker of the family of Fernie-hirft. It is a little singular that her name should appear in the inscription without that of her husband, Sir Walter, to whom she then but lately had been married, and who lived till about 1584. The burying place of the Roxburgh family is still at Bowden-kirk.

THE LAMENT OF A PURE COURT-MAN.

From Mr PINKERTON's edition of the MAITLAND Poems.

GOD, as thow weill can,
Help the flie court-man !
His banes may I fair ban
First lernt me to ryde.

Thre brether wer we,
All borne of ane cuntré ;
The hardest fortoun fell me.
Grit God be my gyde !

The eldest brother was na fule,
Quhen he was young yeid to the scule ;
And now he fittis on ane stule,
Ane prelot of pryde.

My secund brother bure the pak,
Ane lytil quhyle upon his bak ;
Now he hes gold and warld's wrak,
Lyand him besyde.

Now mon I to the còurt fayr,
Baith thriftless and threid-bair :
Quhairvir I found, or I fayr
In barrat to byde.

All men makis me debait,
For heirischip of horsmeit ;
Fra I be semblit on my feit,
The out-horne is cryde.

Thay rais me all with ane rout,
And chafis me the toun about ;
And cryis all with ane schout,
' O traytor full tryde !'

Quhen

Quhen I have ridden all day,
 He wer wyfe that can say,
 Gif the court-man weil lay;
 Na, na, be Sanct Bryde.

At nicht is some gaine,—
 This is our auld a rayne ;—
 I am maist wilsum of wane,
 Within this warld wyde.

Now man I the court fle,
 For falt of meit, and na fe;
 With na mair gude na ye se,
 Upon this gald glyde.

Syn, but devotioun, furth sair,
 And fenyne me ane Pardonair,
 With bag, and burdone full bayr,
 To beg, and nocht hyde.

Now in my mind me remordis,
 As the court-man recordis,
 All my lippining upon lordis
 Is layd me befyde.

Man, thow se for thyself;
 And purches thé sum pelf.
 Leyd not thy lyfe lyke ane elfe,
 That our feild can flyde.

The last stanza, save two, is sufficient evidence that the poem was written before the Reformation. The trade of selling pardons probably never was lucrative in Scotland after repeated exhibitions of Sir David Lindsay's Play.

THE MAKING OF THE LAIRDIS BED.

From the BANN. MS.

I.

I saw, me thocht, this hinder nycht,
A Squyar and ane madin bricht,
Untill a chalmer fast thame sped,
Bot ony uthir erdly wicht,
Allone to mak the lairdis bed.

II.

Quhen that the bed wes reddy maid,
He braist her in his armes, and said,
Wald ye your schankels latt me sched,
Ye suld be myne, and therein laid,
Gif we durst spill the lairdis bed.

III.

He put his hand in at hir spair,
And graipit downwart, ye wait quhair.
Quod he, this mounth wald fane be fed;
He sichit, and his hairt was fair,
But durst not spill the lairdis bed.

IV.

To spill the bed it war a pane,
Quod he, the laird wald not be fane
To find it towtit and ourtred.
Quo scho, I fall mak it agane,
And ye wald spill the lairdis bed.

V.

And I had you in sum place quhair
That I nicht speik, and no thing spair.
Quo scho, ye ma haif me un-led,
Suppois it war ane myill and mair,
With yow to spill the lairdis bed.

VI.

Yit I wald thraw yow down, he sayis,
 Wer not for fyling of your clayis.
 Quhat rek, quo scho, I am weill cled?
 Ye ar our red for windil strayis,
 That dar not spill the lairdis bed.

VII.

Thair wes na bouk intill his breyk;
 His doingis wes not wirth a laik.
 Fy on him, fowmart! now is he fled,
 And left the maidin swowping feik,
 And durst not spill the lairdis bed.

ANE AVENTUR ON WEDDINSDAY.

From the BANN. MS.

I.

In Sommer quhen flouris fweitt smell,
As I fure our feild and fell,
Alone I wanderit by ane well
On Weddinsday,
I met a cleir under a kell,
A weil-fard may.

II.

Scho had ane hat upon hir heid,
Of claver cleir, baith quhyte and reid,
With cat-lukis strynklit in that steid,
And fynkill grein.
Wit ye weill to weir that weid,
Wald weil hir seim.

III.

Ane pair of beids about hir throt,
Ane *agnus Dei* with nobill not,
Jyngland weill with mony joitt,
War hingand doun.
It was full ill to find ane moitt
Upon hir gown.

IV.-

Als sone as I that schene cuth fé,
I halfit hir with hart maist fré,—
I luve yow weill, and nocht to lé,
Wald ye me lane—
“Out hay!” quod scho, “My joy lat be;
“Ye speik in vane.

V.

V.

"Quhat is the thing that ye wald haif?"——
 Nathing bot a kyfs I craif,
 As I that huffs yow ovr the laif,
 Wald ye me trow.
 "Gif that yow may of sorrow saif,
 "Cum tak it now."

VI.

Than kisset I hir anis or twyifs,
 And scho gan gruntill as a gryifs;
 "Allace! quo scho, I am unwyifs
 " That is fa meit.——
 "Tifs lyk that ye had eiten pyifs,
 " Ye ar fa sweit.

VII.

"My hatt is yours of proper dett:"
 And on my heid scho couth it sett.
 Than in my armis I did hir plett,
 And scho to thraw.
 Allace! quo scho, ye gar me fwett,
 Ye wirk fa flaw.

VIII.

Than doun we fell bayth in feir.
 "Allace! quo scho, that I cam heir:
 "I trow this labowr I may yow leir,
 " Thocht I be yung.
 "Yit I feir I fall by full deir
 " Your sweit kyffing."

IX.

Than to ly still scho wald nocht blin.
 "Allace!" quod scho, "my awin sweit thing,
 "Your courtly foedding garris me fling,
 " Ye wink fa weill;
 "I fall yow cuver quhen that ye cling;
 " Sa haif I feill.

X.

" Sen ye stummer not for my skyppis,
 " Bot hald your taikill be my hippis,
 " I byd a quhassil of your quhippis.
 " Thocht it be mirk,
 " Bot an ye will I schrew the lippis,
 " That fyrst fall irk."

XI.

Als fone as we our deid had done,
 Scho reifs fone up and askit hir schone,
 Als tyrit as scho had weschin a sponne.
 To yow I fay,
 This aventur anis to me come
 On Weddinfsday.

There is something in the manner of this and the preceding poem that inclines one to ascribe them to the author of " Wa worth maryage," page 195. I observe that a brother of Sir Walter Ker of Cessford was, at this time, abbot of Kelso: Probably Clapperton might belong to the same Monastery; or to that of Melrose, within three miles to the north of Bowden.

THE LUVARIS LAMENT.
From the BANN. MS.

I.

PANSG in hairt, with spreit oppress,
This hindernycht bygon,
My corps for walking wes molest,
For lufe only of on.
Allace ! quhome to fuld I mak mon,
Sen this come to lait :
Cauld could culis the lufe
That kendills ou'r het.

II.

Hir bewty, and hir maikles maik,
Dois reif my spreit me fro,
And cauffis me no rest to tak,
Bot tumbling to and fro.
My curage than is hence ago,
Sen I may nocht hir gett :
Cauld could culis the lufe
That kendills ou'r het.

III.

Hir first to lufe quhen I began,
I troud scho luvit me ;
Bot I, allace ! wes nocht the man,
That best pleisit her é :
Thairfoir will I let dolour be,
And gang ane uthir gett :
Cauld could culis the lufe
That kendills ou'r het.

IV.

SANG AGANIS THE LADYES.

From MR PINKERTON's edition of the MAIT. Poems.

I.

Of ladies bewtie to declair
I do rejois to tell ;
Quhan thai ar young, men think tham fair,
And lustie lyk to fell;
Thay do appeir for to excell,
Sa wounderous moy thai mak it,
Sueit, sueit is thair bewis,
Ay quhil thay be contractit.

II.

Quhan thai have thair virginitie,
Thay seim to be ane sanct ;
Seim as thay knew divinitie.
Na propertie thai want.
Quha swers thame trew, and seims constant,
And trefts in all thay say,
Sune, sune he is begylit,
And lichtlied for ay.

III.

Sen Adam, our progenitour
First creat be the Lord,
Beleiv'd his wickit paramour,
Quha consal'd him discord ;
Persuading him for to accord
Unto the deil's report ;
Dull, dull dreis the man
That trefts into that fort.

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VIII.

No, no, I will nocht trow as yet,
 That scho will leif me so,
 Nor yit that scho will chenge or flit,
 As thoch scho be my fo.
 Thairfoir will I lat dolour go,
 And gang ane uthir gait :
 Could could culis the lufe
 That kendills ou'r het.

FETHY.

In the "Complaint of Scotland, 1549," two different songs of *The Broom* seem to be mentioned. One of them probably was *Lew down in the broom*, to which air the measure of this *Lament* appears to correspond with peculiar exactness. In Mr Pinkerton's list, the name is by mistake *Selby* instead of *Fethy*, of whom no other monument now remains.

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Of ladyes bewtie to declair
I do rejois to tell ;
Quhan thai ar young, men think tham fair,
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Sa wouderous moy thai mak it,
Sueit, sueit is thair bewis,
Ay quhil thay be contractit,

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Na propertie thai want.
Quha fwers thame trew, and seims constant,
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That trests into that fort.

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IV.

Bot thair is mony Adams now
 And evir in this land ;
 Sic bestlie men subjectit bow,
 Ay redie at command ;
 Quhateir thair wyfes dois thame demand,
 Thay wrik it many wayis ;
 Ay fraydant at the man,
 Quhil thay bring him our flayis.

V.

Our lords ar so degenerat,
 Syn ladeis tuke sic ster,
 Thay spend thair rents upon thair weids ;
 And baneist hes gud cheir.
 Thair goldfmyth wark it gois so deir,
 To counterfit grit princis ;
 Lords, your ladye-wyfes, but weir,
 Put yow to grit expencis.

VI.

Thair belts, thair broches, and thair rings,
 Mak biggings bair at hame ;
 Thair hudes, thair chymours, thair garnyfings,
 For to agment thair fame.
 Scho fall thairfoir be calt Madame ;
 Botand the laird maid Knycht.
 Grit, grit is thair grace.
 Howbeit thair rents be slicht.

VII.

The lairds that drank guid wyn, and ale,
 Ar now faine to drink smattis ;
 Thay top the beir, and cheips the meil,
 The ladie sawis the aittis.
 The jakmen and the laird debaitis ;
 Dishonorit is thair name.
 Ry, fy on thame all,
 For thai regard no schame.

VIII.

VIII.

Scho sayis, an the laird had men,
 That he wald wodset land,
 Quhilk waistit is by hir wemen.
 Mahoun refave that band !
 For thay will waist mair under hand,
 Nor quhat us weil staik may.
 Ladyes and lairds, gar hound your dogs,
 And hoy the queins away.

IX.

Sen hunger now gois up and down,
 And na gud for the jakmen ;
 The lairds and ladyes ryde of the toun,
 For feir of hungerie bakmen.
 The ladyes at the yet dois shack thame,
 Regarding no remeid.
 Short, short be thair lyvis ;
 And duleful be thair deid.

St. 1. l. 4. " — to fell" is probably incorrect, but no preferable reading seems sufficiently obvious to warrant an alteration.

St. 9. l. 5. " — shack thame," i. e. chack or check them. About this time the great Land-holders began to dispense with the attendance of jack-men, or armed men on horse-back ; and the Ladies to employ a greater number of female servants. Upon this circumstance a great part of the song seems to turn.

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 Thay wirk it many wayis ;
 Ay fraydant at the man,
 Quhil thay bring him our stayis.

V.

Our lords ar so degenerat,
 Syn ladeis tuke sic ster,
 Thay spend thair rents upon thair weids ;
 And baneist hes gud cheir.
 Thair goldsmith wark it gois so deir,
 To counterfit grit princis ;
 Lords, your ladye-wyfes, but weir,
 Put yow to grit expencis.

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ANE BALLAT OF EVILL WYFFIS.

BY FLEMING.

I.

BE mirry, bretherene, ane and all,
And sett all sturt on syd ;
And every ane togidder call,
To God to be our gyd :
For als lang leivis the mirry man,
As dois the wreech, for ocht he can ;
Quhen deid him streks, he wait nocht quhan,
And chairgis him to byd.

II.

The riche than fall nocht sparit be,
Thocht thay haif gold and land,
Nor yit the fair, for thair bewty,
Can nocht that chairge ganestand :
Thocht wicht or waik wald fle away,
No dowl bot all mon ransone pay ;
Quhat place, or quhair, can no man say,
Be he, or yit be land.

III.

Quhairfoir my counsaill, brethir, is,
That we togidder sing,
And all to loif that Lord of blifs,
That is of hevynis King :
Quha knawis the secreit thochts and dowl,
Of all our haitis round about ;
And he quha thinks him nevir so stout,
Mene thoill that puniffing.

IV.

IV.

Quhat man but stryf, in all his lyfe,
 Doith test moir of deids pane;
 Nor dois the man quhilk on the fie
 His leving seiks to gane:
 For quhen distrefs dois him opprefs,
 Than to the Lord for his redrefs,
 Quha gaif command for all exprefs
 To call, and nocht refrane.

V.

The myrryest man that leivis on lyfe,
 He sailis on the fie;
 For he knowis nowdir sturt nor stryfe,
 Bot blyth and mirry be;
 Bot he that hes ane evill wyfe,
 Hes sturt and sorrow all his lyfe;
 And that man quilk leivis ay in stryfe,
 How can he mirry be?

VI.

Ane evill wyfe is the werst aucht,
 That ony man can haif;
 For he may nevir fit in faucht,
 Onless he be hir sleaif:
 Bot of that fort I knaw nanè uder,
 But owthir a kukald, or his bruder;
 Fondlars and kukalds all togidder,
 May wifs thair wyfis in graif.

VII.

Becaus thair wyfis hes maistry,
 That thay dar nawayis cheip,
 Bot gif it be in privity,
 Quhan thair wyfis ar on sleip:
 Ane mirry in thair cumpany,
 Wer to thame worth baith gold and sie;
 Ane menstrall could nocht bocht be,
 Thair mirth gif he could beitt.

VIII.

VIII.

Bot of that sort quilk I report,
 I knaw nane in this ring;
 Bot we may all, baith grit and small,
 Glandly baith dance and sing:
 Quha list nocht heir to mak gud cheir,
 Perchance his guds ane uthir yeir
 Be spent, quhen he is brocht to beir,
 Quhen his wyfe tak the fling.

IX.

It hes bene sene, that wyfe wemen,
 Eftir thair husbands deid,
 Hes gottin men, hes gart thame ken,
 Gif thay mycht beir grit laid.
 With ane grene fling, hes gart thame bring,
 The geir quibilk won wés be ane dring;
 And syne gart all the bairnis sing
 Ramukloch in thair bed.

X.

Than wad scho say, Allace! this day,
 For him that wan this geir;
 Quhen I him had, I skairfly said,
 My hairt anis mak gud cheir.
 Or I had lettin him spend a plak,
 I lever haif wittin him brokin his bak;
 Or ellis his craig had gottin a crak
 Our the heicht of the stair.

XI.

Ye neigartis, then example tak,
 And leir to spend your awin;
 And with gud freynds ay murry mak,
 That it may be weil knawin,
 That thow art he quha wan this geir:
 And for thy wyfe sé thou nocht spair,
 With gud freynds ay to mak repair,
 Thy honesty may be shawin.

XII.

XII.

Finis, quoth I, quha settis nocht by,
 The ill wyffis of this toun,
 Thocht for dispyt, with me wald flyt,
 Gif thay micht put me down.
 Gif ye wald knaw quha maid this sang,
 Quhiddir ye will him heid or hang,
Flemyngis his name quhair evir he gang,
 In place, or in quhat toun.

FLEMYNG.

St. 1. l. 8. "And chairgis him to byd." This is a law phrase, and is nearly synonymous with the English phrase, "arrests him." A charge is an order issued in the name of the Sovereign, and intimated to the party by some one legally authorised to that effect.

Every reader will perceive a want of connection in this poem: The first and second stanzas contain moral reflections on the certainty of death; the third is a religious inference; the fourth mentions the dangers attending the profession of a sailor; the fifth insensibly slides into an invective on froward wives; and this subject is carried on through the rest of the poem, with some wit, and much acrimony of expression.

St. 7. l. 5. "Ane mirry in thair company," &c. The meaning is, to such hen-pecked husbands a chearful companion would be a most valuable acquisition. A musician that could keep them in tune, would be worth any money.

St. 9. l. 5. "With ane grene sling." Probably sling, a slender hazzle stick new cut, for the purpose of giving moderate correction to a wife. This was a power which our rude legislature in former times committed to husbands.

ANE

ANE DESCRIPTION OF PEDDER COFFEIS.

From the BANN. Collection.

I.

It is my purpois to discryve
This holy perfyte genologie
Of pedder knavis superlatyve,
Pretendand to awtoretie,
That wait of nocht bot beggartie.
Ye burges sonis prevene thir lownis,
That wald distroy nobilitie,
And baneis it all borrow townis.

II.

Thay ar declarit in seven pairtis,
Ane scroppit cofe quhen he begynnys,
Sornand all and findry airtis,
For to by hennis reid-wod he rynnys ;
He lokis thame up in to his innis
Unto ane derth, and sellis thair eggis,
Regraitandly on thame he wynnys,
And secondly his meit he beggis.

III.

Ane swyngeour coife, amangis the wyvis,
In land-wart dwellis with subteill menis,
Exponand thame auld sanctis lyvis,
And fanis thame with deid mennis banis ;
Lyk Rome-rakaris, with awsterne granis,
Speikand curlyk ilk ane till uder ;
Peipand pearly with peteous granis,
Lyk senyeit *Symmie* and his bruder.

IV.

IV.

Thir cur coffeis that sailis oure sone,
And thretty sum abowt ane pak,
With bair blew bonattis and hobbeld schone,
And beir bonnokis with thame thay tak ;
Thay schamed schrewis, God gif thame lak,
At none quhen merchantis makis gud cheir,
Steilis doun, and lysis behind ane pak,
Drinkand bot dreggis and barmy beir.

V.

Knaifatica coff misknawis himsell,
Quhen he gettis in a furrir gown ;
Grit Lucifer, maister of hell,
Is nocht sa helie as that loun ;
As he cummis brankand throw the toun,
With his keis clynkand on his arme.
That calf clovin-futtit fleid custroun,
Will mary nane bot a burges bairne.

VI.

Ane dyvour coffe, that wirry hen,
Distroyis the honor of our natioun,
Takis gudis to frist fra fremit men,
And brekis than his obligatioun ;
Quhillk dois the marchands defamatioun ;
Thay ar reprévit for that regratour.
Thairfoir we gif our declaratioun,
To hang and draw that common tratour.

VII.

Ane curlorous coffe, that hege-skraiper,
He sittis at hame quhen that thay baik,
That pedder brybour, that schieip-keipar,
He tellis thame ilk ane caik by caik ;
Syne lokkes thame up, and takis a faik,
Betwixt his dowblett and his jackett,
And eitis thame in the buith—that smaik ;
God that he mort into ane rakkett.

VIII.

Ane cathedrall coffe, he is our riche,
 And hes na hap his gude to spend,
 Bot levis lyk ane wareit wreche,
 And trestis nevir till tak ane end;
 With falsheid evir dois him defend,
 Proceeding still in averice,
 And levis his faule na gude comend,
 Bot walkis ane wilsome wey, I wifs.

IX.

I you exhort all that is heiz,
 That reidis this bill, ye wald it schaw
 Unto the provest, and him requair,
 That he will geif thir coffis the law,
 And baneis thame the burges raw,
 And to the scho streit ye thame ken;
 Syne cut thair luggis, that ye may know,
 Thir peddir knavis be burges men.

What the author meant by *coffis*, he explains St. i. l. 3. where he speaks of "pedder knavis." *Coffe*, in the modern Scottish language, means *ruffic*. The sense here is peddling merchants. The seven sorts are, 1. An higgler and forestaller; 2. A lewd parish priest; 3. A merchant who traffics in company upon too small a stock; 4. Though obscurely expressed, is a low born fellow, who intrudes himself into the magistracy of a royal burgh; 5. A fraudulent bankrupt; 6. A miser; 7. A dignified churchman: the character of each is drawn from the living manners of that age.

St. 2. l. 3. "*Sornand* all and findry *airs*." This scroppit or contemptible dealer is represented as going about in every quarter *sornand*; a contraction from *sojourning*. Hence sorners, or sojourners, which so often occurs in our more ancient statutes. He is here described as solicitous in purchasing fowls, profiting by the sale of their eggs, forestalling the market, and drawing advantage from a dearth. These are topics of popular discontent, which the legislature has sometimes sanctified by inextricable statutes.

My reason for imagining that scroppit means contemptible, is founded on the following passage in Knox, p. 93. "Thair was presentit to
 " the

" the Quein Regent a calfe having two heidis; whairat she scorppit,
" and said, it was bot a common thing."

St. 3. A rascally wench among the married women, resides in the country, versant in the arts of subtilty; he interprets to them the legends of the saints, and sanctifies them with dead men's bones or relics. Such persons seem to have raked the streets of Rome for every superstitious foolery. Sometimes they growl like dogs, in the offices of religion; sometimes they pitifully whine like the hypocritical *Symmye and his brother*. See vol. I. p. 360.

The first part of this description alludes to the lascivious and inordinate lives of the secular clergy. The description of their employment in the country resembles that which the younger Vossius profanely gave of a friend of his: " Est sacrificulus in pago quodam, et decipit rusticos."

St. 4. l. 1. 2. " Thir cur coffeis that sailis our sone,
" And thretty-sum about ane pak."

By act 24. parl. 4. James V. it is provided, " That na merchand sail, without he have ane halfe last of gudes of his awin, or else in governance, as factour, to uthir merchandes." And by act 25. " That na schip be frauchted out of the realme, with ony staple gudes, fra the feast of Simon's day and Judes, (28. Oct.) unto the feast of the purification of our lady, called Candlemas." The reader will now perceive what it was to sail too early, and wherein they offended, who, to the number of thirty, were joint adventurers in one pack of goods.

St. 5. l. 1. " *Knaifatica* coff misknawis himself." The word *knaifatica* has been invented to describe a pedlar of mean servile original. Every one knows, that knave formerly meant a servant. It is probable that this stanza was aimed at some living character, remarkable for the insolence of office.

[Those who most frequently held the office of Provost of Edinburgh during the latter part of this reign, were Lord Seaton, Douglas of Kilspindie, and Symon Prestoun of Prestoun.]

—— l. 6. " With his keis clynkand on his arme." The keys of a city are considered as the symbols of trust and power, and therefore they may have been borne by Magistrates. It is an ancient custom for the chief magistrate of a city to deliver the keys to the Sovereign, upon his first entry.

St. 6. l. 1. " Ane dyvour coffe." This stanza describes, in very emphatical terms, the offence of one who, while unable or unwilling to pay, deals upon credit with foreign merchants.

St. 7. l. 7. " And citis thame in the buith that smaik." The word *smaik* means a pitiful ignominious fellow. It occurs in a curious poem by the Earl of Glencairn, preserved in Knox. See p. 71. of this vol.

" They

" They smaikis dois fet their hail intent,
 " To reid the Inglisthe New Testament."

The churl here described, after having carefully numbered his cakes, conveys one of them under his cloaths, and eats it in his booth or shop.

St. 9. l. 6. 7. " And to the sche-strait ye thame ken,
 " Syne cut thair luggis," &c.

Shoes are still sold at Edinburgh in the upper part of the Grassmarket, which formerly was also the place of execution. It is probable that lesser punishments, such as that of cutting off the ears of delinquents, were anciently inflicted in the same place. It has been suggested to the editor, that by Scho-strait, a street in Perth, still termed the Shoe-gate, is understood: But there seems no reason for supposing that this poem was composed at Perth, or that the Shoe-gate in Perth was a place of punishment.

GENERAL

GENERAL SATYRE,
From the BANN. Collection,

I.

All rychtous thing the quilk dois now proceid,
Is crownit lyk unto an emperers ;
Law hes defyt guerdoun and his meid,
Settis hir trewth on hicht as ane goddes ;
Gud faith hes flyttin with fraud and dowbilnes,
And prudenfe seis all thingis that cummis beforne,
Following the trace of perfyte stabilnes,
Als evin be lyne rycht as a rammis horne.

II.

Princis of custome mantenis rycht in deid,
And prelettis levis in clyne perfytnes ;
Knychtis luvis, God wat, bot littill falsheid,
And preistis hes reffusit all riches ;
All religioun levis in holines ;
Thay bene in vertew, and full fair upborne ;
Invy in court can no man se increfs ;
Als leill by lyne rycht as a rammis horne.

III.

Marchands of louker takes bot littill hede,
Thair usury is fetterit with discrefs ;
And for to speik also of womanhede,
Baneist frome thame is all new fangilnes ;
Thay haif left pryd, and takin to meiknes,
Quhois pacience is bot newly watt and schorne ;
Thair tungis hes no tuiching of scherpnis ;
Als leill by lyne rycht as a rammis horne.

IV.

IV.

Pure men compleis now, bot for no neid,
 The riche gevis ay feik almoufs, as I gefs;
 With plenty ay the hungry thay do feid,
 Clethis the nakit in thair wrechitnefs;
 And cherité is now a cheif maistref;,
 Sklander fra her toung hes pullit out the thorne,
 Discretioun dois all hir lawis exprefs,
 Als leill by lyne rycht as a rammis horne.

V.

Out of this land, or ellis God forbede,
 Baneift is fraud, falshaid, and fekilnefs;
 Flattery is fled, and that for verry drede;
 Both riche and pure hes takin thame to sadnefs;
 Laubararis wirkis with all thair beffinefs;
 Day nor nycht, nor hour, can be forborne
 Bot swynk and fueit, to voyd all ydilnefs;
 Als leill by lyne rycht as a rammis horne.

VI.

Princis rememberis, and providently takis hede,
 How vertew is of vyce a hé goddeffs;
 Our faith nocht haltis, we leif evin as our crede
 In wurd and deid, as wark berris witnefs;
 All ipocritis hes left thair frawardnefs;
 Thus weidit is the poppill fra the corne;
 And every stait is governit, as I gefs,
 Als leill by lyne rycht as a rammis horne.

St. x. l. 3. "Law hes defyit guerdoun and his meid." The best commentary that I can make upon this line is to transcribe, act 104, parliament 7. James V. 1540. "It is statute and ordained, That for
 "sa meikle as it has bene heavilie murmured to our Sovereine Lorde,
 "that his lieges has bene greatlie hurte in times bygane be judges,
 "baith spiritual and temporal, quha hes not been allanerlie judges, bot
 "plaine solistares, partial counselloures, assisters and partakers with
 "sum of the parties, and hes tane great geare and profite.

"Therefore

" Therefore it is statute and ordained, in times cumming, That all
 " justice, schireffes, Lordes of Session, bailies of regalities, provost and
 " bailies of burrowes, and uther deputes, and all uther judges, spiritual
 " and temporal, alsweill within regalities as royaltie, fall do trew and
 " equal justice to all our Sovereine Lordis lieges, without ony partial
 " counsell, rewardes, or buddes taking, further ther is permitted of the
 " law, (meaning sentence money,) under the paine of tinfell of their
 " honour, fame, and dignitie, gif they be tainted and convicted of the
 " famin : And gif ony maner of person murmuris ony judge, temporal
 " or spiritual, allweill Lordes of Session, as uthers, and proves not the
 " same sufficientlie, he fall be punished in semblable manner and sorte,
 " as the saide judge or person whom he murmuris, and fall pay ane
 " paine arbitral, at the will of the King's Grace, or his counsell, for the
 " infaming of sik persones ; providing alwaies, gif ony spiritual man
 " failyies, that he be called before his judge ordinar."

——— l. 5. " Hes *flyttin* with fraud," &c. Has removed from fraud.
Flytt is *vertere solum*, particularly used of tenants who quit their posses-
 sion. The word *flit*, in modern English, implies not so much the remo-
 ving from any one place, as the fluctuating from one place to another.

St. 2. l. 2. " And preletis levis in clyne perfytness." In a Provincial
 council held 1549, one great cause of heresy was declared to be, " in
 " personis ecclesiasticis, omnium ferè graduum, morum corruptela ac
 " *vita profana obscenitas*;" Wilkins's Concil. tom. 4. p. 46. to. p. 60.

——— l. 5. " All religioun levis in holiness." The word religious
 is here used for monastic orders.

St. 3. l. 6. " Quhois patience is bot newly watt and schorne." In
 allusion to the manner of dressing cloath ; as if he had said, Womens
 patience is just cut out of the loom, and nothing the worse of the wear-
 ing.

OF MEN EVILL TO PLEISS.

From the BANN. Collection.

I.

Foure mener of men are evill to pleiss ;
Ane is, that riches hes and eiss,
Gold, silver, corne, cattell, and ky,
And wald haif part fra uthiris by.
Ane uthir is of land and rent,
So grit a lord, and so potent,
That he may not it rewill nor gy,
And yet wald haif fra uthiris by.

II.

The thrid dois eik so dourly drink,
And aill and wyne within him sink,
Quhill in his wame no rowm be dry,
And yet wald haif fra uthiris by.
The last that hes, of nobill blude,
Ane lusty lady fair and gude,
Both vertewis, wyifs, and womanly,
Bot yet wald haif ane uthir by.

III.

In end, no wicht I can persaif
Of gude so grit aboundance haif,
Nor in this warld so welthful wy,
Bot yet he wald haif uthir by.
Bot yet of all this gold and gud,
Or uthir conyie, to conclude,
Quha evir it hais, it is not I ;
It gois fra me to uthiris by.

PRUDENT

PRUDENT COUNSALE ANENT LENDING.

From the BANNATYNE MS.

I.

OFT times is better hald nor len,
And this is my skill and reffone quhy;
Full evill to knaw ar mony men,
And to be crabbit fettis littil by.
Thay hald thè for his innemy
To craif the thing that thow hes lent.
Thefe for I red the verrely,
Quhome to thou lennis tak rycht gud tent.

II.

To mony men it dois grit hurt,
And oft of freindis it makis fais,
And baith the pairties haldis in sturt,
Quhen that the ane thè uthir cravis.
So wretchitnefs a man diffavis;
Within himself he thinkis a paine,
Of thing that he poffeffione havis,
For to reftore or gif againe.

III.

Thairfor is better hald nor draw,
Gar nocht thy awin geir ftryve with thé;
The perfone bot thou rycht weill knaw,
That he nicht trest and ficker be.
For thou may oft tymes heir and fe,
That mony man his awin thing lenis,
Quhairthrow he winnis grit mawgré,
Off thankles men that it mifkenis.

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IV.

IV.

Thairfor me think is better than,
 To hald in thy possession,
 Nor crave it fra ane uthir man
 That is of evill condition,
 Quha keipis no promission.
 Quhat dois thou than bot flyttis and fechtis,
 Or thou gett restitution
 Of him that keipis not his hechtis !

V.

It war mor treft in to thi purfs,
 Nor puttit in to rakles handis,
 To gar thè wary, ban and curfs,
 Seikand thy dettopris in fundry landis.
 Be war and keip thé fro sic bandis,
 My counsale is, gud freind, and bruder ;
 This fals warld now sa it standis,
 That rycht few ar treftis in anodder.

VI.

Gife ony man hes thé at feid,
 For thy awin gud I counsale thé,
 Ay with full hand se that thou pleid,
 Sua gife it may no better be.
 Thy geir to want and win maugré,
 To thé it is bot double skaith.
 Man, for thy mair securitie,
 Of anc be ficker, and tyne not baith.

IN PRAISE OF THE WORTHY KNYCHT SIR PENNY.

From the BANN. Collection.

I.

Rycht fane wald I my quantans mak
With *Sir Penny* ; and wat ye quhy ?
He is a man will undertak
Lands for to sell, and als to by.
Thairfoir, me think, rycht fane wuld I,
With him in fellofchip to repair ;
Becaus he is in cumpany
Ane noble gyd bayth lait and air.

II.

Sir Penny for till hald in hand,
His cumpany thay think so sweit,
Sum givis na cair to sell his land,
With gud *Sir Penny* for to meit ;
Because he is a noble spreit,
Ane furthy man, and forfèand ;
Thair is no mater to end compleit,
Quhill he sett to his seill and hand.

III.

Sir Penny is a vailyeant man,
Off mekle strenth and dignitie,
And evir sen the warld began,
In to this land autoreift is he ;
With king and quene may ye nocht fé,
They treit him ay so tendirly,
That thair can na thing endit be,
Without him in thair cumpany ?

IV.

IV.

Sir Penny is a man of law,
 Witt ye weill, bayth wyis and war,
 And mony reffonis can furth schaw,
 Quhen he is standand at the bar ;
 Is nane so wyis can him defar,
 Quhen he proponis furth ane plé,
 Nor yit sa hardy man that dar
Sir Penny tyne, or dissobey.

V.

Sir Penny is baith scherp and wyis,
 The kirks to steir he takkis on hand ;
 Disponar he is of benefyis,
 In to this realme, our all the land,
 Is none so wicht dar him ganestand ;
 So wyisly can *Sir Penny* wirk,
 And als *Sir Symony* his fervand,
 That now is gydar of the kirk.

VI.

Gif to the courte thow maks repair,
 And thow haif materis to proclame,
 Thow art unable weill to fair,
Sir Penny and thow leif at hame.
 To bring him furth thynk thow na schame,
 I do ye weill to understand ;
 Into thy bag beir thow his name,
 Thy mater cummis the bettir till hand.

VII.

Sir Penny now is maid ane owle,
 Thay wirk him mekle tray and tene,
 Thay hald him in quhill he hair-mowle,
 And makis him blind of baith his ene ;
 Thairowt he is bot seyndill sene,
 Sa fast thairain they can him steik,
 That pure commownis can nocht obtene
 Ane day to byd with him to speik.

St. 5. l. 7. "And als Sir Symony his fervand." Upon the death of William Douglas, Abbot of Holyrood, Buchanan says, "Sacerdotium ejus Robertus Carnierucius, homo humili loco natus, sed pecuniosus, a Rege, tum a pecuniis inopi, redemit; novo genere fraudis elusâ lege ambitus, quæ sacerdotia venire vetat: sponfione scilicet victus, qua, magnâ pecuniâ depositâ, contenderat, Regem non cum proximo sacerdotio vacuo donaturum;" l. 14. c. 35. He wagered with the king, That he should not be provided to the first vacant benefice; and he lost.—This childish popular tale has been occasionally revived. It is to be found in a recent publication of secret and scandalous history.

The origin of this burlesque allegory, and of another in the same style, (see vol. 1. p. 139.) is probably to be found in the following song, published by Mr Ritson, partly in Anglo Saxon character, from the Sloane MS. in the British Museum, of the time of Henry VI. if not earlier.

Peny is an hardy knyght,
Peny is mekyl of myght,
Peny of wrong he makyth ryght,
In every cuntrie quer he go.

Thow I have a man yslawe,
And forfetyd the kyngis un-lawe,
I schal fyndyn a man of lawe
Wyl takyn myn peny and let me go:

If I have to don, fer or ner,
And Peny be myn messenger,
Than am I no thing in dwer,
My cause schal be wol do.

If I have pens bothe good and syn,
Men wyl byddyn me to the wyn,
"That I have schall by thync,"
Sekyrly thei wil seyn fo.

And quan I have non in myn purs,
Peny bet ne peny wers,
Of me thei holdyn but lytil fors,
He was a man let hym go.

THE WOWING OF JOK AND JYNNY:

From the BANN. Collection.

I.

ROBEYNS Jok come to wow our Jynny;
On our feist evin quhen we wer fow;
Scho brankit fast, and maid hir bony,
And said, Jok, come ye for to wow?
• Scho burneist hir baith breist and brow,
And maid her cleir as ony klok;
Than spak hir deme, and said, I trow,
Ye come to wow our Jynny, Jok.

II.

Jok said, Forsuth I yern full fane,
To lut my heid, and sit down by yow.
Than spak hir modir, and said agane,
My bairne hes tocher-gud to gé yow.
Té hé, quoth Jynny, keik, keik, I fé yow.
Muder, yone man maks you a mok.
I schro the lyar, full leis me yow,
I come to wow your Jynny, quoth Jok.

III.

My berne, scho sayis, hes of hir awin,
Ane gufs, ane gryce, ane cok, ane hen,
Ane calf, ane hog, ane fute-braid sawin,
Ane kirn, ane pin, that ye weill ken,
Ane pig, ane pot, ane raip thair ben,
Ane fork, ane flaik, ane reill, ane rok,
Dischis and dublaris nyne or ten:
Come ye to wow our Jynny, Jok?

IV.

IV.

Ane blanket, and ane wecht also,
Ane schule, ane scheit, and ane lang flail,
Ane ark, ane almry, and laidills two,
Ane milk-fyth, with ane fwyne-tail,
Ane rowsty quhittill to scheir the kaill,
Ane quheill, ane mell the beir to knok,
Ane coig, ane caird wantand ane naill;
Come ye to wow our Jynny, Jok?

V.

Ane furme, ane furlet, ane pott, ane pek,
Ane tub, ane barrow, with ane quheilband,
Ane turs, ane troch, and ane meil-fek,
Ane spurtill braid, and ane elwand.
Jok tuk Jynny be the hand,
And cryd, Ane feist; and flew ane cok,
And maid a brydell upaland;
Now haif I gottin your Jynny, quoth Jok.

VI.

Now, deme, I haif your bairne mareit;
Suppois ye mak it nevir fa tuche,
I lat you wit schois nocht miskareit,
It is weill kend I haif anuch:
Ane crukit gleyd fell our ane huch,
Ane spaid, ane speit, ane spur, ane fok,
Withouthin oxin I haif a pluche
To gang togiddir Jynny and Jok.

VII.

I haif ane helter, and eik ane hek,
Ane coird, ane creill, and als an cradill,
Fyfe fiddir of raggis to stuff ane jak,
Ane auld pannell of ane laid sadill,
Ane pepper-polk maid of a padell,
Ane spounge, ane spindill wantand ane nok,
Twa lusty lippis to lik ane laiddill,
To gang togidder Jynny and Jok.

VIII.

Ane brechame, and twa brochis fyne
 Weill bukkit with a brydill renyé,
 Ane fark maid of the linkome twyne,
 Ane gay grene cloke that will nocht stenyé;
 And yit for mifter I will nocht fenyé,
 Fyve hundirth fleis now in a flok.
 Call ye nocht tham ane joly menyé,
 To gang togiddir Jynny, and Jok?

IX.

Ane trene truncheour, ane ramehorne sponé,
 Twa buttis of barkit blasnit ledder,
 All graith that gains to hobbill schone,
 Ane thrawcruk to twyne ane tedder,
 Ane brydill, ane grith, and ane fwyne bledder,
 Ane maskene-fatt, ane fetterit lok,
 Ane scheip weill kept fra ill wedder,
 To gang togiddir, Jynny and Jok.

X.

Tak thair for my parte of the feist;
 It is weill knawin I am weill bodin;
 Ye may nocht say my parte is leist.
 The wyfe said, Speid, the kaill ar foddin,
 And als the lyfferoch is fustand loddin;
 Quhen ye haif done tak hame the brok.
 The rost wes tuche, sa wer thay bodin;
 Syn gaid togiddir bayth, Jynny and Jok.

This well known poem, given faithfully from the MS. exhibits a ludicrous picture of the *curta supellex* of the Scottish Commons in the 16th century. Probably it has been intended to ridicule the miscellaneous list of moveables which, by established custom in Scotland, belonged to certain heirs of line, somewhat like the English heir-looms. See appendix to Hope's *Minor Practicks* 1734, p. 538.

St. i. l. i. "Robeyns Jok;" i. e. Jok the son of Robin, or Robin's son. Proper surnames came late into Scotland.

St. 1. l. 3. "Scho *brankit* fast, and maïd hir *bony*." She tript away hastily, and dressed herself out to the best advantage. [*Brankit fast*, dressed herself hastily. E.]

—— 1. 6. "Cleir as ony *clot*." Clear as a *clot*, or beetle; a proverbial expression, alluding to the bright polish on the body of that insect.

St. 2. l. 1. 2. — "I yern full fane,

"To *lut* my heid, and sit down by you." MS.

I understand this to mean, (says Lord Hailes,) "I earnestly long to sit down at your side, after having first searched my head, that there be no animals about me." A refinement in rustic courtship! [Perhaps rather an error of the transcriber for "lout," or lower my head. E.]

—— 1. 7. "I schro the lyar, full leis me yow." The young lady having told her mother, that she suspected the sincerity of her wooer, he tenderly answers, "Curse you for a liar, I love you heartily."

St. 3. l. 3. "Ane fute-braid sawing." Corn sufficient to sow a foot-breadth, or a foot-breadth of ground on which one may sow. Here the author, straining to make a ludicrous description of braggart poverty, has transgressed the bounds of probability. The idea, however, has pleased; for in a more modern Scottish ballad, the following lines occur.

"I ha a wie lairdschip down in the Merse,

"The nyntenth pairt of a gusse's gerse,

"And I wo' na cum every day to wow."

[*Fute-braid* perhaps ought to be *fute-gait*, what he could delve; in opposition to plough-gate.]

St. 7. l. 3. "Fyfe fiddler of raggis to stuff an jak." A quantity of rags, wherewith to quilt my coat of mail. By the 87th statute, parliament 6. James V. it was provided, "That all yeamen have *jacks* of plate."

—— 1. 6. "Ane spounge." This probably means a *spung*, or purse, which closes with a spring. A. S. *bung* or *pung*. In Scotland the word *spung* is still used for a *foh*. Skinner gives an example of what he calls *lingua mystica erronum*, or Gypsy cant. "To nip a bung:" This is from A. S. *niipen*. *digitis vellicare*, and *bung* or *pung*, *marsupium*. It would be curious to inquire, whether the cant of Gypsies be any thing more than corrupted Anglo Saxon, or corrupted French, just as those outcasts from civil society are of Anglo Saxon or French original.

St. 8. l. 3. "Ane fark maid of the *linkome* twyne." A shirt made of the Lincoln twine; a sort of closth so called. Thus, in Chrystis kirk of the grene, St. 2. l. 5. "Thair kirtillis wer of lincome light." [*Linkome*, linen. E. See *Glossary*.]

St. 10. l. 1. "Tak thair for my parte of the teist." Such are my effects, sufficient to set off against yours; or, in the vulgar phrase, to pay my share of the reckoning.

—— l. 5. The MS. reads, "And als the *laverok* is *fuft* and *loddin*;" i. e. (says Lord Hailes,) "The lark is roasted and swollen. It seems to be a cant-proverbial expression for dinner is ready." [I rather suppose the line has been erroneously transcribed, it being highly improbable that any such dish was ever common among the peasantry of Scotland. The meaning of what I have substituted is, "our mews (probably some kind of pottage or flummery) is sufficiently boiled and lythed, or thickened." Belg. *hijf-voeren*, cibus, alimentum; Teut. *lisuara*, cibaria; Scot. *livery*, (meal,) a certain allowance of oat-meal to an out-of-door servant for aliment, or subsistence; whence also perhaps *livery* stable. *Loddin*, for *lythen* or *lytbed*, which is still a common word: *fuftand* probably denotes some appearance of the flummery when boiling in that thickened state.]

—— l. 6. "When ye have done, tak hame the "*brok*." After you have dined, you may carry the remnants home.

This is another of the few Scottish songs for the antiquity of which there is any positive evidence.

WEDDERBURNE'S COMPLAINT.

From the BANN. MS.

I.

My luv was fals, and full of flatterie,
With cullerit lesingis full of dowbilnefs.
Quhen that scho spak, her toung was wonder sle,
With fals semblance and fenyeit humylness,
And inconstance payntit with steidfastness;
Hir frane was cuverit with ane piteous face,
Quhilk was the caus that oft I cryit, allace!

II.

Scho lustit ane udir better than scho lustit me,
Betwix thame twa thay draif me to grit skorn;
For it that I tald her in privitie,
Scho tald it to her lufe upon the morne;
And sa betwix thame twa I gat the horne.
Yet I could nocht persuaif thair fals consait,
Becaufs thruch birnaand lust I was growin blait.

III.

The skorne that I gatt nicht bene maid ane faris,
Quhilk excedit the skorne of Absolome,
Quhan the hett culter was schott in his haris,
Be clerk Nicolus, and his lufe Allefone,
As Canterburne tailis maiks mentioun.
Yet I suspekkit nocht bot scho was trew,
Bot I was all begylyt, quhilk fair I rew.

IV.

Yung Pirance, the sone of erle Dragabald,
 Was dirлит with lufe of fair Meridiane;
 Scho promist him hir luve evin as he wald,
 And in ane secreit place gart him remane,
 Blawand ane kandill be art magicane,
 In frost and snaw, quhill day licht in the morne;
 Bot my fillok did me far grittar skorne.

V.

Virgill, quhilk was prudent, graive, and saige,
 Was lichtleit be his luve without remeid,
 And for dispyt scho hang hym in ane caige.
 And Aristotill, quhilk divers docktrines maid,
 His lady patt ane brydill on his heid.
 Bot all thay skornis can nocht comparit be
 Till half the schame that my luve gart me drie.

VI.

Siclyk scho wald be grit subtiltie
 Reffaif fra me luve drurreifs, belt, and ring,
 And than thay fame giftis offer wald sche
 Hir paramour, and lait him want no thing.
 Upoun the morne the fame ring he wald bring,
 And weir thame for dispyt befoir my face,
 To gar me ken he was mair in hir grace.

VII.

God wait quhat wo had Troyelus in deid,
 Quhen he beheld the belt, the broche, and ring,
 Hingand upon the speir of Diomede,
 Quhilk Troyellus gaif to Cresseid in luve taking.
 On that fame fort scho did to me maling;
 For the giftis that I gafe till hir all hour,
 With thame scho did possess hir paramour.

VIII.

Bot quhan scho was into necessitie,
 Than flatter me scho wald with woirdis fair;
Ane fenyeit teir scho wald thrift fra hir é,

Lyk as for luvē of me ſcho wald forfair.
 Hir ſenyeit *no* did ſop my hart with cair;
 Than petie gart me grant till hir deſyre;
 Becauſs that luvē brunt me lyk the wuld fyre.

IX.

So day be day ſcho plaid with me buk hud,
 With mony ſkornis and morkkis behind my bak;
 Hir ſubtyll wylis gart me ſpend all my gūd;
 Quhill that my clayis grew threid bair on my bak:
 My vane perſūt gart me in ſchame and lak,
 Quhill fra ſic foly my hart dois now refrane;
 The devill reſlave me and I doid agane.

QUOD WEDDERBURNÆ.

WEDDERBURNÆ.

WEDDERBURNE.

It has already been observed that the reformation of religion in Scotland was greatly promoted through the means of WEDDERBURNE'S "Psalms and Ballands of Godlie purposes." The earliest edition of them now extant, is that printed at Edinburgh by Robert Smyth, Nether-bow, 1599: But, from the manner in which they are mentioned in a "History of the kirk of Scotland MS. 1560," they must have made their appearance some considerable time before the date of that Manuscript, and probably are alluded to in a canon of the Provincial Council 1549, which denounces severe punishment against those who kept in their possession "aliquos libros "rythmorum seu cantilenarum vulgarium, scandalosa "ecclesiasticorum, aut quamcunque hæresim in se "continentia." Of the author nothing is known, or with reasonable probability can be conjectured, unless that he may be the same WEDDERBURNE, who in the Harleian catalogue is named as the author of "The Complaint of Scotland 1549," or to whom the preceding poem and two others of no great merit, are ascribed in the Bannatyne MS. Psalms and paraphrases are not precisely suitable to the plan of this compilation. But we find intermingled with them a variety of satirical invectives against the corruption and abuses of the established Kirk; artfully enough devised for the illumination of the vulgar, who, although they were incapable of reading pamphlets, might easily be taught to sing ballads, especially when adapted, as many of them seem to be, to popular airs. A few of these are therefore curious in
more

more respects than one. The others are suited to the intention set forth in the prologue,—for the use of
“ yong persouns and sik as are nocht exercisit in the
“ scripture, quho will sooner consave the trew word nor
“ quben thay heir it sung in Latine, the quibik thay
“ wat nocht qubat it is : Bot quben thay heir it sung,
“ or singis it themselvis into thair vulgair tounge with
“ sweit melodie, than fall thay love thair God—and
“ put away bawdrie and unclein sangs. Praise to God.
“ Amen.”

ANDRO HART in his edition 1621, reduced the orthography to the standard nearly of his own time, in the same manner as he had treated Barbour's Bruce in the preceding year, and indeed every other Scottish composition that issued from his press.

GUDE AND GODLY BALLATES.

TELL ME NOW, AND IN WHAT WISE.

TELL me now, and in quhat wise,
 How that I suld my lufe forga.
 Baith day and nicht ane thousand lufe,
 Thir tyrannis waikens me with wa.
 At midnight mirke thay will us take,
 And into prision will us fling,
 There mon we ly quhile we forsake,
 The name of God quhilk is our King.
 Then faggots man we burne or beir,
 Or to the deid they will us bring :
 It does them gude to do us deir,
 And to confusion us down thring.

Alace

Alace your Grace hes done greit wrang,
 To suffer tyrannis in sic fort,
 Daylie your lieges till ouergang,
 That does but Christis word report.

Christ, sen your Grace wald cry ane cry,
 Out throw the realme of all Scotland,
 "The man that wald live faithfully,
 "Ye wald him suffer in the land."

Then suld we outhur do or die,
 Or els our life we suld lay for'd.
 And ever to live in cheritie,
 Be Christ Jesu quhilk is our Lord.

Pluck up your herts and make yow bowne,
 For Christis word see ye stand for'd,
 Their crueltie it fall come downe
 Be Christ Jesus quhilk is our Lord.

Thow King of Glory grant us thy blisse,
 Send us support and comforting,
 Agains our fais that bifie is,
 Thy sheipe to stroy baith auld and ying.
 In houre of deid grant us thy strength,
 Glaidly to thoill their crueltie,
 And that we may with thee at length,
 Receive thy joy eternallie.

St. 3. l. 1. "Faggots." Part of the ceremony of recantation was to burn a faggot, called by Knox or some other contemporary historian "a bill," which perhaps implies the articles of heresy with which the culprit was charged.

The 5th stanza alludes to the banishment of Knox, Balnavis and other promoters of the reformation, in 1548.

O CHRIST

O CHRIST QUHILK ART THE LIGHT OF DAY.
Church Tune, "Christe qui lux es & dies."

O CHRIST quhilk art the licht of day,
The clude of nicht thou dryves away,
The beam of glore belevit richt,
Shawand till us thy perfite licht.

This is na nicht as naturall,
Nor yit na clude materiall,
That thow expels, as I heir say,
O Christ quhilk art the licht of day.

This nicht I call Idolatrie,
The clude ouerspred, Hipocrisie,
Send from the Prince of all unricht,
O Christ, for till obscure thy licht.

Quhilk twa hes had dominion
Lang ledand to destruction
The maist part of this warld astray
Fra Christ, quhilk is the licht of day.

Turnand till Goddis infinite,
Puttand their hope and their delyte
In markis inventit with the slicht
Of Sathan, contrair to thy licht.

Sum makis Goddis of sticks and stane,
Sum makis Goddis of Sainctis bane,
Quhilk wer they livand heir wald say,
Idolatrie do way, do way !

To us give nouthar laud nor glore,
O fulis gif ye speir quhairfoir :
We had na thing throw our awin nicht,
Bot all we had throw Christ our licht.

To that, exempill fall be Paull,
 At Lистра quha refusit all
 Maner of gloir, and thus did fay,
 Give gloir to Christ, the licht of day.
 Give nane to us, we are but men,
 Mortall as ye, your selfis may ken;
 O fulis, quhairfoir take ye flicht
 Rinnand fra Christ the perfite licht.
 Sum makis Goddis of freiris caip.
 Thay monstours mot in gallous gaip;
 For they have led us lang astray
 Fra Christ, quhilk is the licht of day.
 Sum mumlit aveis, sum raknit creidis,
 Sum makis Goddis of thair beidis,
 Quhilk wot not quhat they sing nor fay,
 Alas! this is an wrangous way.

St. last, l. 2. "Sum makis Goddis of thair beidis." In Becon's *Reliques of Rome*, we have the following account of the manner of praying on or bydding the beads, and of the benefits that accrued from going through that piece of service in a correct and proper manner: "Ye shall have (say the priestes) for every word in the Pater-noster, Ave Maria and Credo said on the *Five pardon beades* three hundred days of pardon in purgatorie: Unto all those that the beades do string, or cause to be stringed in time of necessitie, eighty days of pardon: Also ye must say first on the five beads five Pater nosters, five Ave Marias, and a Crede in the worship of the five woundes of our Saviour Christ: And then after every Crede, say on the first white beade of the syve, *Jesu for thy holy name*; and then on the red beade, *and for thy bitter passion*; then on the first black beade, *save us from sin and thame*; then on the second black beade, *and endless damnation*; and then on the last white beade, *bring us to thy blisse. That never shall myse sweet Jesu! Amen*; the pardon whereof, (remembryng all the woundes great and small,) is fyve thousand four hundred seventy-fyve yeares, *telens quitiens*."

MUSAND GREITLY IN MY MINDE.

To the tune, probably, of "Downe, belly, downe."

MUSAND greitly in my minde,
The cruell kirkmen in their kinde,
Quhilk bene indurit and fa blinde,
And trowes neuer to cum downe.

Thocht thou be Paip or Cardinall,
So heich in thy pontificall,
Resist thou God that creat all,
Then downe thou fall cum downe.

Thocht thou be Archbischop or Deane,
Chantour, Chancelair, or Chaplane,
Resist thou God, thy glorie is gane,
And downe thou fall cum downe.

Thocht thou flow in philosophie,
Or graduate be in theologie,
Yet and thou fyll the veritie,
Then downe thou fall cum downe.

Thocht thou be of religioun
The straiteft in all regioun,
Yet and thou glaike or gagioun
The trueth, thou fall cum downe.

Where is Chore and Abiron?
Jamnes, Jambres, and Dathan become?
To resist God, quhilke made them boune,
Are they nought all cummit downe.

And quhere is Balaam's false counsell?
Quhere is the prophets of Jesabell,
And Belis preistes be Daniell,
Downe they were all put downe:

And

And mony ma I culd you schaw,
 Quhilke of thair God wald stand na aw,
 Bot him refistit and his law,

And downe they ar cum downe.

Thair is na kingdome nor Empriour,
 Erle nor Duke of greit valour,
 Fra tyme ye knaw their falsc errour,
 But he fall plucke them downe.

Ophni and Phenix gat no grace,
 Hely brak his necke, alace,
 And his offspring put from their place,
 King Salomon put them downe.

And King Achab and Helyas,
 The fals prophets destroyit hes,
 And als the nobill Josias,
 Put all these prophets downe.

Is there na ma? quhy said I all?
 Yet many thousand fall have ane fall,
 Quhilke haldis Christen men in thrall,
 Princes fall put them downe.

Wald they na mair impung the trueth,
 Syne in their office be not flueth,
 Then Christ on them suld have sic rueth,
 That they suld nocht cum downe.

I pray to God that they and wee,
 Obey his word in unitie,
 Throw faith workand by cheritie,
 And let us never come downe.

St. 5. l. 4. Gagioun (or gagoian) is probably erroneous, or some new coined word from *disguise*.

The original words, *Downe, belly, downe*, may be seen in Hawkin's *Hill. of Music*, III. 18.

WAY IS THE HIRDIS OF ISRAELL.

WAY is the hirdis of Israell,
That feids nochst Christis flock,
But dantily they feid them sell
Syne does the pepill mock.

The filly sheep was all forlorne,
And was the wolfis prey,
The hirdis teindit all the corne,
The sheep culd get na stray.

They gadderit up baith wooll and milk,
And syne tuke na mair cure,
Bot cled them with the costly filk,
And ficlyke cled their hure.

'Therefore sayis God, I will require,
My scheip furth of their hands :
And give them hyrds at my desire,
To teich them my commands.

And they fall nouthur feid them sell,
Nor yit hunger my sheep :
I fall them from my kirk expell,
And gif them swyne to keip.

Two hundred years before this time, John Wicliff taught, in a similar strain, that "in many caas szejets may lesfully withstond tythes; the curates being more cursed of God for withdrawing of teaching in word and deed in good ensample, than the szejets in withdrawing tythes. when the priests don not well their godly office—but live in covetisse and glotony, drunkeness and lechery, with fair horse, and jolly and gay saddles and bridles ringing by the way, and himself in costly cloths and pelure, while their poor neighbours perish for hunger and cold."

GOD

GOD SEND EVERY PREIST ANE WIFE.

God send everie Preist ane wyfe,
And everie Nunné a man,
That they may live that haly lyfe,
As first the kirk began.
Sanct Peter, quhom nane can reprove,
His life in mariage led,
All gude Preistis quhom God did lufe,
Their maryit wyfis hed.
Greit causis then I grant had they,
Fra wyfis to refraine :
Bot greiter causes have they may,
Now wyfis to wed againe.
For then suld nocht sa mony hure,
Be up and downe this land :
Nor yit sa mony beggers pure,
In kirk and mercat stand,
And not sa meikill bastard feid
Throw out this cuntrie sawin.
Nor gude men uncouth fry suld feid,
And all the suith were knawin.
Sen Christis law and common law,
And Doctours will admit,
That Priestis in that yock suld draw,
Quha dar say contrair it !

THE WIND BLAWIS CALD, FURIOUS AND BALD.

Doublets, to the tune of "Up in the morning early."

THE wind blawis cald, furious and bald,
This lang and mony day :
Bot Christ's mercie we mon all die,
Or keip the cald wind away.

This wind sa keine, that I of meine,
It is the vyce of auld ;
Our faith is inclust, and plainly abusit,
This wind hes blawin too cald.

This wind has blawin lang the pepill amang,
And blinded hes their wit ;
The ignorant pepill, sa lawit bene and febill,
That they wot nocht quhom to wyte.

Gods word and lawis, the pepill misknawis,
Na credence hes the scripture ;
Quha the fuith does infer, priests say they erre,
Sic bene their busie cure.

Quha dois present the New Testament,
Quhilk is our faith surelie :
Priests callis him like ane heretike,
And sayis, burnt fall he be.

This cryis on hie, the Spiritualtie,
As nane them suld defy :
But their illusion and fals abuson,
The pepill dois now espy.

Quhom suld we wyte of this dispyte,
That hid fra us Gods law :
But Priests and Clarkis, and their evil warkis,
Quhilk dois their God misknaw.

'Their

Their greit extortion, and plaine oppression,
Ascendis in the aire.

Without God puneis their cruell vice,
This world fall all forfair.

The theif Judas did greit trespas,
That Christ for filver fald :
But Preists will take, and his price make,
For les be mony fald.

With wrang absolutions, and deceitful pardons,
For lucre to them given :
They blinde us now, and gars us trow,
Sic will bring us-till hevin.

Gif eirdly pardons might be our salvations,
Then Christ dyit in vaine :
Gif geir might buy Gods greit mercy,
Then fals is the scripture plaine.

Syne for our schoir, he died therefoir,
And tholit paine for our mis :
Is nane but he that may surelie
Bring us to hevins blis.

Then be na way, see that ye pray,
To Peter, James, nor Johne :
Nor yit to Paull, to save your faull,
For power have they none.

Saif Christ onlie that died on trie,
He may baith lowfe and bind,
In uthers mo gif ye traist so,
On yow blowes cald the winde.

Now see ye pray baith night and day,
To Christ that bought us deir ;
For on the rude he shed his blude,
To saif our faulls but weir.

PREISTIS CHRIST BELIEVE:

PREISTIS Christ beleve,
And only traist into his blude,
And nocht into your warkis gude,
As plainly Paull can preve.

Preistis learne to preich,
And put away your ignorance ;
Praise only God, his word avance,
And Christis pepill teich.

Preistis cut your goune,
Your nukit bonet put away,
And cut your tippit into tway,
Go preich from toune to toune.

Preistis take your staffe
And preich the Evangell on your feit,
And set on sandellis full meit,
But cast your pantons of.

Preistis keip no gold,
Silver nor cunye in your purs,
Nor yit twa cotes with you turs,
Bot shoone to keip fra cold.

Preistis thole to preich,
Sen ye your self can preich na thing,
Or we your brawling downe fall bring,
And na mair with you fleech.

Preiftis take na teind,
Except the word of God ye shaw.
Thocht ye alledge your ufe and law,
It is nocht as ye weind.

Preiftis take na kyis,
The umoft claith ye fall quite-claime
Fra fax pure bairnis with their dame,
A vengeance on you cryis.

Preiftis burne na ma.
Of wrang delation ye may hyre,
And fals witnes na mair inquire,
And let abjuring ga.

Preiftis all and fum
Suld call ane counfell generall,
And dres all thingis fpirituall.
But there they will nocht cum.

Preiftis read and write,
And your falfe common lawes let bee,
Quhair Paipis contraire scripture lie,
And contrair Doctoures write :

Preiftis pryde yow nocht,
Quhat your counfels does conclude,
Contrair the write and Christis blude,
The quhilk fo deir us bocht.

Preiftis curfe no more,
And not your heartes indure,
Bot on your flockes take cure,
Or God fall curfe yow fore.

Preiftis leve your pryde,
Your scarlat and your velvate foft,
Your horfe and mulis coftly coft,
And jack-men be your fyde.

Preiftis

Preiftis sober bee,
And fecht not, nouthir boift nor fchoir,
Misfreule the realme and court no moir,
And to your kirkis flee.

Preiftis mend your life,
And leif your foull sensualitie,
And vylde stinkand chastitie,
And ilke ane take ane wife.

Preiftis pray no more,
To Sanct Anthone to save your fow,
Nor to Sanct Bride to keipe your cow,
That greives God right fore.

Preiftis worfchip God,
And put away imagerie,
Your pardons and fraternitie,
To hell the way and rod.

Preiftis sell no maffe,
Bot minifter that sacrament,
As Chrift in the New Testament,
Commandit yow expresse.

Preiftis put away
Your paintit fire of purgatorie,
The ground of your idolatrie,
It is neir domefe-day.

Preiftis change your tune,
And fing into your mother tung,
Ingliš pfames and ye impung,
Ye dyne afternoone.

Preiftis prief yow men,
And now defend your libertie,
For France and for your dignitie,
Ye brak the peace ye ken.

Preiftis

Preistis now confesse,
How ye so lang did us begyle,
With many haly bellie wyle,
To live in idilnesse.

I yow exhort,
Your office to doe perfite,
For I say nothing in dispite,
Sa God mot me support.

In *Piers Ploughman's Credo*, written about A. D. 1380, a priest is thus represented wheedling a man out of his money, on pretence of building a church :

We haven forfaken the world, and in wo liveth,
In penaunce and poverté, and precheth the puple
By ensample of our liif, soules to helpen.
And in poverté preien for all our parteneres
That gyveth us any good, God to honouren,
Other bel, other book, or bred to our foode,
Other cattel, other cloth, to coveren with our bones;
Moneye, other money worth here mede is in heven. —
For mightestou amenden us with moneye of thy owen,
Thou chouldest knele bifore Christ, in compas of gold,
In the wyde window westward, wel neigh in the mydel,
And St Francis himself shall fold thé in his cope,
And present thé to the Trinite, and pray for thy synnes;
Thy name shall noblich ben wryten and wrought for the nonces,
And in remembrance of thé y'raid there for ever.

REMEMBER

REMEMBER MAN, REMEMBER MAN.

*Air, probably, No. IX. in Forbes's Songs, Aberdeen,
1660.*

I.

REMEMBER man, remember man,
That I thy faull from Sathan wan :
And hes done for thee quhat I can,
Thow art full deir to me.
Is, was, nor fall be none,
That may thee save but I allone,
Onely therefore beleive me on,
And thow fall neuer die.

II.

Wolves, quhom of my Evangelistes write,
And Paull and Peter did of dite,
Allace, have yow deceived quite,
With false hypocrisie.
My New Testament plaine and gude,
For quhilk I shed my precious blude,
With crewal suffering, on the rude,
They hald for heresie;

III.

And hes set up their false doctrine
For covetice insteid of mine,
With fire and sword defendes it fyne,
Contrare my word and mee.
The Antichrist is cumit bot dout,
And hes yow trapped round about ;
Foorth of his girne therefore come out,
Gif ye wald saved bee.

IV.

IV.

His pilgrimage and purgatorie,
 His worschiping of imagerie,
 His pardouns and fraternitie,
 With zeill and good intent :
 The quhillperit sinnes callit th' Eir-confessioun,
 With his Priestes mumblit absolutioun,
 And mony other false abusioun,
 The Paip hes done invent.

V.

With messis sauld be Priest and Freir
 For land and money wonder deir,
 Quhilk is the ground-stone of their queir,
 And rute of all their pryde.
 His Pater-noster bocht and sauld,
 His numered Aveis and Psalmes tald,
 Quhilk my New Testament nor my Auld,
 On no wayes can abide.

VI.

Their haly Matines fast they patter,
 They give yow breid, and selles yow water,
 His cursinges on yow als they clatter,
 Thocht they can hurt yow nocht
 Gif ye will give them caip or bell,
 The cling thereof they will yow sell,
 Suppose the faulld go to hell,
 They get nathing unbocht.

VII.

They sell yow als the Sacramentis sevin,
 They micht have made als weil ellevin :
 Few, or mony, od or evin,
 Your purses for to pyke.
 Wald they let bot twa usit be,
 Of Baptisme and of my bodie,
 As they wer institute be me,
 Men wald them better like.

VIII.

VIII.

Mariage is an blessed band,
 Quhilk I gave men in my command,
 To keepe, but they my word withstand,
 Ane Sacrament it maid.
 Unto the other Sacramentes fyve,
 Our Salvatioun they ascryve,
 From my trew faith yow for to dryve,
 In vaine to make my deid.

IX.

Their trifles all are made by men,
 Quhilk my Gospell did never ken,
 My law and my commandements ten
 They hyd from mens eine :
 My New Testament they wald keep downe,
 Quhilk suld be preached from towne to towne,
 Cause it wald cut their lang tailit gowne,
 And shaw their lyve uncleine.

X.

And now they are with dolour pinde,
 And like to rage out of their minde,
 Because from them we are inclinde,
 And will no lesings heir.
 Therefore they make so greit uproir,
 Contrare the stocke of Christis stoir,
 Determit or they will give it ouer,
 To fecht all into feir.

XI.

Bot hald yow at my Testment fast,
 And be no quhite of them agast,
 For I fall bring downe at the last,
 Their pride and crueltie.
 Then cleirly fall my word be shawne,
 And their falsset fall be knowne,
 That they into all landes have sawne,
 Be their idolatrie.

XII.

And ye fall live in rest and peace,
 Instructed with my word of grace,
 For I the Antichrist deface
 Sall, and true preachers send.
 Repent your sinne with all your hert,
 And with true faith to me convert,
 And hevinlie glore fall be your part,
 With me to bruke but end.

XIII.

We pray thee Christ Jesus our Lord,
 Conforme our lyvis to thy word,
 That we may live with ane accord,
 In perfite charitie.
 And forgive us our sinfulness,
 And cleith us with thy righteousnesse,
 Of thy favour and gentleness,
 We pray thee that so be.

The verses in "Forbes's Collection" are quite in the devout style.—
 The second strain of the music deserves attention, from its striking resemblance to, or rather identity with, the same part of the favourite Air, *God Save the King*. See Edin. Voc. Mag. Vol. I. Song VIII.

St. 6. l. 1. "The word "hag" is here omitted, it being difficult to conjecture the meaning of "haly hag." Perhaps it has been originally written, somewhat in the Anglo Saxon form, *balyeb* for holy. It surely can have no reference to the Matines of Our Lady, who in these godly ballads is repeatedly mentioned with the highest respect.

WITH

Tune "*The hunt is up, The hunt is up,
And now it is almost day ;
And he that's in bed with another man's wyfe,
It's time to get away.*"

WITH huntis up, with huntis up,
It is now perfite day :
Jesús our King is gane in hunting,
Quha lykes to speid they may.
Ane cursit fox lay hid in rox
This lang and mony ane day,
Devouring scheip ; quhyle he nicht creip,
Nane nicht him schape away.

It did him gude to laip the blude
Of yung and tendir lammis :
Nane could him mis, for all was his,
The yung anis with thair dammis.

The hunter is Chríst, that huntis in haist,
The hundis are Peter and Paul :
The Paip is the fox, Rome is the rox,
That rubbis us on the gall.

That cruell beist, he never ceist
Be his usurpit powr,
Under dispence to get our pence,
Our faullis to devoure.

Quha could devyse sic merchandysse,
As he had there to sell,
Unles it wer proud Lucifer,
The grit master of hell.

He had to sell the Tantonie bell,
And pardons therein was ;
Remissioun of finnis in auld scheip skinnis,
O! fauls to bring from grace.

With buls of leid, quhite wax and reid,
 And uther quhiles with grene,
 Clost in ane box, this usit the fox ;
 Sic peltrie was never sene.

With dispensations and obligations,
 According to his law :
 He wald dispence for monee from hence,
 With them he never saw.

To curs and ban the sempill poore man,
 That had nocht to flee the paine :
 Bot quhen he had payt all to ane myte,
 He mon be absolvit then.

To sum, God wot, he gave tot quot,
 And uther sum pluralitie.
 Bot first with pence he mon dispence,
 Or els it will nocht be.

Kings to marie, and sum to tarie,
 Sic is his power and micht ;
 Quha that hes gold, with him will be bold,
 Thocht contrair to all richt.

O bliffit Peter, the fox is ane lier,
 Thou knawis weill it is nocht fa,
 Quhill at the last, he fall be downe cast,
 His peltrie pardons and a'.

The original song was composed by one "Gray," in the reign of Henry VIII.

St. 7. "Tantonie bell," St. Anthony's bell. *Durandus*, in his *Ritual of divine service*, sayth that "bels be of such vertue, that when they be rung they preserve the frutes of the earth ; they kepe both the mindes and the bodies of the faithfull from al daunger, and put to flight the hostes of our enemyes. They drive away also all wicked spirits and devills ; for (sayth he) the devills are wonderfully afrayde when they hear the trompettes of the church militaunt, and immediately trudge away."

HAY TRIX, TRIM GO TRIX,
UNDER THE GRENE-WOD TRIE.

I.

THE Paip, that Pagane full of pryde,
He hes us blindit lang :
For quhair the blind the blind dois gyde,
Na wonder baith ga wrang ;
Lyke Prince and King he led the ring.
Of all inquitie,
Hay trix, trim go trix, under the grene-wod trie.

II.

Bot his abhominatioun,
The Lord hes brocht to licht ;
His Popische pryde and thrinfald croun,
Almaist hes lost thair micht :
His plak pardounis ar bot lurdounis
Of new found vanitie.

Hay trix, trim, &c.

III.

His Cardinallis hes caus to murne,
His Bischoppis borne a back :
His Abbotis gat an uncouth turne,
Quhen schavellingis went to sack.
With burges wyfis they led thair lyvis,
And fure better nor we.

Hay trix, trim, &c.

IV.

His Carmelites and Jacobinis,
His Dominikes had great do ;
His Cordeileiris and Augustinis,

Sanct

Sanct Francis ordour to,
The silly Freiris mony yeiris,
With babling bleirit our ee.

Hay trix, trim, &c.

V.

The Sisters Gray before this day,
Did crune within thair closter ;
Thay feeit ane Freir, thair keyis to beir,
The feind reslave the foster ;
Syne in the mirk he weill culd wirk,
And kittil them wantonlie,

Hay trix, trim, &c.

VI.

The blind Bischop he culd nocht preich,
For playing with the lassie.
The syllie Freir behuifit to fleich,
For almous that he assis.
The Curat his creid, he culd nocht reid,
Schame fall the companie.

Hay trix, trim, &c.

VII.

The Bischop wald nocht wed ane wyfe ;
The Abbot nocht persew ane,
Thinkand it was ane lustie life,
Ilk day to have ane new ane ;
In every place an uncouth face,
His lust to satisfie.

Hay trix, trim, &c.

VIII.

The Persoun wald nocht have an hure,
Bot twa and thay wer bony.
The Viccar als thocht he was pure,
Behuifit to have as mony.
The pareis Preist, that brutall beist,
He polit thame wantonlie.

Hay trix, trim, &c.

IX.

Of Scotland Well, the Freirs of Faill,
The limmery lang hes lastit.
The Monkis of Melros made gude kaill
On Fridayis quhen thay fastit.
The feily Nunnis keist up thair bunnis,
And heisit thair hippis on hie.

Hay trix, trim, &c.

X.

Of late I saw thir limmers stand,
Like mad men at mischief,
Thinkand to get the upper hand,
Thay luke after relief.
Bot all in vaine, ga tell them plaine,
That day will never be.

Hay trix, trim, &c.

XI.

O Jesu, gif thay thocht grit glie,
To see Goddis word doune smorit,
The Congregation made to flie,
Hypocrisie restorit,
With messis fung, and bellis rung,
To thair idolatrie,
Mary God thank yow, we fall gar brank yow,
Before that time trëwlie.

St. 3. l. 4. "Quhen schavelingis went to sack;" when the rascally mob, as Knox calls them, proceeded to pull down the religious houses (in 1559.) Those of *Scotland-Well* in Kinross-shire, and *Faill*, (Failefurd in Ayr-shire?) mentioned in St. 9. were perhaps among the first that suffered. I suspect the two first words of St. 10. were originally "At Leith," the succeeding lines seeming to allude to the shameful flight of the Congregation to Stirling in Nov. 1559, and the consequent re-establishment of the Romish worship in Edinburgh and other places that favoured the Queen Dowager's party.

BALLAD IN DERISIOUN OF THE POPISCHE MÉS.

I.

KNAW ye not God omnipotent,
He creat man and maid him fre,
Quhill he brak his commandement,
And eit of the forbiddin tre.
Had not that blifit bairne bene borne,
Sin to redfes,
Lowreis your lyves had bene forlorne,
For all your Mes.

II.

Sen we war all to fin made fure,
Throw Adamis inobedience,
Saif Christ there was na creature
Maid sacrifice for our offence.
There is na Sanct may saif your faull
Fra ye transgres,
Suppois Sanct Peter and Sanct Paull
Had baith said Mes.

III.

Knawing there is na Christ bot ane,
Quhilk rent was on the rude with reddis,
Quhy geve ye glorie to stock and stane,
In worshipping of uther Goddis :
Thir idolis that on alters standis,
Ar fenyeitnes :
Ye gat not God amang your handis,
Mumling your Mes.

IV.

IV.

And sen na Sanct your faull may saif,
Perchance ye will speir at me than,
How may the Paip thir pardounis haif,
With power baith of beist and man.
Throw nathing bot ane fenyeit 'faith

For halynes :

Inventit wayis to get them graith,

Lyke as the Mes.

V.

Of mariage you maid you quyte,
Thinking it thraldome to refraine :
Wanting of wyfisis appetyte,
That courage micht increas againe.
Thay hony lippis ye did perfew,

Grew gall I ges,

Thinking it was contrition trew,

To dance ane Mes.

VI.

Gif God was maid of bittis of breid,
Eit ye not oukely sax or sevin,
As it had bene ane mortall feid,
Quhill ye had almaist heryit hevin ?
Als mony devils ye mon devoir

Quhill hell grow les,

Or doutles we dar nocht resloir

Yow to your Mes.

VII.

Gif God be transubstantiall
In breid with *hoc est corpus meum*,
Quhy are ye sa unnaturall
To take him in your teeth and sla him ?
Tripairtit and devydit him

At your dum dresse,

Bot God knawis how ye gydit him,

Mumling your Mes.

VIII.

VIII.

Ye partit with dame Poverty,
 Tuke Property to be your wyfe,
 Fra Charity and Chastity,
 With Lechery ye led your lyfe.
 That raisit the mother of mischief
 Your Gredines,
 Beleiving ay to get relief
 For saying Mes.

IX.

O wickit vaine venerienis,
 Ye are nocht Sancts, thoch ye seme haly,
 Proud poysonit Epicurienis,
 Quhilk had na God but your awin belly.
 Beleve ye lounis the Lord allowis
 Your idlenes?
 Lang or the sweet cum ouer your browis,
 For saying Mes.

X.

Had not your self begun the weiris,
 Your stepills had bene standand yit;
 It was the flattering of your Freiris,
 That ever gart Sanct Francis sit.
 Ye grew sa superstitious
 In wickitnes,
 It gart us grow malicious
 Contrair your Mes.

XI.

Your Bischopis are degenerate,
 Thocht they be mountit upon mulis,
 With huredome clene effeminate:
 And Freiris oftymes previs fulès,
 For Dustift and Bob-at-evin,
 Do sa increas,
 Hes driven sum of them to tein,
 For all their Mes.

XII.

XII.

Christ keip faithful Christiens
 From perversit pryde and Papistrie :
 God grant thame trew intelligens
 Of his law, word, and veritie :
 God grant they may their lyfe amend,
 Syne blis posses,
 Throw faith on Christ all that depend,
 And nocht on Mes.

XIII.

Syn Mes is nathing els to say,
 Bot ane wickit inventioun,
 Without authority or stay
 Of scripture, or foundation
 Gif Kings wald Mes to Rome hence dryve
 With haistines,
 Suld be the meane to have belyve
 An end of Mes.

St. 7. The author might as well have avoided this indecent manner of treating the " holy housel," as it was termed by our Saxon forefathers, who, by the by, seem not to have been quite orthodox in the article of transubstantiation :—" Certainly (says one of their preachers) this husell that now beith hallowed at God's altar, is only a taknung of Christis lichama (body) that he for us offrode, and of his blode that he for us shed, &c."

OF THE FALSE FIRE OF PURGATORIE.

Of the fals fyre of Purgatorie,
Is nocht left in ane sponke :
Thairfor sayes Gedoe, Wayis me,
Gone is Preist, Freir, and Monke !
The reik sa wounder deir thay solde,
For money, gold, and landis,
Quhill halfe the riches on the molde,
Is seafit in thair handis:

They knew nathing but covetice,
And lue of paramouris,
And let the faulis burne and bis,
Of all their foundatouris.

For Corps-presence they wald sing ;
For riches flocken the fyre ;
Bot all pure folk that had na thing,
Was skaldit bane and lyre.

Yit sat they heich in Parlement,
Lyke Lordis of grit renowne,
Quhill now that the New Testament,
Hes it and thame brocht downe.

And thocht they fuffe at it, and blaw
Ay quhill thair bellies ryve,
The mair they blaw, full weil they knaw,
The mair it does misfthryve.

AW MY HERT THIS IS MY SANG.

Aw my hert! this is my sang,
With double mirth and joy amang,
Sa blyth as bird my God to sing;
Christ hes my hert ay.

Quha hes my hert but hevins king,
Quhilk causis me for joy to sing,
Quhom that I lufe attour all thing!
Christ hes my hert ay.

He is fair, sober, and bening,
Sweit, meik, and gentle in all thing,
Maist worthiest to have louing;
Christ hes my hert ay.

For us that blissit bairne was borne,
For us he was baith rent and torne,
For us he was crounit with thorne;
Christ hes my hert ay.

For us he sched his precious blude,
For us he was nailit on the rude,
For us he mony batell stude;
Christ hes my hert ay.

Nixt him to lufe his Mother fair
With stedfast hert for evermair;
Scho bure the birth fred us fra cair;
Christ hes my hert ay.

We pray to God that sittis above,
Fra him let neuer our hert remove,
Nor for no sudden worldlie love.
Christ hes my hert ay.

H

He is the love of lovers all,
 He cummis, on him quhen we call;
 For us he drank the bitter gall;
 Christ hes my hert ay.

Few readers need to be informed that the practice of translating the psalms of David and other parts of Scripture into rhyme, for the purpose of being sung, began about this time to prevail in various parts of Europe. Flanders seems to have led the way in 1540; and the example was immediately followed in France by Clement Marot, who in 1542 published thirty psalms in French metre, and twenty more in the following year. At first they were sung to the airs of popular ballads, and were so much admired at the Court of Francis the First, that every Lady had her favourite psalm, in the same manner as they now have minuets and contrey dances. J. Calvin, who at that time was projecting a new form of worship, availed himself of this prevailing rage, and adopted Marot's psalms, fitted, however, with solemn music, as an appendix to the Catechism of Geneva 1553. Upon the return of John Knox from Geneva to Scotland in 1555, we may presume that he was instructed to introduce the same practice among his countrymen.—Wedderburne, the Clement Marot of Scotland, did not, however, confine his genius to the psalms of David, Lord's prayer, Creed, and Ten Commands, but attempted to soar aloft in original composition, assuming probably for the model of his style, "The Canticles of Solomon done into English Meeter 1549." How far he succeeded, the Reader will be enabled to judge from this and the succeeding specimens.

To the tune, it would seem, of

WHA IS AT MY CHAMBER DORE?
O WIDOW AR YE WAUKING.

QUHO is at my windo, quho, quho,
Goe from my windo, goe, goe.
Quha callis there, so lyke ane strangere,
Goe from my windo, goe, goe.

Lord, I am heir ane wratchit mortal,
That for thy mercie dois crie and call ;
Unto thé, my Lord celestially,
Sie quho is at my windo, quho, quho.

How daris thou for mercie crie,
Sa lang in finne as thou dois lye ;
Mercie to have thou art not worthie,
Goe from my windo, goe.

My gylt, gude Lord, I will refuse,
And the wicked life that I did use ;
Traistand thy mercie fall be my excuse,
Sé quho is at my windo, quho.

To be excusit thou wald richt faine,
In spending of thy lyfe invaine,
Having my gospell in greit disdaine,
Goe from my windo, goe.

O Lord, I have offendit thé,
Excuse thereof there can nane be ;
I have followit thame that sa teichit me,
Sé quho is at my windo, quho.

Nay, I call thé nocht fra my doore I wis,
Lyke a stranger that unknowin is ;
Thou art my brothir, and my will it is
In at my doore that thou goe.

With

With richt humble hert, Lord, I thé pray,
 Thy comfort and grace obtaine I may ;
 Schaw me the path and ready way
 In at thy doore for to goe.

I am chief gyde to rich and poore,
 Shawand the pathway richt to my doore ;
 I am their comfort in every houre,
 That in at my doore will go.

But thay that walk ane other way,
 As mony did teich them from day to day,
 They war indurit, my gospell did say,
 And far from my door fall goe.

O Gracious Lord, comfort of all wicht !
 For thy greit power and cheif excelling micht,
 Sen thou art gyde and very light,
 In at thy doore let me goe.

Man, I gave thé nocht free will,
 That thou fuld my gospell spill ;
 Thou dois na gude. but evir ill,
 Thairfore from my doore that thou goe.

That will, alace, hes me begylit,
 That will sa farre hes me defylit,
 That will thy presence hes me exylit ;
 In at thy doore let me goe.

To blame that will thou does not richt,
 I gaif thee reffoun quhereby thou micht
 Have knawin the day be the dark night,
 In at my doore to goe.

O Lord, I pray thé with all my hart,
 Of thy greit mercie remufe my smart ;
 Let ane drop of thy grace be my part,
 That in at thy doore I may goe.

I have

I have spoken in my scripture,
I will the deid of na creature ;
Quha will ask mercie fall be sure
In at my doore for to goe.

O Lord, quhais mercy is but end,
Quherein ocht to thé I did offend,
Grant me space my life to amend,
That in at thy doore I may go.

Remember thy fin, and als thy smart,
And als for thé quhat was my part ;
Remember the speir that thirlit my hart,
And in at my doore thou fall goe.

And it war fit to do againe,
Rather as thow suld lye in paine,
I wald suffer mair in certaine,
That in at my doore thou may goe.

I ask na thing of thé, thairfore,
Bot lufe for life to ly in flore ;
Give me thy hart, I ask no more,
And in at my doore thou fall goe.

O Gracious Lord celestially,
As thow art Lord and King eternally,
Grant us grace that we may enter all,
And in at thy doore let me goe.

Quho is at my windo, quho,
Go fra my windo, go ;
Cry no more there like ane strangere,
But in at my doore thou goe.

TILL OUR GUDE-MAN, TILL OUR GUDE-MAN;
KEIP FAITH AND LOVE TILL OUR GUDE-MAN,

FOR our gude-man in hevin does ring,
In glorie and blisse without ending ;
Quhere angels singis ever Ofan,
In laude and praise of our gude-man.

Our gude-man defyris thré thingis,
Ane hart quhere fra contrition springis;
Syne love him best our fauls that wan,
Quhen we wer lost fra our gude-man.

And our gude-man that euer was kind,
Requyres of us ane faithfull mind,
Syne cheritable be with every clan,
For luve onlie of our gude-man.

Yit our gude-man requyres more,
To give no creature his glorie ;
And gif we doe, doe quhat we can,
We fall be lost fra our gude-man.

Adame, our fore-father that was,
Hes lost us all for his trespas ;
Quhais brukle banes we may fair ban,
That gart us lose our awne gude-man.

And our gude-man he promiseit sure,
To everie faithfull creature,
His greit mercie that now or than
Will call for grace at our gude-man.

Yet our gude-man, gracious and gude,
For our salvation shed his blude
Upon the croce, quhere there began
The mercifulnesse of our gude-man.

This

This is the blude did us refresh,
 This is the blude that must us wash,
 That blude that from his hart farth ran,
 Maid us free aires till our gude-man.

Now let us pray baith day and hour,
 Till Christ our onely Mediatour,
 Till save on the day that quhen
 We fall be judged be our gude-man.

Whoever will compare this with the common song, "*You'll never be like my auld gude-man,*" beginning with "*Late in an ev'ning furth I went,*" must be satisfied that the profane ballad, or part of it, was in existence at the time this fanatic parody was composed; and that the music, in all probability, was the same simple beautiful air to which it continues to be sung at this day. That such a strange burden could be assumed in an original devout hymn, without having any reference to a similar burden in a profane song, is utterly incredible.

MY LUSE MURNIS FOR ME, FOR ME.

My luse murnis for me, for me,
My luse that murnis for me;
I am not kinde, hes not in minde
My luse that murnis for me.

Quha is my luse but God abuve,
Quhilk all the warld hes wrocht;
The King of blisse my luse he is,
Full deir he hes me bocht.

His precious blude he sched on rude,
That was to make us fre;
This fall I prove by Goddis love,
That my luse murnis for me.

This my luse came from abuve,
And borne was of ane maid,
For to fulfill his father's will,
Till fill furth that he said.

Man! have in minde, and thou be kinde,
Thy luse that murnis for thee.
Now he on rude that sched his blude,
From Sathan to make us free.

There is some appearance that the hint has here been taken from

"He's low down, he's in the broom

"That's waiting for me, &c."

One song, or rather apparently two, with a burden somewhat of this
sort, being mentioned in the "Complaint of Scotland 1549

To the original air, doubtless, of

LEAVE THEE, LEAVE THEE,
I'LL NEVER LEAVE THEE ;

the modern music of which is probably a little corrupted.

Aw my love ! leif me not,
Leif me not, leif me not,
Aw ! my love leif me not,
Thus mine alone.

With ane burding on my bak,
I may not beir it, I am so waik ;
Love ! this burding from me tak,
Or else I am gone.

With finnes I am laden fair,
Leif me not, leif me not,
With finnes I am laden fair,
Leif me not allone.

I pray the Lord, therefore,
Keip not my finnes in store,
Lowse me or I be forlorne,
And heir my mone.

With thy handis thow hes me wrocht,
Leif me not, leif me not,
With thy handis thow hes me wrocht,
Leif me not allone.

I was fauld, and thow me bocht,
With thy blude thow hes me cost,
Now I am hidder socht,
To thee Lord allone.

I cry and I call to thee,
To leif me not, leif me not,
I cry and I call to thee,
To leif me not allone.

All they that faden be,
Thow biddes thame cum to the,
Then fall they favit be,
Throw thy mercie allone.

Thow faves all the penitent,
And leifs them not, leifs them not,
Thow faves all the penitent,
And leifs them not allone.

All that will their finnes repent,
Nane of them fall be spent,
Suppose the bow be ready bent,
Of them thow killes none.

Faith, Hope, and Charitie,
Leif me not, leif me not,
Faith, Hope, and Charitie,
Leif me not allone.

I pray thé Lord, grant to me
Thir godly giftis three,
Then fall I favit be,
Dout have I none.

To thé, Father, be all glore,
That leifs us not, leifs us not,
To thé, Father, be all glore,
That leifs us not allone.

Sonne and Haly Ghost, evermore,
As it was of before,
Throw Christ our Saviour,
We are all saif every one.

To the common Tune.

*Johne cum kifs me now,
Johne cum kifs me now,
Johne cum kifs me by and by,
And mak no more adow.*

THE Lord thy God I am,
That Johne dois thee call,
[Johne representis man
By grace celestially ;
For Johne Goddis grace it is,
Quha list till expone the same ;
O Johne thow did amifs,
Quhen that thow lost this name.]

Hevin and eirth of noucht
I maid them for thy sake,
For evermore I thought,
To my likenefs thee make.

In Paradise I plantit thee,
And maid thé Lord of all
My creatures, not forbidding thee
Nothing but ane of all.

Thus wald thow not obey,
Nor yit follow my will,
Bot did cast thyselfe away,
And thy posteritie spill.

My justice condemned thee
To everlasting paine,
Nan culd na remedie
To buy man free againe.

O pure

O pure life and mere mercie,
Mine awin Sonne downe I fend,
God become man for thee,
For thy fin his life did spend.

Thy atonement and peace to make,
He sched his blude maist haly,
Suffering death for thy faik,
Quhat culd he do more for thee?

Thus quhen thow was in dangerous race,
Ready to sink in hell,
Of my mercie and speciall grace,
I fend thee my gosPELL.

My prophites call, my preachers cry,
Johne cum kifs me now,
Johne cum kifs me by and by,
And mak no more adow.

Ane spreit I am incorporat,
No mortallis eye can see,
Yet my word does intimat,
Johne how thow must kifs me now.

Repent thy finne unfeinyeitlie,
Beleve my promise in Christis death,
This kifs of faith will justifie thee,
As my scripture plainlie faith.

Make no delay, cum by and by,
Quhen that I do thee call,
Leist do strike thee suddenly,
And so cum nocht at all.

A few more of these fanatical rhapsodies seem evidently written to the music of songs which at that time must have been popular, although now either unknown, or not ascertainable, by the few lines preserved in the parodies.

There

There is, however, good reason to suppose that the following was sung to *Gramachree*, or something very like it. See Edin. Voc. Mag. Vol. II. Song XXVIII.

Intill ane mirthfull May morning,
 Quhen Phebus up did spring,
 Waking I lay in ane garding gay,
 Thinkand on Christ fa frie;
 Quhilk meikly for mankind,
 Tholit to be pynd
 On croce cruellic, La-la, &c.

And the following, with some appearance of truth, is said to have been sung to the tune of *Hey tutti tutti*.

Hay now the day dallis,
 Now Christ on us callis,
 Now welth on our wallis
 Apperis anone:
 Now the word of God ringis,
 Quhilk is king of all kingis,
 Now Chrystis flock singis
 The nicht is nere gone.

To the tune of *Baw lu la la* (perhaps the Gaelic *Babu mo leasu*) is
 "Ane sang of the birth of Christ."

This day to yow is borne ane childe,
 Of Marie mecke and virgine mylde,
 That bliffit barne beaing and kynde,
 Sall yow rejoyce baith hart and mynde.
 But I fall prais thé evir moir,
 With sangis sueit unto thy gloir.
 The kneis of my hert fall I bow,
 And sing that richt *Bulu la lotu*.

In Mr Ritson's Ancient songs 1790, may be seen the (English) original of

Gryvous is my sorrow,
 Both at evin and morrow, &c.

SUPER FLUMINA BABYLONIS

*is submitted to the reader as a specimen of WEDDER-
BURNE'S version of the Psalms.*

I.

AT the rivers of Babylon,
Quhair we dwelt in captivitie,
Quhen we remembrit on Syon,
We weipit al full sorrowful lie.
On the sauch tries our harpes we hang,
Quhen they requirit us an fang.
They hald us into sic thralldoune,
They bad us sing sum psalm or hymme,
That we in Syon sang sum tyme,
To quhome we answerit full sune.

II.

Nocht may we outhier play or sing,
The Psalmis of our Lord sa fueit,
Until ane uncouth land or ring.
My richt hand first fall that forleit,
Or Jerusalem foryettin be.
Fast to my chafis my tung fall be
Claspit, or that I it foryet.
In my maist gladnes and my game,
I fall remember Jerusalem,
And all my hart upon it set.

III.

III.

O Lord, think on the Edomiteis,
 How they did at Jerufalem.
 They bad destroy with cruelteis,
 Put all to sacke, and it ouerquhelm,
 Bot wratchit fall thow be, Babyoun !
 And bleffit is that champioun
 Sall serve thé as thow servit us !
 And he that fall thy bairnis plaig,
 And rash thair harnes against ane craig,
 Is happy and full glorious !

In this manner Wedderburne translated about twenty-one of David's psalms, which probably were sung in the private meetings of the " Congregation of the Lord" for a few years before the establishment of the reformed religion, when the version of Sternhold and Hopkins was universally adopted in the kirks of Scotland as well as of England, and an edition of it printed in Edinburgh in 1564. At the same conventicles, in all probability, were also sung such of the foregoing ballads as were most likely to render the established clergy contemptible and odious ; a more effectual method than which could not have been devised for serving the purposes of the reforming party. The others, such as *Our auld Gude-man*, *John cum tifi me now*, &c. undoubtedly belong to the same party ; although it has been alledged that they were composed by the Catholicks with a view of ridiculing the fanaticism of their adversaries.

ANE SANG OF THE SPIRIT AND THE FLESCHE.

ALL Christin men tak tent and lier,
How faull and body ar at wier
Upon this eird baith lait and air,
With cruell battell identlie,
And ane may nocht ane uther flie.

THE FLESCHE.

The flesche said, Sen I haif haill
In will in youth with lustis dail,
Or age with forrow me affaill,
With joy I will my time ouerdryve,
And will not with my lustis fryve.

THE SPIRIT.

The spirit said, Thocht I charge thé nocht,
Dreid God, and have his law in thocht ;
Thow hecht quhen thow to font was brocht,
Efter his law lust to refraine,
And nocht to wirk his word agane.

THE FLESCHE.

The flesche said, I am stark and wycht,
To wacht gude wyne, fresche, cauld and bricht,
And tak my plesour day and nicht,
With singing, playing, and to dance,
And set on fax and fevin the chance.

THE SPIRIT.

The spirit said, Think on the rich man,
Quhilk all tyme in his lustis ran ;
Body and faull he loiffit than,
And synde was buryit into hell,
As Jesus Christ hes said him sell.

THE

THE FLESCHE.

The flesche said, Quhat hald I of this?
 Lafer aneuch and tyme thair is,
 In age for till amend my misse,
 And from my vicious lyfe convert,
 Quhen sadnes hes ouerfet my hert.

THE SPIRIT.

The spirit said, Power thow hes none,
 In yocht nor yit in eild bygone;
 With twinkling of ane eye anone,
 God fall the tak at evin or morne,
 No certayne tyme set the beforne.

THE FLESCHE.

The flesche said, All tyme air and lait,
 I se all warldly wyse estait,
 Hald lust vertew in thair consait,
 With thame I will persew my weird,
 Als long as I leve on this eird.

THE SPIRIT.

The spirit, Yit fall cum the day
 The faull fall part the body fray;
 Than quhat fall help thy game or play,
 Quhen thow man turnit be in as,
 As first in eird quhen thow maid was.

THE FLESCHE.

The flesche said, Thow hes vincust me,
 I traist eternall gloir to se.
 Christ grant that I may cum thairby.
 Now will I to my God returne,
 Repent my sin richt, fore I murne.

THE SPIRIT.

The spirit, Nane to schame I dryve,
 Ane contreit hert help God alyve.
 The flesche man die, with pane and fryve,
 For it was borne to that intent,
 In eird with wormes for to be rent.

THE

THE FLESCHE.

The flesche said, O Lord God of peace,
 Help me to turne throw Christis grace !
 O Holy Gost, my faith increffe,
 That I may thole this eirthlie noy,
 My hope is in eternall joy.

THE SPIRIT.

The spirit said, Now I haif my micht,
 Thoch I be ane unworthie knycht.
 Thow God ! the quhilk is onlie richt,
 Thow saif me from the Devillis net !
 Thairfore thow on the croce was plet.

THE DYTER.

Now hes this ballat heir an end,
 God grant ilk man his hart amend,
 To sin na more, fyne to Christ wend ;
 Than fall he turne agane to us,
 And give us his eternall blys.

Of the first introduction of singing (the *Magnificat*, *Te Deum*, &c.) into the service of the Church, thus writeth *Bacon* in his *Reliques of Rome* ; " Pope Vitalian, A. D. 660, being a lustye singer and a freshe courageous musition hymself, brought into the Church pricksong, descant, and all kynde of sweete and pleasaunt melodye ; and bycause nothing should want to delight the wayne, solysh eares of fantastical men, he joyned the organs to the curious musike, unto the great losse of tyme and the utter undoing of christen mens soules." Here must be a mistake with respect to the time, for *Augustine* in the fourth century, " asketh forgiveness of God, bicause he had geven more heede, and better care to the singing than to the weighty matter of the holy wordes." *Cornelius Agrippa*, A. D. 1530, compares the descant of the children " to the neying of coltes ; the tenoure, to the bellowing of oxen ; the counterpoint, to the barking of doggis ; the treble, to the roaring of bulles ; and the base, to the grunting of hogges ; so that an evil favoured noyse is made, and the matter itself is nothing understood."

JOHN

JOHN ROLLAND.

To the earlier part of this reign belongs "The Sevin Seages, translatit out of prois into Scottis meiter, by JOHN ROLLAND, in Dalkeith, with ane moralitie after everie Tale." The original is the noted romance of Prince Eraustus; from the names and manner, probably composed by a Greek in the middle ages. In early times, it appears to have been a favourite book, having been translated into various European languages; and is still to be found upon the stalls under the form of a two-penny volume in prose, intituled, The famous history of the Seven Masters of Rome, to which the curious are referred for farther information, not one of the versified stories possessing a single quality to justify a re-publication. Of the morality of the fable, ROLLAND presents us with the following ridiculous explication, by way of preamble.

TO KNOW QUHAT THE EMPEROUR, THE EMPRICE, AND
THE YOUNG CHILDE, AND THE SEVEN
DOCTOURS DOE SIGNIFIE.

I.

ERE we procede yet furthermare,
Of this matter sumething will I schaw,
Quhat each thing meanis for to declare;
The matter better ye will knaw.

This

This Emperour that leades the law,
 He signifies a man's person,
 That walkers betwixt winde and waw,
 Into this world aye up and down.

II.

His Sonne betokens the soule of man,
 Quhilk in the corps is aye incluse :
 The Emprice signifies Sathan,
 Quho ever open malice muise :
 The seven Doctors are seven vertues,
 Fechtng contrare seven deadly sinnes :
 Quhilk that the fillie soule perines,
 Quhen destruction it begins.

III.

The seven dayes this childe is dumbe,
 Of mannis life they are the space :
 For in this world fra he first come,
 He never hath perfect solace.
 Quhile that God take him in his grace,
 And forget all this worldlie lust.
 Then speakes he to God face to face,
 Quhen that the devill he hath vincust.

IV.

Even so is of this Emprice tale,
 Tolde for to tempt the Emperour,
 Trowing perfectlie to prevale ;
 And of this childe to be victour,
 Tels on this tale for his pleasour :
 Of quhilk the Emperour was content,
 As ye fall hear, gude auditour,
 Therefor to purpose let us went.

The time and place of composition are thus mentioned in the Epilogue.

So in seven weeks this quair was clene compleit,
 Out of plaine prose, now keiping meters feit :
 Within the fort and towre of *Tamtalloun*,
 Quhen the English float besyde *Inckkeith* did fleit,
 Upon the sea in that great burning heate.
 Both Scottis and Inglish of Leith lay at the toun,
 With scharp assiege, and garneist garifoun,
 On ather fort quhair fundrie lost the sweit,
 That same tyme I maid this translation.

This specification seems to point either to 1544 or 1547, after which there was no English fleet in the frith of Forth until the beginning of winter 1559.

In the Prologue, he mentions another of his poetical efforts, the title of which is, "Ane Treatise callit *The Court of Venus*, devidit into four buikis : Compylit by Johne Rolland in Dalkeith, [printed 1575, 4to.]" It is reported to be no less absurd and pedantic than the *Sevin Seages*. In the same Prologue he thus celebrates the names of contemporary Scottish poets, when he wrote his *Court of Venus*.

In Court that tyme was gude Sir *David Lyndesay*,
 In vulgare tounge he bure the bell that day,
 To mak meter richt cunning and expert ;
 And Master *John Ballentine* sooth to say,
 Mak him marrow to David, well we may.
 And for the third, Master *William Stewart*,
 To mak in Scots he knew richt well the airt.
 Bisshop *Durie*, sometime of Galloway,
 For his pleasour sometime wald tak thair pairt.

From this we learn the Christian name of one of the two Stewarts who flourished in the reign of James the Fifth. No poetical monument of Bishop Durie seems to remain, or at least is known as such. The *Court of Venus* was probably written about 1540; and if any one were inclined to ascribe the *Prefists of Pebilis* to the same author, I should think it a difficult task to controvert his opinion.

In this metrical version of *Prince Erasmus*, the whole fourteen stories are not, throughout, the same with those in the French edition 1564, *Rolland*, or perhaps the English prose translator, having taken the liberty of substituting the Ephesian matron and several more in the room of others that did not so well suit his taste.

THE BATTLE OF HARLAW,

— is here given from the *Evergreen*, where it seems to have been originally published. Some difference of opinion prevails with respect to its antiquity. Mr Pinkerton thinks, "from its manner, it might have been written soon after the event in 1414." Mr Ritson says, that "it may, for any thing that appears either in or out of it, to the contrary, be as old as the fifteenth century." Without hesitation, however, I concur in opinion with Lord Hailes, who observes, that "it appears to have been at least retouched by a more modern hand: It does not speak in the language or in the versification of the fifteenth century, and will probably be found to be as recent as the days of Queen Mary or James the Sixth." It may be added, that the "slaughter" mentioned in the second stanza most probably allude to some bloody engagement between the English and the Scots. If so, Under what auld King Henry did this happen? No battle answers such a description excepting that of Flodden in 1513; and I venture to say the author meant no other, notwithstanding the absurd anachronism with which he is chargeable. It may also admit of a question whether "drums" were used in the Scottish army so early as the reign of James the First, or even the regency of the Earl of Arran, when the Complaint of Scotland was written. Lastly, some old words seem grossly mis-applied in various parts of the poem, particularly "bandoun," in the 7th stanza. I should be glad to hear, however, that an authenticated copy could

*could be produced of the age even of James the Sixth.
But, from a respect to the opinion of those who are more
competent judges, I here give it a place.*

I.

FRAE Dunideir as I cam throuch,
Doun by the hill of Banochie,
Alangst the lands of Garioch,
Grit pitie was to heir and se
The noys and dulefum hermonie,
That evir that dreiry day did daw,
Cryand the Corynoch on hie,
Alas ! alas ! for the Harlaw.

II.

I marvlit quhat the matter meint,
All folks war in a fiery fairy :
I wist nocht quha was fae or freind,
Yit quietly I did me carry.
But sen the days of auld King Hairy,
Sic slauchter was not hard nor sene ;
And thair I had nae tyme to tairy,
For biffiness in Aberdene.

III.

Thus as I walkit on the way,
To Inverury as I went,
I met a man and bad him stay,
Requeisting him to mak me quaint,
Of the beginning and the event,
That happenit thair at the Harlaw.
Then he entreited me tak tent,
And he the truth sould to me schaw.

Vol. III.

O o

IV.

RONICLE OF SCOTTISH POETRY.

IV.

Donald of the Yles did claim,
To the lands of Ross sum richt,
And to the Governour he came,
Them for to haif gif that he might.
Quha saw his interest was but slicht,
And thairfore answerit with disdain.
He hastit hame baith day and nicht,
And sent nae bodward back again.

V.

But Donald richt impatient
Of that answer Duke Robert gaif,
He vowd to God Omnipotent,
All the hale lands of Ross to haif,
Or ells be graithed in his graif.
He wald not quat his richt for nocht,
Nor be abusit lyk a slaif:
That bargain sould be deirly bocht.

IV.

Then haistylie he did command,
That all his weir-men should convene,
Ilk ane well harnisit frae hand,
To meit and heir quhat he did mein.
He waxit wrath, and vowit tein,
Sweirand he wald surpryse the North,
Subdew the brugh of Aberdene,
Mearns, Angus, and all Fyfe, to Forth.

VII.

Thus with the weir-men of the Yles,
Quha war ay at his bidding bown,
With money maid, with foris and wyles,
Richt far and neir baith up and down.
Throw mount and muir, frae town to town,
Alangst the land of Ross he roars,
And all obeyit at his bandown,
Evin frae the North to Suthren shoars.

VIII.

VIII.

Then all the countrie men did yeild,
 For nae resistans durst they mak,
 Nor offer battill in the feild,
 Be foris of arms to beir him bak.
 Syne thay resolvit all and spak,
 That best it was for thair behufe,
 Thay sould him for thair chiftain tak;
 Believing weil he did them lufe.

IX.

Then he a proclamation maid,
 All men to meet at Inverness,
 Throw Murray Land to mak a raid,
 Frae Arthursyre unto Spey-ness.
 And further mair, he sent exprefs,
 To schaw his collours and ensenyie,
 To all and findry, mair and less,
 Throchout the boundis of Boyn and Enyie.

X.

And then throw fair Strathbogie land,
 His purpose was for to pursew,
 And quhasoevir durst gainstand,
 That race they should full fairly rew.
 Then he bad all his men be trew,
 And him defend by foris and slicht,
 And promist them rewardis anew,
 And mak them men of mekle nicht.

XI.

Without resistans, as he said,
 Throw all these parts he stoutly past,
 Quhair sum war wae, and sum war glaid,
 But Garioch was all agast.
 Throw all these feilds he sped him fast,
 For sic a sicht was never sene;
 And then, forsuith, he langd at last
 To se the Bruch of Aberdene.

ROMANCE OF SCOTTISH POETRY.

XII.

When this proud enterprise,
Stout and mighty Erle of MARR,
Call his men in arms did rife,
Even frae Curgarf to Craigyvar,
And down the syde of Don richt far,
Angus and Mearns did all convene
To fecht, or DONALD came fae nar
The ryall bruch of Aberdene.

XIII.

And thus the martial Erle of MARR,
Marcht with his men in richt array,
Befoir the enemy was aware,
His banner bauldly did display.
For weil enewch they kend the way,
And all their semblance weil they saw,
Without all dangir, or delay,
Came haistly to the HARLAW.

XIV.

With him the braif Lord OGILVY,
Of Angus Sherriff principall,
The constabill of gude Dundee,
The vanguard led before them all.
Suppose in number they war small,
Thay first richt baıldlie did pursue,
And maid thair faes before them fall,
Quha then that race did fairly rew.

XV.

And then the worthy Lord SALTON,
The strong undoubted Laird of DRUM,
The stalwart Laird of LAWRISTON,
With ilk thair forces all and sum.
PANMUIR with all his men did cum,
The Provost of braif Aberdene,
With trumpets and with tuick of Drum,
Came shortly in thair armour schene.

XVI.

XVI.

These with the Erle of MARR came on,
 In the reir-ward richt orderlie;
 Thair enemies to sett upon;
 In awfull manner hardilie,
 Togither vowit to live and die,
 Since they had marchit mony mylis
 For to suppress the tyrannie
 Of-douted DONALD of the Yles.

XVII.

But he in number ten to ane,
 Richt subtilie along did ryde,
 With Malcomtosch and fell Maclean;
 With all their power at thair fyde,
 Prefumeand on thair strenth and pryde;
 Without all feir or ony aw,
 Richt bauldhe battill did abyde,
 Hard by the town of fair HARLAW.

XVIII.

The armies met, the trumpet sounds,
 The dandring drums alloud did touk;
 Baith armies byding on the bounds,
 Till ane of them the feild sould bruik.
 Nae help was thairfor, nane wald jouk,
 Ferfs was the fecht on ilka fyde,
 And on the ground lay mony a bouk
 Of them that thair did battill byd.

XIX.

With doutsum victorie they dealt,
 The bludy battil lastit lang,
 Each man his nibours forfs thair felt;
 The weakest aft-tymes gat the wrang.
 Thair was nae mowis thair them amang,
 Naithing was hard but heavy knocks,
 That echo maid a dulefull sang,
 Thairto resounding frae the rocks.

ONICL OF SCOTTISH POETRY.

XX.

ald's men at last gaif back ;
y war all out of array.
rl of MARRIS men throw them brak,
riewing shairply in thair way,
air enemys to tak or slay,
t of foris to gar them yield, -
a war richt blyth to win away,
ae for feirdnefs tint the feild.

XXI.

Donald fled, and that full fast,
mountains heich for all his nicht ;
he and his war all agast,
And ran till they war out of sight :
And fae of Ross he lost his richt,
Thocht mony men with him he brocht,
Towards the Yles fled day and nicht,
and all he wan was deirlic bocht.

XXII.

This is, quod he, the richt report
Of all that I did heir and knaw,
Thocht my discourse be sumthing schort,
Tak this to be a richt futhe saw.
Contrairie God and the Kingis law,
Thair was spilt mekle Christian blude,
Into the battil of Harlaw ;
This is the sum, fae I conclude.

XXIII.

But yit a bony quhyle abyde,
And I fall mak thé cleirly ken
Quhat slauchter was on ilkay fyde,
Of Lowland and of Highland men,
Quha for thair awin haif evir bene.
These lazie lowns nicht weil be spaird,
Chessit lyke deirs into thair dens,
And gat thair waiges for rewaird.

XXIV.

XXIV.

Malcomtosh of the clan heid cheif,
 Macklean with his grit haughty heid,
 With all thair succour and releif,
 War dulefully dung to the deid.
 And now we are freid of thair feid,
 They will not lang to cum again ;
 Thousands with them without remeid,
 On Donald's fyd that day war slain.

XXV.

And on the uther fyde war lost,
 Into the feild that difmal day,
 Chief men of worth, of mekle cost,
 To be lamentit fair for ay.
 The Lord Saltoun of Rothemay,
 A man of micht and mekle main ;
 Grit dolour was for his decay,
 That fae unhappylie was slain.

XXVI.

Of the best men amang them was,
 The gracious gude Lord Ogilvy,
 The Sheriff-Principal of Angus ;
 Renownit for truth and equitie,
 For faith and magnanimitie ;
 Had few fallows in the feild,
 Yit fell by fatall destinie,
 For he nae ways wad grant to yeild.

XXVII.

Sir James Scrimgeor of Duddap, Knight,
 Grit constabill of fair Dundee,
 Unto the dulefull deith was dight,
 The Kingis cheif bannerman was he,
 A valyant man of chevalrie,
 Quhais predeceffors wan that place
 At Spey, with gude King William frie,
 Gainst Murray and Macduncans race.

XXVIII.

RONICLE OF SCOTTISH POETRY.

XXVIII.

G Sir Alexander Irvine,
: much renownit Laird of Drum,
in his days was bettir sene,
ien they war semblit all and sum,
praise him we sould not be dum,
valour, witt, and worthyness,
To end his days he there did cum,
is ransom is remeidyles.

XXIX.

Thair the Knight of Lawriston
Was slain into his armour schene,
Gude Sir Robert Davidson,
a Provost was of Aberdene,
Knight of Panmure, as was sene,
: a tall man in armour bricht,
: Thomas Murray stout and kene,
to the world thair last gude nicht.

XXX.

Thair was not sen King Keneth's days
Sic strange intestine crewel stryf
In Scotland sene, as ilk man says,
Quhair mony liklie lost thair lyfe;
Quhilk maid divorce twene man and wyfe,
And mony childrene fatherless,
Quhilk in this realme has bene full ryfe;
Lord help these lands, our wrangs redress.

XXXI.

In July, on Saint James his even,
That four and twenty dismal day,
Twelve hundred, ten score and eleven
Of yeirs sen Chryst, the suthe to say:
Men will remember as they may,
Quhen thus the veritie they know,
And mony a ane may murn for ay,
The brim battil of the Harlaw,

JAMES

JAMES VI. 1567—1603.

— was himself not only a votary of the Muses, but at the early age of eighteen, composed a treatise under the title of “*Rewllis and Cautelis of Scottis Poësie.*”— Hence perhaps it was that poets abounded more in this than in any of the preceding reigns. Almost every man of education wrote verses either in English or Latin; many of which were published in the life-time of the authors, and well known to those who have turned their attention to this subject. The greater part of them, however, appear to have been composed after the union of the crowns in 1603; and in southern phraseology, as the *Poetical Recreations of Alexander Craig of Rose-craig*, 1609; those of *David Murray, Scoto-Britan*, 1611; of *Patrick Hannay*, 1622; of *Drummond of Hawthorndean*, 1616; of the two *Hudsons*, *William Fowler*, *Robert Ayton*, &c. Others, of the nature of popular ballads, are not considered as properly belonging to the plan of this publication. The productions of *Montgomery*, *Arbuthnot*, *Hume of Polwart*, *Sempil*, (not including those which have lately been re-printed;) together with the works of the King himself, seem to be all that come within the prescribed limits.

A few remaining pieces of *Sir Richard Maitland* claim the first attention.

CHRONICLE OF SCOTTISH POETRY.

XXVIII.

Gude Sir Alexander Irving,
The much renownit Laird of Drum,
Nane in his days was bettir sene,
Quhen they war semblit all and sum,
To praise him we sould not be dum,
For valour, witt, and worthyness,
To end his days he there did cum,
Quhous ransom is remeidyles.

XXIX.

And thair the Knight of Lawriston
Was slain into his armour schene,
And gude Sir Robert Davidson,
Quha Provost was of Aberdene,
The Knight of Panmure, as was sene,
A mortall man in armour bricht,
Sir Thomas Murray stout and kene,
Left to the world thair last gude nicht.

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Thair was not sen King Keneth's days
Sic strange intestine crewel stryf
In Scotland sene, as ilk man says,
Quhair mony liklie lost thair lyfe;
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ON THE MISERIES OF THE TYME. 1570.

By SIR RICHARD MAITLAND.

— *Soon after the Regent Murray's death, when the nation being divided under the titles of Queen's men and King's men, "citizen fought against citizen, and brother against brother, with keen animosity."*

I.

O GRACIOUS God ! almichtie, and eterne,
For Jesus saike, thi sone, we ask at thé,
Us to defend. Consarve us, and gnerne.
And tak fra us, Lord, for thi grit mercie,
Thir plaigis that apperis presentlie ;
Pest, povertie, and most unkindlie weir ;
Hungir, and darthe, that now is lyk to be,
Throw deid of beists, and skant of corne this yeir.

II.

Bot, Lord, this cumis, of thi just jugement,
For puneishment of our iniquitie ;
That never of our synnis will repent ;
Bot persaveris in impietie.
We ar so sowpit in seufualitie,
Bayth spirital, and temporal estait,
The pepil ar misgydit haillelie.
Nocht regneth now, bot Troubil and Debait.

III.

Sumtyme the preistis thocht that thai did weil,
Quhon that thai maid thair beirds, and shuif thair croun ;
Ufit round caps ; and gounis to thair heil :
And mes, and mateyns, said of thair fassoun.
Thoch that all vyces rang in thair perfoun,
Lecherie, gluttunrie, vain gloire, avarice ;
With swerd and fyre, for rew of religioun,
Of christin peple oft maid sacrifice.

IV.

IV.

For quhilk God hes thame puneist richt scharplie.
 Bot had thai left thair auld abusioun,
 And turnit thame fra vyce to God trewlie,
 And syne forthocht thair wrang intrusioun
 Into the kirk be fals elusioun ;
 The word of God syn preitchit faythfullie,
 Thay had nocht cum to sic confusioun,
 Nor tholit had as yit sic miserie.

V.

Now is Protestains ryfin us amang.
 Sayand thay wil mak reformatioun ;
 Bot yet as now ma vyces never rang,
 (In ony former tyme, nor ony natioun,)
 As pryde, invy, and fals diffimulation ;
 Thift, reif, slauchtir, oppressioun of the puir ;
 Of policy a plaine alteratioun :
 Of wrangous geir now na man takis cuir.

VI.

Thay think it weil (and thay the Paip do call
 The Antechryst ; and mels, idolatrie :
 And syne eit flesche upon the Frydays all ;)
 That thay serve God rycht than accordinglie :
 Thoch in all thing thay leif maist wickitlie.
 Bot God commandis us his law to keip ;
 Fyrst honour him ; and syne have cheretie
 With our neichbours ; and for our synnis weip.

VII.

Think weil that God, that puneist the papeists,
 Is yet on lyve, and yow to puneis abil,
 (As he did thame,) that in your syns insists
 As Godis word war halden bot ane fabil.
 Bot gif your hairt on God be ferme and stabil,
 (Thoch that his worde into your mouthe ye have,)
 Except your lyf thairto be conformabil
 In word and wark ; ye bot yourself dissave.

VIII.

VIII.

I mene nocht here of faythful christianis ;
 Nor ministers of Godis word trewlie ;
 Quha at the samen stedfastlie remanis,
 In word, and wark, without hypocrisy.
 Bot I do mene of thame allendarlie
 That callit ar the fleschlie gospellaris ;
 Quha in thair words apperis rycht godlie,
 Bot yit thair warks the plain contrair declaris.

IX.

Bot, thoch of papists, and protestans, sum
 Hes bayth gane wrang, and Godis law transgrest ;
 Keip us, gud Lord, that never mair we cum
 To sic errour ; bot grace to do the best.
 That with all men thy trew fayth be confest ;
 That christane folk may leif in unetie ;
 (Vertew set up, and all vycis supprest,)
 That all the warld, gud Lord, may honour thie.

Quod Sir Richard Maitland, 1570.

In another poem of the same date our venerable Baron " punns comfortably" upon the name of his estate of *Blyth*, (in Lauderdale,) which at that time had been plundered by a detachment of the English army under the command of the Earl of Suffolk :

Blind man be blyth, althoch that thow be wrangit ;
 Thoch Blythe be herreit, tak no melancolie.
 Thow fall be blyth, quhan that thay fall be hangit,
 That Blythe hes spulyeit sa maliciousslie.
 Be blyth, and glaid ; that nane persave in the
 That thy blythnes consists into ryches ;
 Bot that thow art blyth that eternalie
 Sall ring with God in eternal blythnes.

" Quod Schir Richard Maitland of Lethingtoun Knycht. Quhan his
 " landis of Blythe was heriet be Rollent Foster Inglisman. Quha spulyeit
 " furthe of the said baronie feve thousand scheip, youngar, and eldar :—
 " Twa hundrithe nowt :—Threttie hors, and meiris, &c. the xvi. day of
 " Maij, the year of M. D. LXX. yeiris."

SOLACE

SOLACE IN AGE.

Perhaps 1571.

THUCH that this warld be verie strange ;
And theves hes done my rowmis range,
And teynd my fald :
Yit wald I leif, and byde ane change ;
Thoch I be ald.

Now me to spulyie sum not spairis ;
To tak my geir no captane cairis ;
Thay ar fa bald.
Yit tyme may cum, may mend my fairis ;
Thoch I be ald.

Sum now, be force of men of weir,
My hous, my landis, and my geir,
Fra me thay hald.
Yit, as I may, fall mak gud cheir ;
Thoch I be ald.

So weill is kend my innocence,
That I will not, for nane offence,
Flyte lyk ane skald :
Bot thank God, and tak patience ;
For I am ald.

For e ld, and my infirmitie,
Warne clayths ar bettir far for me,
To keip fra cald :
Nor in dame Venus' chamber be ;
Now being ald.

Of Venus play past is the heit ;
 For I may not the mistirs beir
 Of Meg, nor Mald.
 For ane young las I am not meit ;
 I am fa ald.

The fairaist wenche in all this toun,
 Thoch I hir had in hir best gown,
 Rycht braivlie brald ;
 With hir I might not play the loun ;
 I am fa ald.

My wyf sumtyme wald talis trow,
 And mony leifings weill allow,
 War of me tald :
 Scho will not eyndill on me now ;
 And I fa ald.

My hors, my harnés, and my speir ;
 And all uther my hoisting geir,
 Now may be fald.
 I am not abill for the weir ;
 I am fa ald.

Quhan young men cumis fra the grene,
 (Playand at the fute-ball had bene,)
 With brokin spald ;
 I thank my God, I want my ene ;
 And am fa ald.

Thoch I be sweir to ryd or gang,
 Thair is sumthing, I've wantit lang,
 Fane have I wald——
 Thame punyfit that did me wrang ;
 Thoch I be ald.

Quod R. Maitland of Lettington.

COMPLAINT AGANIS THE LANG LAW-SUTES,

Probably 1581.

I.

SAIR is the recent murmour, and regreit,
Among the leigis rifin of the lait,
Throw all the countrie, bayth of rich and pair ;
Plenand upon the Lordis of the Sait,
That thair lang proces may no man induire.

II.

The Barouns say that they have far mair spendit
Upon the law, or thair mater wes endit,
Nor it wes wourth. Thairfoir richt fair thay rew
To found ane plie that ever thay pretendit :
Bot left it to thair airis to perfew.

III.

The pair folk say that thay, for falt of spending,
Man leif the law, it is sa lang in ending :
Lang proces thame to povertie hes brocht.
For of thair skayth be law can get na mending,
That thay ar faine to grie for thing of nocht.

IV.

Sum geves the wyte that thair is on the Sessioun
Sum not sa cunning, nor of sa gud discretioun,
As thair befoir into that rowme hes bein ;
Quhilk, doing justice, keipit thair professioun ;
Of quhom thair wes na caus for to complein.

V.

Now, ye that ar nocht of this Sait content,
Pas to the Prince ; to him your caus lament.
And him exhort, and pray affectiouflie,
That in that Sait he wald na man present,
In tyme to cum, bot thay that ar worthie.

VI.

Gud cunning men, that ar wyis and discreit ;
 Practitiours gud ; and for that fenat meit.
 Men of gud conscience, honestie, and fame ;
 That can with wit and treuth all maters treit :
 And hes be prudence purchast ane gud name.

VII.

And syne gar call the College of Justice,
 All thair dependers, and uthers that ar wyis,
 And try the caus of law the langsumnes ;
 And gar thame sone sum gud ordour devyis
 To furder justice, and schorten the lang proces.

VIII.

Bot gif this mater unmendit be oursein,
 The leigis can na greter scayth sustein ;
 For na man fall be suir of land or geir.
 The trew and peur fall be oppressit clein ;
 And this Colledge fall not lang perseveir.

IX.

And gif this Sait of Senetors gang down,
 The spunk of justice in this regioun,
 I wait not how this realme fall rewlit be.
 Better it had gud reformatioun,
 Nor let it perishe so imprudentlie.

X.

For gif this Sait of Justice fall not stand,
 Than everie wicked man, at his awin hand,
 Sall him revenge as he fall think it best.
 Ilk bangeifter, and limmer, of this land
 With frie brydil fall (quham thay pleis molest.)

XI.

Our Sovereane Lord ! to this mateir have ee ;
 For it perteinis to thy majestie
 This Colledge to uphault, or lat it down.
 Bot, will thow it uphault, as it sould be,
 It will thé help for to mantein thy croun.

XII.

XII.

Causis ilk day so faist dois multiplie,
 That with this Sait cannot ourtaken be ;
 Bot wald thy hienes thairof eik the nummer,
 Of Senatours ; men cunning and godlie
 Wald monie mater end that makis cummer.

XIII.

Schir, at thy gift is monye Abeceis,
 Personagis, Provestreis, and Prebendareis,
 Now sen down is the auld religioun.
 To eik sum lordis gif sum benefeis ;
 And sum to help the auld fundatioun.

XIV.

Becaus the lordis hes our litil feis,
 Bot of uncertaine casualiteis,
 Of quhilk thay never get payment complei.
 And now sic derthe is resin, all men sayis,
 What coist ane pound befor, now coistis thrie.

XV.

Schir, thou may gar, (unhurt thy propertie,)
 The Sait of Justice weill advancit be.
 Quhilk being done, thair daylie fall increse;
 Into this land gud peice, and policie :
 And thow be brocht to honour, and riches.

XVI.

O loving Lord ! support this cruell Sait ;
 And give thame grace to gang the narest gait
 Justice to do with expeditioun :
 And bring all thing againe to gud estait,
 Following the first gud institutioun.

S. R. M.

This poem being partly an address to the young King, we may infer that it was not composed before the year 1580, when he first began to assert his own authority, and when Lord Leidington was at least in his 84th year.

AGANIS OPPRESSIOUN OF THE COMMOUNS.

I.

It is grit petie for to se
w the commouns of this cuntré,
thift, and reif, and plane oppressioun,
a nathing keip in thair possessioun,
irof that thay may mak ane lyfe :
ane will punceis that transgressioun ;
d nocht be left to man nor wyfe.

II.

m with deir ferme ar hirreit haill,
t wount to pay bot penny maill.
Sum be thair lordis ar oppressit ;
Put fra the land that thay possessit.
Sair service hes sum hirreit sone.
For cartage als sum hes no rest ;
Thoch thair awin wark sould ly undone.

III.

Sum comouns, that hes bene weill stakkit
Under kirkmen, ar now all wrakit ;
Sen that the teynd, and the kirk landis,
Came in grit temporale mennis handis.
Thay gar the tennents pay sic sowmes,
As thay will ask ; or, quha ganestandis,
Thay will be put sone fra thair rowmess.

IV.

The teynd, quhilk tennents had befor
Of thair awin malings, corne, and stoir,
Thair laird hes tane it our thair heid :
And gars thame to his yaird it leid.

Bot thair awin stok thay dar net steir ;
 Thoch all thair bairnis fould want breid,
 Quhill thay have led that teynd ilk yeir.

V.

Sic extortioun and taxatioun
 Wes never fene into this natioun,
 Tane of the comouns of this land,
 Of quhilk sum is left waist liand,
 Becaus few may sic chairgis beir.
 Mony hes quhips now in thair hand,
 That wont to have bayth jak and speir.

VI.

Quhairthrow the haill communité
 Js brocht now to sic povertie.
 For thay, that had gude hors and geir,
 Hes skantlie now ane crukit meir :
 And for thair sadils thay have foddis.
 Thay have na weipens worthe for weir ;
 Bot man defend with stanes and cloddis,

VII.

Thairfore, my lordis, I yow pray
 For the puir comouns find sum way.
 Your land to thame for sic pryce geif,
 As on thair maling thay may leif
 Sufficentlie to thair estait.
 Syne thame defend, that nane thame greif ;
 That thay may serve yow ayre and lait.

VIII.

Riche comouns ar richt profitable,
 Quhan thay, to serve thair lord, ar able
 Thair native cuntrie to defend
 Fra thame that hurt it wald pretend.
 For we will be our few a nummer,
 Gif comouns to the weir not wend.
 Nobils may not beir all the cummer,

IX.

Help the comouns bayth Lord and Laird !
 And God thairfore fall yow rewaird.
 And gif ye will not thame supplie,
 God will yow plaig thairfore justlie.
 And your successioun, eftir yow,
 Gif thay fall have na mair petie
 On the comouns, nor ye have now.

Quod Sir R. Maitland.

As Mr Pinkerton justly observes, this poem "does the highest honour to the philanthropy of the author; and merits praises superior to any that genius can procure." The oppression of the commons, here inveighed against, seems to have been occasioned chiefly by their exchanging spiritual for temporal exactors of tythes. "Every thing in the Book of Discipline, that repugned to the corrupt affections of the nobility, (saith *John Knox*, the principal compiler,) was tearmed in their mockage *douoit imaginatiounis*. Sum of them had greedily grippie the possessiouns of the kirk, and uthers thocht they wald not lack thair parte of Christis cote; yea and that befor that evir he was hangit.—Thare war nane mair unmercifull to the puir ministeris thane war they that had the grittest rentes of the kirkes. Bot, according to the auld proverbe, The bellie has na earis."

Besides poems, Sir R. Maitland left in MS. a Historie of the house and surname of Seaton; and a Collection of Decisions of the Court of Session from 15th Dec. 1550, till 30th July 1565.

James VI. in one of his letters, acknowledges the faithful service of Sir Richard to his Grandfir (James V.) Goodfir (Matthew Earl of Lennox;) Goodam (Mary of Guise;) his mother Queen Mary, and himself.

This piece might probably have escaped the observation of Mr Pinkerton in the Maitland MSS. had it not been for the colophon "Quod John Maitland, &c." He was the second son of Lord Lethington, and through him the line of the family was carried on, his nephew (son of the Secretary) having died without issue. Being a steady adherent of Queen Mary after she was cruelly driven from the throne, the ruling powers deprived him of his benefice of Coldingham, and office of Lord Privy Seal; after which, being taken prisoner at the surrender of Edinburgh castle 1573, he was condemned to a species of confinement, from which he was not liberated until the fall of the regent Morton in 1578. He then found means to ingratiate himself completely with the young Prince; and, "as no subject enjoyed a greater share of his favour, so none deserved it better." A full account of his life may be found in Crawford and Mackenzie; and several Latin poems by him in the Deliciae poetarum Scotorum. He died in 1595.

I.

GIF biſſie-branit bodeis yow bakbyte;
And of ſum wickit wittis ye ar invyit,
Quha wald deprave your doings for diſpyte;
Diſpyis thair devilliche deming, and deſy it.

For

AGANIS OPPRESSIOUN OF THE COMMOUNS.

I.

It is grit petie for to se
How the commouns of this cuntré,
For thift, and reif, and plane oppressioun;
n nathing keip in their possessioun,
thir of that thay may mak ane lyfe :
ane will punceis that transgressioun ;
nocht be left to man nor wyfe.

II.

n with deir ferme ar hirreit haill,
That wount to pay bot penny maill;
Sum be thair lordis ar oppressit ;
Put fra the land that thay possessit.
Sair service hes sum hirreit sone.
For cartage als sum hes no rest ;
Thoch thair awin wark sould ly undone.

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Thay gar the tennents pay sic sowmes,
As thay will ask ; or, quha ganestandis,
Thay will be put sone fra thair rowmes.

IV.

The teynd, quhilk tennents had befor
Of thair awin malings, corne, and floir,
Thair laird hes tane it our thair heid :
And gars thame to his yaird it leid.

Bot thair awin stok thay dar not steir ;
 Thoch all thair bairnis sould want breid,
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 Quhan thay, to serve thair lord, ar able
 Thair native cuntrie to defend
 Fra thame that hurt it wald pretend.
 For we will be our few a nummer,
 Gif comouns to the weir not wend.
 Nobils may not beir all the cummer,

IRONICLE OF SCOTTISH POETRY.

irfoir how raschlie ravars rail :
es vertew yit without invy.
ie fall your patience prevaill,
y perhap sic demyng fall deir by.

*and John Maitland, Commendator of Coldinghame,
and sone aftir Lord Thirlstane, and Chancellor of
Scotland.*

The general idea of this poem, Mr Pinkerton remarks, is that excellent one of Tacitus, *Injuria si irascaris agnita videntur ; spreta exolescunt :*

in which Lord Thirlstane expands, but does not weaken,

“ — and trows it is *ye* or *els* sum, &c. MS. Accord-

ing Pinkerton, this obscure line seems to mean, “ They will usually say, *They think it is you*, (you who are haughty naturally :) or *ye*, you are a weak man, and are proud because somebody has told you to be

—As the poem may, however, be considered perhaps of similar

succeeding “ Admonition,” and composed, apparent-

ly of the same illustrious person, I have substituted

for *ye*; that is, “ we the *Queen's party*,” who at that time were supposed to possess considerable influence with the regent Mar, and perhaps expected that in proper time he would take a decided part in her favour.

ANE ADMONITIOUN TO MY LORD OF MAR, REGENT.

Supposed by LORD THIRLSTANE, A. D. 1571.

I.

MAIST loyal lord, ay for thy lawtie lovit,
Now be not lakit for deloyaltie !
Thoch to the Princis place thow be promovit,
Be not abusit be authoritie.
Bot schaw thy treuth, and thyne integritie.
Sene we so far ourselfis have submittit,
And king, and cuntrie, laws, and libertie,
Unto thy cuir, and credit, haif committit.

II.

Thy hous hes ay bene trustie, and inteir ;
Defamit nocht with fraud, or sickilnes.
Bot schaw thyself bayth sage, scharp, and sinceir ;
Indewit with vertew, wit, and worthines,
Ingyne, jugement, justés, and gentilnes ;
Craft, conduct, cair, and knowlege to command ;
Heroik hart, honour, and hardines :
Or in this storme thy stait will never stand.

III.

We haif thé chofin to the cheifest charge,
Our toffit galay to governe, and to gyde.
Bewar with bobbis ! Scho is ane brukill barge,
And may nocht bitter blastis weill abyde.
Thow may hir tyne, in turning of ane tyde.
Cast weill thy cours ; thow hes ane kittil cure.
Of perals pance, and for sum port provyde ;
And anker sicket quhair thow may be sure.

IV.

All Boreas' bittir blastis ar' nocht blawin
 I feir sum boid, and bobbis be behind.
 Be tyde and tempest thow may be ourthrauin ;
 And mony fairlie fortouns thow may find :
 As chanelis, craggis, bedds, and bankis blind ;
 Lekkis, and wanluks, quhairby thow may be lost.
 Bewar, thairfoir, with weddir, waw, and wind,
 With uncouth courfis, and unknawin cost.

V.

Thow may put all into appeirand perrell,
 Gif Inglis forcis in this realme repair.
 Sic ar' nocht meit for to decyde our querrell ;
 Thoch farland fules seime to haif fedders fair.
 Cum thay acquaint, thay will creip inner mair ;
 And will be noysum nychbours, and enorme :
 And schortlie will sit to our fydes as fair,
 As now thy rebels, quhome thay sould reforme.

VI.

That freindship is ay faythfullest afar ;
 And langeft will indure with lytle daill.
 I feir with use and tyme it work to war,
 Fra thay aganes our partie anes prevail.
 Quha wait bot syne ourselfs thay will assaill :
 Auld fayis ar' findill faythful freyndis found :
 First helpe the halfe, and syne ourharl the haill,
 Will be ane weful weifair to our wound.

VII.

Be thair exempill learne experience,
 Ane forane mache, or maister, to admit.
 Reid, quhane the Saxons gat pre-eminence,
 How sone thay socht as soverans for to sit.
 Reid how thay forcit the Briton folks to flit ;
 And yit possiids that peipils propertie.
 Bewar ! We may be wolterit or we wit :
 And lykways lois our land, and libertie.

VIII.

VIII.

Ane thousand sic exempils I could schaw ;
 And mony noble natioun I may name,
 Quho lost at lenth thair libertie, and law,
 And sufferit hes dayth sorow, skayth, and schame ;
 That for to helpe thair harmes, and hurt at hame,
 Fetcht forane forcis in to thair support,
 Quha fulyeit syne thair fredome, force, and fame ;
 And thame subduit in the famin sort.

IX.

Fleand Caribde bewar in Scyll to fall ;
 And sa eschew cruill diffentioun,
 That our estate to strangers be not thrall,
 The cankers of our auld contentioun
 Will keip no conand nor conventioun.
 And, gif yow gif thame credeit to correct us,
 Be craftie way, will, and inventioun,
 And subtell flychts, thay will seik to subject us.

X.

Scotland cum nevir yit in servitude,
 Sene Fergus first ; bot evir hes bene frie.
 And hes bene always brukit be a blude ;
 And king of kings descendit grie be grie.
 Gif that it be in bondage brocht be thé,
 Thane wareit war thy weirdis and wanhap !
 Thairfoir thir forane feiris sa foirfee,
 That catcht we be nocht with ane estir-clap.

XI.

Mark and mynt at the honour, laud, and prais,
 The vertew, worschip, word, and vassilage,
 Of sic as hes done doichtelie in his dayis
 To keip this realme from thraldome and boundage !
 Mark als the vyld vitupour, and the wage
 Of untreuth, trefoune, and of tyrannie :
 And how some honour hes, and heretage,
 And lyfis lost, for thair diloyaltie.

XII.

XII.

So for thy facts thow will be fuir to find
 The lyke reward of vertew or of vyce.
 Be not thairfoir fyld as ane Bellie-blind ;
 Nor lat thyself be led upon the yce.
 Nor, to content thy marrow's covatyce,
 Put not thyself in perrell for to pereis.
 Nor beir the blame, quhair uthers tak the pryce ;
 Nor beit the bus, that uthers eat the bereis.

XIII.

The trone of tryell, and theatre trew,
 Is for to regne, and rewle above the rest ;
 Who hes the woyme, him all the world dois vew ;
 And magistat the man dois manifest.
 Sua, sen thow hes the princis place posselt,
 Louk to be prafit as thow plays thy pairt.
 And, as thow luifis, so luifit be and left ;
 And always delt with eftir thy desert.

This excellent state poem is believed to be by the same author with the preceding, from its great similarity of style, but still more from its being marked in the MAITLAND Folio MS. after the title "By J. M. Y. of L." i. e. *Younger of Letlington*, or perhaps of Coldingham ; the L. and C. being scarcely distinguishable in the Manuscripts of that time. The Earl of Mar was chosen Regent September 1571, and died in October of the following year. Upon the election of the Earl of Morton to succeed him, the Queen's party daily declined, and in less than fix months Mary had not a vestige of sovereignty in any part of the kingdom.

St. 12. l. 5. " — thy marrow's covatyce.] " The cheif grit man (says John Knox) that requisit to subscribe the Buik of Discipline was the Lord Erskine ; and no wonder, for besyde that he has a very Jesabell to his wyfe, if the puir, the scuillis, and the ministers had thair awin, his kitching wald want twa pairtes and mair of that quhilk he now unjustly possesses."

ADVYCE TO BE BLYTH IN BAIL.

*Perhaps by LORD THIRLSTANE, or one of the same
Family. From the MAITLAND COLLECTION.*

I.

In bail be blyth, for that is best.
In barret gif thow be bowne to byde,
Lat comfort clenlie in thé rest ;
Lat never thy cair in court be cryd.
Thy harmis het luik that thow hyde ;
Have houp in him that ay fall left ;
Fra sorow sone be set on fyde.
In bail be blyth, for that is best.

II.

Gif thow will not in bail be blyth,
Sone of this blis thow may be bair :
Albeit thow sich ane thousand fyth,
It will nocht sauf thé of thy fair ;
Nor yet remeid thé of thy cair.
Lat comfort cleinlie in thé rest :
Thow leyr this lessoun at my lair,
In bail be blyth, for that is best.

III.

Deir on deis and thow be dicht,
And syne sits drowpand lyke ane da,
Fayn will thay all be of that sicht ;
And thay that onlie is thy fa,
Thay will nocht gruge to lat ye ga.
Thair is no gle with sic ane gest.
Ofsfys fays the sempill sua,
In bail be blyth, for that is best.

IV.

Lat never thy inne meis with thy mis,
 Nor mak thé mirth on na maneir;
 How ever thay say with thé it is,
 Of thy mischeif lat thame nocht heir.
 Thay will be blyth, as bird on breir,
 In payn to see thé punist and preft:
 Thairfoir in countenance ay be cleir.
 In bail be blyth, for that is best.

V.

For ay blyth I reid that we be,
 That ever in blis we may be kend;
 For this I say, be ma than me,
 That murning may nothing amend,
 Fra the feynd God us defend,
 For bayth fute and hand wes fast,
 Of this mater I mak ane end.
 In bail be blyth, for that is best.

St. 3. l. 1. "*Deir* on *deifs* and thow be dicht." Mr Pinkerton explains thus, Though you be dearly (richly) drest, and sitting in the place of honour.—*Deir* in this passage may, however, be put for *dern*, "retiredly, in a solitary manner;" and *deifs* may signify, as at present, a seat made of earth or sod, as is common in gardens and parks. "Sync fits," in the next line, ought probably to be "fene fit." I conceive the poem to have been written by John Maitland while in a state of confinement to the house and parks of *the Drum* near Dalkeith, and the hint to have been borrowed from his father's

Flind man be blyth, &c. p. 300.

AULD KYNDNES FORYETT,

— *from the BANN. COLLECTION, seems partly altered from a similar Ballad by SIR R. MAITLAND.*

I.

THIS warld is all bot fenyett fair,
And als unstable as the wind,
Gud faith is flemit, I wat nocht quhair,
Trest fallowship is evil to find ;
Gud conscience is all maid blind,
And cheritie is nane to gett,
Leill, loif, and lawté lyis behind,
And auld kyndnes is quyt foryett.

II.

Quhill I had ony thing to spend,
And stuffit weill with warldis wrak,
Amang my freinds I wes weill kend :
Quhen I wes proud, and had a pak,
Thay wald me be the oxtar tak,
And at the hē buird I wes set ;
Bot now thay latt me stand abak,
Sen auld kyndnes is quyt foryett.

III.

Now I find bot freindis few,
Sen I wes pryfit to be pure ;
They hald me now bot for a schrew,
To me thay tak bot littill cure ;
All that I do is bot injure :
Thocht I am bair I am nocht bett,
Thay latt me stand bot on the flure,
Sen auld kyndes is quyt foryett.

IV.

Suppois I mene, I am nocht mendit,
 Sen I held pairt with poverté,
 Away sen that my pak wes spendit,
 Adew all liberalité.
 The proverb now is trew, I fé,
 " Quha may nocht gife, will littill gett ;
 Thairfoir to say the varité,
 Now auld kyndnes is quyt foryett.

V.

Thay wald me hals with hude and hatt,
 Quhyle I wes riche and had anewch,
 About me freindis anew I gatt,
 Rycht blythlie on me thay lewch ;
 Bot now they mak it wondir tewch,
 And lattis me stand befor the yett :
 Thairfoir this warld is verry frewch,
 And auld kyndnes is quyt foryett.

VI.

Als lang as my cop stud evin,
 I yeid bot seindill myne allane ;
 I squyt wes with sex or sevin,
 Ay quhyle I gaif thame twa for ane ;
 Bot suddanly fra that wes gane,
 Thay passit by with handis plett,
 With purtye fra I wes ourtane,
 Than auld kyndnes was quyt foryett.

VII.

Into this warld fuld na man trow ;
 Thow may weill fé the resoun quhy ;
 For evir bot gif thy hand be fow,
 Thow art bot littill settin by.
 Thou art nocht tane in cumpany,
 Bot thair be sum fish in thy nett ;
 Thairfoir this fals warld I defy,
 Sen auld kyndnes is quyt foryett.

IN COMMENDATION OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE SYR
JOHNE MAITLAND OF THIRLSTAIN, SECRETAIR TO
THE KING, HIS MAJESTIE. (*March 1585-6.*)

The following four sonnets are much in the manner of James VI. Lord Thirlstane, on account of his zealous attachment to the interest of Queen Mary, was kept in a state of confinement, at least of banishment from Court, until the death of the Earl of Morton. The King's grace, upon Maitland's restoration to Court, is exemplified in the speech made by Ovid, contrasting his own perpetual exile with the happier fortune of Lord Thirlstane, who is here said to have been received into favour "at his good Lord's request;" that is, through the intercession of his father Lord Ledington.

THE FIRST VISIOUN.

BEFORE my face, this night, to me appeir'd
My silent Muse in sorow all confound;
And, all dismay'd; this question at me speir'd;
' Quhy do we not his glorious praise resound?
' Quhose goodnes we beyond our hope hes found:
' Quhose favour hes surmounted our desert.
' And, as he dois in pouer maist abound,
' So to our ayd the fame he dois convert.'
" O Muse," quod I, " even with a willing hairt
" I sall fullfill this chairge with bent desyre ;

- " So that to me your fure ye impart,
 " And thir my verses with lern'd skill inspyre.
 " For, sen I fould the maist renoum'd commend;
 " Ye lykwys ought your ayde and help extend.

THE SECOND VISION.

- THUS as I spak I saw the Muses nyne,
 With harps in hand, about me sone repair;
 Sa that thair hymns, and voces, maist devyne,
 By simpathie refounded in the air.
 ' Sing! Let us sing; and by our songs declair
 ' His worthie Stock, bayth valiant, stout, and wyse,
 ' From quhilk he's sprung, (of Muses all the cair,
 ' Yea of the Gods, from quhom all grace dois ryse.)
 ' His Father deir, quha neir his burial lyes;
 ' Ane Homer auld of everlastin fame;
 ' A judge maist just; a lord quha hes the pryfe
 ' For conscience pure, and ane unspotted name;
 ' Of princes lov'd; in honour lang he livis,
 ' Quhose memorie his learned sones revivis.'

THE THRID VISION.

- AND heir they stay'd till they had drawn thair breath;
 Than they begun with schiller toons of joy.
 Anterpe sang, ' His fame surviveth death.'
 And Clio said, ' No force shall him destroy.'
 Thalia spak, ' Lat us our sangs employ
 ' To blaise his praise, and eternise his gloire.'
 Polhymna sayde, ' I will and shall convoy
 ' His confell-wit, quhilk he hes in great store,
 ' Through all the world. And will him sa decore,
 ' That, as he now surpassis with his Prence
 ' In grace and love all others, so before
 ' He shall thame pass in credit, but offence.

' Lang

* Lang fall he live in joy, in blifs, and helth ;
 * And on his bak fall leane this comounwelth.

THE FOURT VISIOUN.

As they did end, than Ovide from exyle
 Of Pontus cam, quhair he till death remain'd,
 Induiring cauld, and hounger ; all that quhyle
 Confeum'd with woe Augustus him disdain'd.
 ' Alace,' said he, ' In vayne have I complain'd
 ' For to asuage Augustus' yre, and wrath.
 ' And thocht that thou in presoun wes detain'd,
 ' Yet happy thou, quho favour'd is ere death !
 ' Thy Monarch, and thy great Augustus, hath
 ' Extend his grace, at thy good lord's request,
 ' Quhose honour thou, till waisted be thy breath,
 ' Sall keip in mynde within thy thankful breist.
 ' Thou fall his glore with his defairts proclame,
 ' And celebrat within the kirk of Fame.

Musis sine tempore tempus.

When these Visions were written, Sir John Maitland was only Secretary to the King, but officiated as Chancellor; Captain James Stewart, who held the office, having been banished from the royal presence, and deprived of the title of Earl of Arran in November 1585. Within a few months after the execution of the Queen, or about May 1587, Stewart preferred an accusation against the Secretary, "as if by some underhand dealing he had been accessory to that unparalleled act of blood; but failing to make good the charge, and not even appearing at the time appointed, he was instantly deprived of the office, and the same was conferred upon Sir John Maitland." The King's favourable intentions are, however, sufficiently declared in various parts of these Visions.

THE COMPLAINT OF SCOTLAND,

Probably 1570.

— from the *Edinburgh Magazine*, December 1791, where it is said by the furnisher of the article to have been transcribed from a black letter sheet, and to relate to the death of King Henry Stewart. Various circumstances mentioned in the poem evince, however, that it alludes to the murder of the regent Murray by Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh, in Feb. 1569-70, the particulars of which may be seen in Crawford and other histories of that period. Ames, in his *Scottish Typography*, enumerates about half a dozen *Deplorationes* and *Tragedies* on the same subject, all of them single sheets, and printed in 1570.— Whether this be one of them, is neither a matter of certainty nor of importance, but it seems to be a genuine production of the time.

I.

ADREW all glaidnes, sport, and play !
Adew, fair weill, baith nycht and day !
All things that may mak merrie cheir !
Bot sich rycht soir in hart, and say,
Allace ! to graif is gone my deir.

II.

My lothfoum lyfe I may lament,
 With fixit face, and mynde attent,
 In weiping wo to perseveir,
 And asking still for punischement,
 Of thame hes brocht to graif my deir.

III.

Bot long allace I may complaine,
 Befoir I find my deir againe,
 To me was faithfull and inteir,
 As turtill trew on me tuke paine :
 Allace to graif is gone my deir.

IV.

Sen nathing may my murning mend,
 On God maist hie I will depend,
 My cairfull cause for to upreir :
 For he support to me will send,
 Althocht to graif is gone my deir.

V.

My havie hap, and piteous plycht,
 Dois peirs my hart baith day and nycht,
 That lym nor lyth I may not steir,
 Till sum revenge with force and mycht
 The cruel murther of my deir.

VI.

This cureles wound does greif me soir,
 The lyke I never felt befoir,
 Sen Fergus first of me tuke steir ;
 For now allace decayis my gloir,
 Throw cruell murther of my deir.

VII.

O wickit wretche unfortunat !
 O savage seid infatiat !
 Mycht thow not, frantik fule ! forbear
 To sla with dart intoxicat,
 And cruellie devoir my deir ?

VIII.

VIII.

Wa worth the wretche, wa worth the clan,
 Wa worth the wit, that first began
 This deir debait for to upsteir,
 Contrare the lawis of God and man,
 To murther cruellie my deir.

IX.

Throw thé is lawles libertie,
 Throw thé mischeif and crueltie,
 Throw thé fals men thair heidis upbeir,
 Throw thé is baneist equitie,
 Throw thé to graif is gone my deir.

X.

Throw thé mae Kings than ane dois ring,
 Throw thé all tratours blythelie finging,
 Throw thé is kendlit civill weir,
 Throw thé murther wald beir the swing,
 Throw thé to graif is gone my deir.

XI.

Throw thé is rasit sturftum stryfe,
 Throw thé the vitall breith of lyfe
 Is him bereft, did with thé beir,
 Quhen gallow-pin, or cutting knyfe,
 Suld franglit the, and saist my deir.

XII.

Ungraitfull grome ! sic recompence
 Was not condigne to thyne offence,
 With glowing gunne that man to teir,
 From doggis deith was thy defence :
 To thé sic mercie schew my deir.

XIII.

O cursit Cain, O hound of hell,
 O bludie bairn of Ishmaell,
 Gedaliah ! quhen thow did steir,
 To vicis all thow rang the bell,
 Throw cruel murther of my deir.

XIV.

Allace my deir did not forsie,
 Quhen he gaif pardone unto the,
 Maist wickit wretche, to men sinceir
 Quhat paine he brocht, and miserie,
 With reuthfull ruin to my deir.

XV.

Bot trew it is, the godly men,
 Quhilk think no harme, nor falsset ken,
 Nor haitret dois to uthers beir,
 Ar soneft brocht to deithis den ;
 As may be sene be this my deir.

XVI.

Thairfoir to the I say no moir,
 Bot I traist to the King of Gloir,
 That thow and thyne fall yit reteir
 Your camps with murning mynd richt foir,
 For cruell murther of my deir.

XVII.

O nobill Lordis of renoun,
 O baronis bauld, ye mak yow boun,
 To fute the field with freche effeir,
 And dintis doufe, the pride ding down
 Of thame that brocht to graif my deir.

XVIII.

Revenge his deith with ane assent,
 With ane hart, will, mynde, and intent ;
 In faithfull friendship perseveir :
 God will yow favour, and thame schent,
 Be work or word that slew my deir.

XIX.

Be crous ye Commouns, in this cace,
 In aventure ye cry allace,
 Quhen murtherars the swing fall beir,
 And from your native land yow chace,
 Unles that ye revenge my deir.

XX.

Lat all that fische be trapt in net;
 Was counfall, art, part, or refet,
 With thankfull mind and hartie cheir,
 Or yit with helping hand him met,
 Quhen he to graif did bring my deir.

XXI.

Defend your King, and feir your God;
 Pray to avoyde his feirfull rod,
 Lest, in his angrie wrath aufteir,
 Ye puneist be, baith even and and od,
 For not revenging of my deir.

XXII.

And do not feir the number small,
 Thocht ye be few, on God ye call,
 With faithfull hart, and mynde sincere,
 He will be ay your brasin wall,
 Gif ye with speid revenge my deir.

XXIII.

Remuve all fluggische slewth away,
 Lat lurking invy clene decay,
 Gar commoun weill your baner beir,
 And peace and concorde it display,
 Quhen ye pas to revenge my deir.

XXIV.

With sobbing fych I to yow fend
 This my complaynt with dew commend,
 Desiring yow all, without feir,
 My pure Scotland for to defend,
 Sen now to graif is gone my deir.

ALEXANDER

ALEXANDER ARBUTHNOT

— is known as a Poet by the two following pieces which have been preserved in the Maitland Manuscript. Spotswood says that Alexander Arbuthnot, Principal of the King's College Aberdeen, who died in 1583, "was expert in all the sciences, and a good poet." I can therefore see no reason why we may not safely consider him as the author of the *Miseries of a poor Scholar*, particularly as one of the distinguishing traits of his character appears very prominently in various parts of the poem. "He was, says the Archbishop, in such account, for his moderation; with the chief men of the North, (i. e. about Aberdeen,) that without his advice they could almost do nothing, which put him to great folly." Principal Arbuthnot was the third son of Robert Arbuthnot, dominus ejusdem, in the shire of the Merns, and was educated for the Bar; but upon his declaring himself in favour of the Reformation, he was prevailed upon to enter into orders, and about the year 1568 is designed Parson of Arbuthnot, and Logy-Buchan. In that year he was appointed by the General Assembly to call in and revise a book entitled "The Fall of the Church of Rome," wherein the King had been called the head of the Church; and a Psalm book with a lewd song at the end of it, called *Welcome fortunes*. In 1569 he was made Principal of the College of Aberdeen, in the room of Alexander Anderson, superseded for refusing to sign the Confession of Faith. Farther particulars of his life may be found in

Mackenzie's Scots Writers, *Vol. 3d. where he is said to be the author of* Orationes de origene & dignitate juris ; Edinburg. 1572, 4to.

THE MISERIES OF A PURE SCOLAR.

I.

O WRATCHIT world ! O fals fenyeat Fostoun !
 O hecht unhappie ! O cruel destanie !
 O clene mistemperit constellatioun !
 O evil aspect in my nativitie !
 O weird fisteris, quhat alis yow at me ?
 That all dois wirk thus contrair my intent.
 Quhilk is the cause that I mourne and lament.

II.

All thing dois quyt proceid aganes my will ;
 Bayth hevin and erth ar contrair me conjurit.
 I luif the gude, and cummerit am with ill ;
 With wickit bait I daylie am allurit.
 To cheis my lyf I cannot be assurit ;
 Now till ane thing, now till another bent.
 Quhat marvel is thoch I murne and lament ?

III.

My hairt dois luf the trew religioun,
 And the trew God wald trewlie serve, bot dout ;
 Bot atheisme, and superstitioun,
 Hes sa me now environit about,
 That scantlie can I find quhair to get out,
 Betwix thir twa I am so daylie rent,
 Quhat marvel is thoch I murne and lament ?

IV.

Under my God, I wald obey my prince ;
 Bot civile weir dois sa trouble the cais,
 That scarcely wait I quham to reverenc ;

Quhat

Quhat till efchew, or quhat for till embrace.
 Our nobils now fa fickil ar, alace !
 This day thay fay, the morne thay will repent.
 Quhat marvel is thoch I murne and lament ?

V.

Faine wald I leif in concord, and in peice ;
 Without devifioun, rancour, or debait.
 Bot now, alace ! in every land and place,
 The fyr of hatrent kindlit is fo hait,
 That cheretie doth ring in nane eftait ;
 Thoch all concur to hurt the innocent.
 Quhat marvel is thoch I murne and lament ?

VI.

I hate thraldome ; yet man I binge, and bek,
 And jouk, and nod, fum patroun for to pleys.
 I luf fredome ; yet man I be fubject ;
 I am compellit to flatter with my feys.
 I me torment fum uther for till eis,
 Quha of my travale scantlie is content.
 Quhat marvel is thoch I murne and lament ?

VII.

I luif na thing bot pure fimplicitie ;
 And to diflemble man my tung affyle.
 The plane hie pathe is maift plesand to me ;
 Yit fumtyme man I arm me with a wyle.
 Or, do I not, men fall me foune begyle ;
 Firft me diffave fyn lauch quhen I am fchent.
 Quhat marvel is thoch I murne and lament ?

VIII.

I luif larges, and liberalitie ;
 Yet povertie to fpend dois mak me fpair.
 I hate averice, and prodigalitie ;
 To get fum geir yet maun I waif grit cair.
 In vanitie fyn I man it outwair——
 Woun be ane wretche, and into waiftrie spent !—
 Quhat marvel is thoch I murne and lament ?

IX.

IX.

I luif the vertew honest chaiftitie ;
 To bawdische bourdis yet man I oft gif ear ;
 To fatisfie ane fleschlie cumpanie,
 Lyk ruffian I man me sumtyme beir.
 In Venus' scule I man sum lessoun leir,
 Gif I wald comptit be courtés and gent.
 Quhat marvel is thoch I murne and lament ?

X.

I luif delyt ; and wrappit am in wo.
 I luif plesour ; and plungit am in pane.
 I list to rest ; yet man I ryde and go.
 And quhen I list to flie I maun remain.
 With warldlie cair a gentil hart is flane !
 I feil the smart, and dar nocht mak my plent.
 Quhat marvel is thoch I murne and lament ?

XI.

I hait flatterie ; and into wourdis plane,
 And unaffected language, I delyte ;
 Yet man I leir to flatter, glois, and fayne,
 Quhidder I list to speik, or yit to wryte ;
 Or els men fall nocht compt me worth a myte,
 I fall be rakinit rude or negligent.
 Quhat marvel is thoch I murne and lament ?

XII.

Scorning I hait ; yet maun I smyle, and smirk,
 Quhen I the mokks of uther men behald.
 Yea oft-tymes man I lauch, suppose I irk,
 Quhen bitterlie thair tauntis thay have tauld.
 And sumtyme als, quhidder I nyl or wald,
 And scorne for scorne to gif I man tak tent.
 Quhat marvel is thoch I murne and lament ?

XIII.

I luif modest sober civilitie,
 Mixit with gentil courtés lawlines ;
 Bot outhir man I use scurrilitie,

Or els sic straunge and uncouth fremmitnes,
That I wait nocht quhane to mak merines ;
Nor be quhat mene with men me to acquent.
Quhat marvel is thoch I murne and lament ?

XIV.

With temperance I wald use meit and drink ;
And hes all surfat-banket in despyt ;
And yit at feist and banket maun I wink ;
And at thame hant quhair I have no delyte.
I use the ewil, and hes withall the wyte ;
Thoch body bow yet dois the hairt dissent.
Quhat marvel is thoch I murne and lament ?

XV.

All costlie clayths I compt nocht worthe ane preine,
Quhilk dois bot foster pryde and vanitie ;
Yit dar I nocht in commoun place be fene,
Les I be clothit sumquhat gorgeouslie.
And be I nocht, thane men fall talk of me ;
And call me owther Wretche or Indigent.
Quhat marvel is thoch I murne and lament ?

XVI.

With hairt and mynd I luif humilitie ;
And pauchtie pryd richt fair do I detest ;
But with the heich yet man I heichlie be :
Or with that sort I fall na fit in rest.
This world hes maid the proverb manifest.
Quha is ane scheip the woulf will fene him rent.
Quhat marvel is thoch I murne and lament ?

XVII.

With patience richt ferme I wald ouercum,
And uther mens infirmities endure ;
Bot thane am I comptit ane batie-bum ;
And all men thinks a play me till injure.
No sufferance, but vice, dois thame allure ;
The mair I thole, the mair thay me torment.
Quhat marvel is thoch I murne and lament ?

XVIII.

XVIII.

I luif silence and taciturnitie ;
 And in few wordis wald my purpois tell ;
 Yet sumtyme man I wourdis multiplie,
 And mak my tounge to ring as dois ane bell :
 With wylfull folk I man hayth cry and yell,
 Or yeld to thame and quyt the argument.
 Quhat marvel is thoch I murne and lament ?

XIX.

I hait all schameles gloristie ;
 And me delyte in modest schamefastnes ;
 Yet fall I nocht be comptit worth ane flie,
 Without I speik of all mater be ges ;
 Gloir, and brag out, and tak a face of bres ;
 Nathing misknaw under the firmament.
 Quhat marvel is thoch I murne and lament ?

XX.

To charge, to ask, to put ane man to pane !——
 I wald be courtés, gentil, and discrèit ;
 Bot quhyle I am, an ganand tyme remane,
 I am ay servit at the later meit ;
 And sum uthar is placit in my feit,
 That thocht no shame for to be impudent.
 Quhat marvel is thoch I murne and lament ?

XXI.

I luif the vertew callit gratitude,
 And lyk for lyk I yarne to yeild agane ;
 Yet can I nocht refave bot ill for gude.
 And thay, in quhais danger I remane,
 I cannot quyt, albeit I wald richt fane.
 I want all micht ; na powar is me lent.
 Quhat matvel is thoch I murne and lament ?

XXII.

I luif justice ; and wald that everie man
 Had that quhilk richtlie dois to him perteine ;
 Yet all my kyn, allya, or my clan,

In richt or wrang I man alwayis mantene.
 I maun applaud, quhen thay thair matters mene,
 Thoch conscience thairto do not consent.
 Quhat marvel is thoch I murne and lament ?

XXIII.

Sua thoch I luif the richt, and nocht the wrang,
 Yet, gif ane freyndis cafe fall cum in hand,
 It to assist I maun bayth ryde and gang :
 And, as ane scolar, leir to understand,
 That it is not repute vyce in this land,
 For wrang to rander wrang equivalent.
 Quhat marvel is thoch I murne and lament ?

XXIV.

Of trew freyndis faine wald I have gud ftoir,
 With thame the leig of amitie to bind :
 Bot thoch I seik amang ane hundreth scoir,
 Ane faythful frende now scantlie can I find,
 That is nocht lycht, lyk weddercok in wynd.
 It is thocht vyce now to be permanent.
 Quhat marvel is thoch I murne and lament ?

XXV.

In poetrie I preis to pas the tyme,
 When cairfull thochts with sorow failyes me ;
 Bot gif I mell with meter, or with ryme,
 With rascal rymours I fall rakiut be.
 Thay sal me bourdin als with mony lie,
 In charging me with that quhilk neuer I ment.
 Quhat marvel is thoch I murne and lament.

XXVI.

I wald travel ; and ydlenes I hait ;
 Gif I culd find sum gude vocation.
 Bot all for nocht : in vain lang may I wait,
 Or I get honest occupation.
 Letters ar lichtliet in our nation.
 For lernyng now is nother lyf nor rent.
 Quhat marvel is thoch I murne and lament ?

XXVII.

XXVII. -

And schortlie now, at ane wourde to conclude,
 I think this warld sa wrappit in mischeif,
 That gude is ill; and ill is callit gude.
 All thing I see dois bot augment my greif.
 I feil the wo, and can nocht se releif:
 The Lordis plaig thronchout the warld is went.
 Quhat marvel is thoch I murne and lament?

Quod Maister Alexander Arbuthnot. 1572.

That Principal Arbuthnot, and Arbuthnot the Printer, were different persons, *seems* not unlikely; but, notwithstanding of all that has been advanced upon the subject by Mr Chalmers in his *Life of Ruddiman*, p. 71. it is by no means ascertained that the Principal was not the person to whom Buchanan committed the care of publishing his history, although the Edinburgh Arbuthnot might be the actual printer. Mackenzie, p. 192. vol. 3d. is so circumstantial in his account of this matter, that one can scarcely withhold assenting to the truth of his narrative. Perhaps there is equal room for doubt with respect to the identity of the person who was appointed to call in Bassendyne's edition of the Psalms. For it would be somewhat singular if the General Assembly should in 1568 fix upon Alexander Arbuthnot, Parson of Logy-Buchan, to revise and publish psalms for the use of the kirk of Scotland, and yet that *another* Alexander Arbuthnot, in less than a dozen years afterwards, should be appointed to print and publish an edition of the Bible, while the former was still in the prime of life, in the highest favour with the Protestant Clergy, and had shown himself anxious for some lucrative employment. In stanza 8th of the above poem, he says.

I hate averice and prodigalitie;
 To get sum geir yet maun I haif grit cair.
 And again, in stanza 26th.

I wald labour, and ydleness I hait,
 Gif I culd get sum gude vocation;
 Bot—Letters ar lichtliet in our nation.

Is it not rather probable that this very poem procured him the appointment of King's printer? The circumstance of the publisher of Buchanan being a Burgess of Edinburgh, is nothing to the purpose. So was Gawin Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld, though not a trafficker.

THE

THE PRAISES OF WĒMEN.

By the Same. From the MAITAND COLLECTION.

I.

QUHA dewlie wald decerne,
The nature of gud wemen ;
Or quha wald wis or yairne
That cumlie clan to ken ;
He hes grit neid, I say indeid,
Of toungis ma then ten :
Thât plefand fort ar all confort,
And mirrines to men.

II.

The wyfist thing of wit
That ever Nature wrocht :
Quha can fra purpose flit,
Bot fickilnes of thocht.
Wald ye now wis ane erthlie blis,
Solace gif ye have socht ;—
Ane marchandyce of gritest pryce
That ever ony bocht.

III.

The brichtest thing, bot baill,
That ever creat bein ;
The lustiest, and maist leil ;
The gayest, and best gain ;
The thing fairest, and langeft test ;
From all canker maist clein ;
The trimmest face, with gudlie grace,
That lichtlie may be sein.

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IV.

IV.

The blythest thing in bour ;
 The bonyest in bed,
 Pleasant at everie hour ;
 And eithe for to be sted ;
 An innocent, plaine and patent ;
 With craftines onclod ;
 Ane simple thing, suet and bening,
 For deir nocht to be dred.

V.

To man obedient,
 Evin lyk ane willie wand ;
 Bayth faythfull, and fervent,
 Ay reddie at command.
 Thay luif maist leill, thoch men do feill,
 And schaikis oft of hand.
 Quhair anes thay love thay not remove,
 Bot steidfastlie thay stand.

VI.

And, rychtlie to compair,
 Scho is ane turtill trew ;
 Hir fedderis ar rycht fair,
 And of an hevinlie hew.
 Ane luifing wicht, bayth fair and bricht,
 Gud properteis anew.
 Freind with delyte : so but dispyte,
 Quho luvys hir fall not rew.

VII.

Suppose scho seim offendit,
 Quhen men dois hir constraine ;
 That falt is sone amendit,
 Hir mynde is so humaine.
 Scho is content, gif men repent
 Thair falt ; and turne agane.
 Scho has no gyle, nor subtil wyle ;
 Hir pathis ar ay plane.

VIII.

VIII.

Ane lyife full of delyite
 Gif ye your dayis wald drie ;
 In pastyme maist perfyite
 Gif that ye list to be ;
 In gud estait, bayth air and lait,
 Gif ye wald leif or die ;
 With wemen deill. Its trew I tell ;
 Yeis luik I fall not lie.

IX.

Gif ony fault thair be,
 Alace ! men hes the wyit
 That geves sa gouketlie
 Sic rewleris onperfyte ;
 Suld have the blame, and beir lyk schame,
 Thoch thay wemen bakbyt,
 Wer thay wittie, wemen wald be
 Ane happie hairte's delyit.

X.

The properteis perpend
 Of everie warldlie wicht ;
 Sa comlie nane ar kend,
 As is a ladye brycht.
 Plesand in bed, bowsum and red ;
 Ane daintie day and nycht.
 Ane halesum thing, ane hairtes lyking,
 Gif men wald rewl thame richt.

XI.

Quhen God maid all of nocht,
 He did this weill declare,
 The last thing that he wrocht,
 It was ane woman fair.
 In workes we see the last to be
 Maist plesand and preclair,
 Ane help to man God maid hir than :
 Quhat will ye I say mair ?

XII.

The papingo in hew
 Excedis birdis all ;
 The turtill is maist trew ;
 The pawne but peregal.
 Yit nevir the les, ye may confes,
 Woman is worth thame all ;
 Fair, sueit, plesant ; trew, meik, constant ;
 Without all bitter gall.

XIII.

And thoch for wemennis saik
 Greit trouble hes bein sein,
 Yit that dois naways maik
 That women wicked bein.
 We sie that kingis, for pretious thingis,
 Dois gretest weir sustein.
 And yit the geir, for quhilk thay weir,
 Is not the worse a prein.

XIV.

Realmes and grit impyris
 Than fould be worthe na thing ;
 For cruell bluid, and fyris,
 Ar sein in conquering.
 All precious geir we fould forbeir ;
 Refuis to be ane king ;
 Ya Christis worde fould be abhor'd.
 For all dois troubills bring.

XV.

Confes thairfoir for schame,
 For so ye must indeid,
 That it is na defame
 To prys of womanheid.
 Suppose that men, for lue of thame,
 In battels oft did bleid :
 That sets thame furthe to the maist worthe ;
 And so thay ar indeid.

XVI.

XVI.

Ye wemen vicious,
 Gif ony sic be now,
 Grow not owr glorious ;
 I spak no thing of yow :
 Thair is anew, bayth traift and trew,
 Quhom onlie I allowe.
 Thoch sum be ruid, monye ar gud.
 Ilk man cheis him ane dow.

Quod Mr. A. Arbuthnot.

Here are omitted some stanzas containing trite examples of the virtuous and vicious conduct of women, selected from ancient history, sacred and prophane; and serving no other purpose but to add to the proximity of the poem.

In addition to what was offered in p. 336, it may be observed, that the only books which appear with the name of Arbuthnot as printer are,—1st. "The Bible," in folio, 1579.—2d. "Buchanan's History;"—3d.—"Welwood's De aqua in altum exprimenda demonstratio," both in 1582. To the two former of these, the reverend Principal has at least a specious claim; and I believe that Welwood's pamphlet (Edin. Coll. Lib.) will be found to have issued from the same press. Impressions by the contemporary printers of Scotland are common: See Ames's Hist. of Scottish printing. Even although one or two more editions by Arbuthnot should be discovered, this argument will not be invalidated, unless the typographical ornaments are different from those of Buchanan's History, or the date subsequent to 1583.

ALEXANDER

ALEXANDER MONTGOMERY

— is characterised by Mr Pinkerton as a “quaint affected writer, and a great dealer in tinsel;” while, on the other hand, by Lord Hailes he is designed “the elegant author of the Cherrie and Slae,”—a compliment which has not fallen to the share of many of our ancient poets from a pen so eminently qualified to appreciate their merits. To what family Montgomery belonged, and how he became entitled to the appellation of Captain, are circumstances which have not been ascertained—There seems no appearance of his being nearly allied to the house of Eglinton; but we cannot doubt that the Lady Margaret Montgomery whom he celebrates in his smaller pieces, was the eldest daughter of Hugh, third Earl of Eglinton; afterwards, or about 1575, married to Robert, Earl of Winton, for whose benefit probably they were composed, rather than for that of the author himself. The Cherry and Slae has been supposed to contain some allusion to the poet's choice of a wife or mistress. The true scope of the allegory seems, however, to be nothing more than what is expressed in the title of the Latin Version, 1631, viz. *Opus poematum de virtutum & vitiorum pugna, sive, Electio status in adolescentia*. Per T. D. &c. In the same title Montgomery is designed nobilis; and, from his *Flying with Polwart*, it appears that he was the intimate friend of Sempill, probably Robert the third Lord, whom I take to be the author of some facetious poems in the *Evergreen*. He married the younger sister of the Lady Margaret

Margaret Montgomery, and is thus mentioned by Polwart in one of his poetical epistles to our author.

Farder thow fleyis with uther fowlis wingis,
Oer clade with colours cleirer than thy awn,
But specialle with some of *Semple's* thingis.

Whether this alludes merely to the Flying, is uncertain. Polwart also represents him as a schismatick, coming from Argyle, "fidging and fykand with Heiland cheir," which leads to a recollection that about this time (1580) there was a Robert Montgomery, Minister in Stirling, who was made Archbishop of Glasgow in 1581, but in a few years surrendered the See and became Minister of Symontoun in Kyle in 1587. In the Bannatyne MS. are two or three psalms translated by Robert Montgomery, probably the same conscientious Parson, and perhaps the brother of Captain Montgomery.

THE CHERRIE AND THE SLAE.

ABOUT an bank with balmy bewis,
Quhair Nychtingales thair notis renewis,
With gallant Goldspinks gay ;
The Mavis, Merle, and Progne proud,
The Lintquhyt, Lark, and Lavrock loud,
Salutit mirthful May.
Quhen Philomel had sweitly fung,
To Progne scho deplord,
How Tereus cut out hir tung,
And fallly hir deflord ;
Quhilk stori so forie to ichaw hirselt scho feimt,
To heir hir so neir hir, I doutit if I dreimt.

The

The Cuslat crouds, the Corbie crys,
 The Coukow couks, the prattling Pyes,
 To geck hir they begin.
 The Jargoun or the jangling Jayes,
 The craiking Crows, and keckling Kays,
 They deavt me with thair din.
 The painted pawn with Argos eyis,
 Can on his mayock call;
 The Turtle wails on witherit tries,
 And Eccho answers all,
 Repeting with greiting, how fair Narcissus fell,
 By lying and spying his schadow in the well,

 I saw the Hurcheon and the Hare
 In hidlings hirpling heir and thair,
 To mak thair morning mange.
 The Con, the Cuning, and the Cat,
 Quhais dainty downs with dew were wat,
 With stif mustachis strange.
 The Hart, the Hynd, the Dae, the Rae,
 The Fulmart and false Fox;
 The beardit Buck clam up the brac,
 With birffy Bairs and Brocks;
 Sum feiding, sum dreiding the hunters subtile fnairs,
 With skipping and tripping, they playit them in pairs,

 The air was fobir, soft, and sweit,
 Nae misty vapours, wind nor weit,
 But quyt, calm, and cleir,
 To foster Flora's fragrant flowris,
 Quhairon Apollo's paramouris,
 Had trinklit mony a teir;
 The quhilk lyke silver schaikers shynd,
 Embroydering bewties bed,
 Quhairwith their heavy heids declynd,
 In Mayis collouris cled,
 Sum knoping, sum dropping, of balmy liquor sweit,
 Excelling and smelling, throw Phebus hailsum heit.
Methocht

Methocht an heavenlie heartsum thing,
 Quhair dew lyke Diamonds did hing.

Owre twinkling all the treis,
 To study on the flurist twists,
 Admiring Nature's alcumists,
 Laborious buffie beis,
 Quhair of sum sweitest honie socht,
 To stay thair lyves frae sterve,
 And sum the waxie veschells wrocht,
 Thair purchase to preserve;
 So heiping, for keeping it in thair hyves they hyde,
 Precisely and wysely, for winter they provyde.

To pen the pleasures of that park,
 How every blossom, branch, and bark,
 Against the sun did shyne,
 I pass to Poetis to compyle,
 In hich heroick staitlie style,
 Quhais Muse furmatches myne.

But as I lukit myne alane,
 I saw a river rin
 Outowre a steipie rock of stane,
 Syne lichtit in a lin,
 With tumbling and rumbling amang the roches round,
 Devalling and falling, into a pit profound.

Throw rowting of the river rang,
 The roches sounding lyke a fang,
 Quhair deskant did abound;

With triple, tenor, counter, mein,
 And Ecchoe blew a basse betwene,
 In diapason sound,

Set with the c-sol-fa-uth cleif,
 With lang and large at list;

With quaver, crotchet, semibreif,
 And not an minum mist,

Compleitly mair sweetly scho fridound flat and scharp,
 Nor Muses that uses to pin Apollo's harp.

Quha wald haif tyrt to heir that tune,
 Quhilk birds corroborate ay abune,

With lays of luvesum Larks,

Quhilk clim fae high in chrystal skys,

Quhyle Cupid walkens with the crys,

Of Natures chappel clerks,

Quha leving all the Hevins abuve,

Alichted on the eird.

Lo how that little Lord of luv,

Before me thair appeird,

Sae myld and chyld lyk, with bow three quarters scant,

Syne maylie and coylie, he lukit lyk ane Sant.

Ane cleinly crisp hang owre his eyis,

His quaver by his nakit thyis,

Hang in an silver lace ;

Of gold betwixt his schoulders grew,

Twa pretty wings quhairwith he flew,

On his left arm ane brace.

This God sone aff his geir he schuke,

Upon the grassie grund ;

I ran als lichtly for to luke,

Quhair ferlies nicht be fund :

Amasit I gait to see his geir sa gay ;

Perfaising myne haveing, he countit me his prey.

His youth and stature made me stout,

Of doubleness I had na doubt,

But bourded with my boy.

Quod I, how call they thee, my chyld ?

Cupido, Sir, quod he, and smyld,

Please you me to imploy ;

For I can serve you in your suite,

If you please to impyre,

With wings to flie, and schafte to schute

Or flamis to set on fyre.

Mak choice then of those then, or of a thousand things,

But crave them & have them, with that I wou'd his wings.

Quhat

Quhat wald thou gif, my freind, quod he,
To haif thir wanton wings to flie,

To sport thy sprit a quhyle ;

Or quhat gif I suld lend the heir,
Bow, quaver, schafte, and schuting geir,

Sum body to begyle !

That geir, quod I, cannot be bocht,
Yit I wald haif it fain.

Quhat gif, quod he, it cost thee nocht,

But rendering all again :

His wings then he brings then, and band them on my bak,
Go flie now, quod he, now, and sa my leif I tak.

I sprang up with Cupidoes wings,
Quha bow and schuting geir refings,

To lend me for a day.

As Icarus with borrowit flicht,

I mountit hichar nor I micht ;

Owre perrelous ane play.

Then furth I drew that double dart

Quhilk sumtyme schot his mother,

Quhairwith I hurt my wanton hart,

In hope to hurt ane uther :

It hurt me or burnt me, quhyl either end I handill ;

Cum se now in me now the butterflie and candill.

As scho delysts into the low,

Sa was I browdin of my bow,

Als ignorant as scho ;

And as scho flies quhyl scho be fyrt,

Sua with the dart that I desyrt,

My hand has hurt me to ;

As fulish Phaeton be fute

His father's cart obtaind,

Sa langt I in lufis bow to schute,

Not marking quhat it meind ;

Mair wilful than skilful, to flie I was sa fond,

Desyring, aspyring, and sa was sene upond.

Too

Too late I knew quha hewis to hie,
 The spail fall fall into his eie,
 Too late I went to schuils ;
 Too late I heard the swallow preich,
 Too late Experience dois teich,
 The schuil-maister of fuils ;
 Too late to fynd the nest I feik,
 Quhen all the birds ar flowin ;
 Too late the stabil dore I steik,
 Quhen all the steids ar stowin ;
 Too late ay thair state ay, all fulish folk espy,
 Behind sa, they find sa remeid, and sa do I.

Gif I had ryplie bene advyft,
 I had not rashly enterpryft,
 To soir with borroqwit pens ;
 Nor yit had seyd the archer-craft,
 To schute my fell with sic a schaft,
 As reason quyte miskens :
 Frae wilfullness gaif me my wound,
 I had nae force to flie,
 Then came I grainand to the ground.
 Freind ! welcum hame, quod he ; [the buting ?
 Quhair flew ye ? quhom flew ye ? or quha brings hame,
 I se now, quod he, now, ye haif bene at the schuting.

As skorn cums commonly with skaith,
 Sa I behuift to byde them baith,
 Sae stakkering was my stait !
 That undir cure I gat sic chek,
 Quhilk I nicht nocht remuif nor nek,
 But either stail or mait ;
 My agony was sa extreme,
 I swelt and swound for feir,
 But or I walkynt of my dreame,
 He spulyied me of my geir ;
 With flicht then on hicht then sprang Cupid in the skys,
 Forgyetting and setting at nocht my cairful crys.

Sae

Sae lang with sicht I followit him,
 Quhyle baith my dazelit eyes grew dim
 With stairing on the starns,
 Quhilk flew sae thick befor my ein,
 Sum reid, sum yellow, blew, sum grene,
 Quhilk trublit all my harns,
 That every thing apperit twae
 To my barbulyeit brain,
 But lang nicht I ly luiking sae,
 Or Cupid came again; [the air
 Quhais thundering, with wondering, I hard up throw
 Throw cluds so he thuds so, and flew I wist not quhair.

Then frae I saw the God was gane,
 And I in langour left allane,
 And fair tormentit to;
 Sumtyme I sicht, quhyl I was sad,
 Sumtyme I musit and maist gane mad,
 I wist not quhat to do;
 Sumtyme I ravit, half in a rage,
 As ane into dispair,
 To be opprest with sic a page,
 Lord gif my heart was fair.
 Lyke Dido, Cupido, I widdill and I warie,
 Quha rest me and left me in sic a feirie-farie.

Then felt I Curage and Defyre
 Inflame my heart with uncouth fyre,
 To me befor unknown;
 But now nae blude in me remains
 Unbrunt and boyld within my vaines,
 By luve his bellies blawin;
 To quench it or I was devorit,
 With sichts I went about,
 But ay the mair I schupe to smorit,
 The baulder it brak out;
 Ay preising bot ceising, quhyl it nicht brek the bounds,
 My hew so furth schew so the dolour of my wounds.
 With

With deidly visage, pail and wan,
 Mair lyke ane atomy than man,
 I widdert clein away ;
 As wax befoir the fyre, I felt
 My heart within my bosom melt,
 And peice and peice decay,
 My veines with brangling lyk to brek,
 My punfis lap with pith ;
 Sae fervency did me infek,
 That I was vext thairwith :
 My heart ay did start ay, the fyrie flamis to flie,
 Ay howping, throw lowping, to leap at libertie.

But, O alace ! it was abusit,
 My cairfull corps kept it inclusit,
 In presoun of my breist ;
 With fisch sae sowpit and owre-set,
 Lyk to ane fisch fast in the net,
 In deid thraw undeceist,
 Quha thocht in vain scho stryve by strenth
 For to pull out hir heid,
 Quhilk profits naething at the length,
 But haistning to hir deid :
 With wristing and thrifting, the faster still is scho,
 Thair I so did ly so, my death advancing to.

The mair I wrestlit with the wind,
 The faster still my self I find,
 Nae mirth my mynd nicht meise ;
 Mair noy, nor I, had nevir nane,
 I was sae alert and owre-gane,
 Throw drowth of my diseise :
 Yit weakly as I nicht, I raise,
 My sicht grew dim and dark,
 I stakkerit at the windill-straes,
 Nae takin I was stark ;
 Baith sichtles and nichtles I grew almaist at ains,
 In angwische I langwische, with mony grievous grains.
 With

With sober pace I did approche
 Hard to the river and the roche,
 Quhair of I spak befor;
 The river sic a murmur maid,
 As to the sea it fastly slaid,
 The craig hich, stay and schoir :
 Then Pleasure did me sae provok
 Thair partly to repair,
 Betwixt the river and the rock,
 Quhair Houp grew with Dispaire ;
 A trie than I sic than of Cherries on the braes,
 Below to I saw to ane bufs of bitter Slaes.

 The Cherries hang abune my heid,
 Lyke twynkland rubies round and reid,
 Sae hich up in the hewch,
 Quhais schaddowis in the river schew,
 Als graithly glancing as they grew
 On trimbling twistis, and tewch,
 Quhilk bowed throw burding of thair birth,
 Declyning down thair toppis,
 Reflex of Phebus off the firth,
 New colourit all thair knoppis ;
 With danfing and glansing in tryl, as dornik-champ,
 Quhilk streimed and leimed throw lichtnefs of that lamp.

 With earnest eie, quhyl I espy
 The fruit betwixt me and the sky,
 Half-gaite almaist to hevin ;
 The craig sae cumberfom to clim,
 The trie sae tall of growth, and trim,
 As ony arrow evin :
 I calld to mynd how Daphne did
 Within the laurell schrink,
 Quhen from Apollo scho hir hid
 A thousand tymes I think ;
 That trie thair to me thair, as he his laurell thocht,
 Aspyring, bot tyring, to get that fruit I socht.

To clim the craig it was nae buit,
 Let be to preifs to pull the fruit

In top of all the trie ;

I saw nae way quhairby to cum,
 Be ony craft to get it clum,

Appeirandlie to me :

The craig was ugly, stay, and dreich,
 The trie lang, sound and small;

I was affrayd to clim sa hich,

For feir to fetch a fall ;

Affrayit to fey it, I luikit up on loft, [oft,
 Quhys minting, quhys flinting, my purpose changit

Then Dreid ,with Danger and Dispair,
 Forbad my minting onie mair

To rax abune my reiche.

Quhat, tusche, quod Curage, man go to,
 He is but daft that has to do,

And spairs for every speiche :

For I haif aft hard fuith men say,

And we may see ourfells,

That fortune helps the hardy ay,

And pultrones plain repells ; [Dispair,

Then feir nocht, nor heir nocht, Dreid, Danger, or
 To fazarts hard hazarts is deid or they cum thair.

Quha speids, but sic as heich aspyris ?

Quha triumphs nocht, but sic as tyres

To win a nobill name ?

Of schrinking, quhat but schame succeds ?

Then do as thou wald haif thy deids

In register of fame :

I put the cais thou nocht prevaild,

Sae thou with honour die ;

Thy lyfe, but not thy courage, faild,

Sall poets pen of thee :

Thy name than from fame than fall nevir be cut aff,

Thy graif ay sall haif ay that honest epitaff.

Quhat

Quhat can thou losse, quhen honour lives?
 Renown thy vertew ay revives,
 Gif valiauntlie thou end :
 Quod Danger, huly, freind, tak heid,
 Untymous spurring spills the steid ;
 Tak tent quhat ye pretend :
 Thocht Courage counsell thee to clim,
 Beware thou kep nae skaith ;
 Haif thou nae help but Hope and him,
 They may begyle thee baith :
 Thyfell now may tell now the counsell of thae clerks.
 Quhairthrow yit I trow yit thy breift beiris the marks.
 Brunt bairns with fyre the danger dreids,
 Sa I belief thy bosome bleids,
 Sen last that fyre thou felt :
 Befyds that, seindle tymes thou seis
 That evir Courage keeps the keis
 Of knowledge at his belt.
 Thocht he bid fordwart with his guns,
 Small powder he provyds.
 Be not ane novice of that nunnes,
 That saw nocht baith the fyds ;
 Fule-haift ay, almaift ay, owre-fyles the sicht of sum,
 Quahuks not, nor luks not, quhat eftirward may cum.
 Yit Wisdom wisches thee to wey
 This figure in philosophy,
 A lessoun worth to leir,
 Quhilk is in tyme for to tak tent,
 And not quhen tyme is past, repent,
 And buy repentance deir.
 Is thair nae honour eftir lyfe,
 Except thou slay thyfell ?
 Quhairfoir has Atropos that knyfe ?
 I trow thou cannot tell.
 Quha but it wald cut it, quhilk Clotho skairs hes spun,
 Dittroyng thy jaying befoir it be begun.

All owres ar repute to be vyce,
 Owre hich, owre law, owre rasch, owre nyce,
 Owre het or yit owre cauld.
 Thou seims unconstant, be thy signs,
 Thy thocht is on a thousand things,
 Thou wats not quhat thou wald.
 Let fame hir pitie on the poure,
 Quhen all thy banes ar brokin,
 Yone Slae, suppose thou think it soure,
 May satisfie to flokkin [desyre,
 Thy drouth now, of youth now, quhilk drys thee with
 Aswage than thy rage, man, foul water quenches fyre.

Quhat fule art thou to die of thrift,
 And now may quench it, gif thou list,
 Sae easylic bot pain!
 Mair honour is to vanquish ane
 Than feicht with tensum and be tane,
 And owther hurt or slain.
 The prattick is to bring to pas,
 And not to enterpryse;
 And als gude drinking out of glas,
 As gold in ony wyfe;
 I levir haif evir a foul in hand or tway,
 Nor sieand ten sieand about me all the day.

Luke quhair thou licht befor thou lowp,
 And slip na certainty for howp,
 Quha gyds thee but begets.
 Quod Courage, cowards tak nae cure
 To fit with schame, sae they be sure,
 I lyke them all the less.
 Quhat plesure purchest is bot pain?
 Or honour win with eise?

He will not ly quhair he is slain,
 That douttis befor he dies:
 For feir then I heir then, but only ane remeid,
 Quhilk lat is, and that is for to cut off the heid.

Quhat

Quhat is the way to heil thy hurt ?

Quhat is the way to stay thy flurt ?

Quhat meins may mak thee merrie ?

Quhat is the comfort thar thou craivs ?

Suppose thir sophists thee defaivs :

Thou knaws it is the Cherrie.

Sen for it only thou but thrifts,

The Slae can be nae buit ;

In it also thy helth consists,

And in nae uther fruit.

[stryfe ?

Quhy quaiks now, and schaiks thow and studys at our

Advyse thee, it lyes thee, on nae less than thy lyfe.

Gif ony patient wald be pansf,

Quhy suld he lowp quhen he is lanst,

Or schrink quhen he is schorn ?

For I haif hard chirurgians say,

Aftymes defferring of a day,

Micht not be mend the morn.

Tak time in time, or time be tint ;

For time will not remain.

Quhat forces fyre out of the flint,

But als hard match again !

Delay not, and fray not, and thou fall fie it sae,

Sic gets ay that sets ay, stout stomaks to the brae.

Thocht all beginnings be maist hard,

The end is plesand afterward ;

Then schrink not for a schowre ;

Frae anes that thou thy greining get,

Thy pain and travel is foryet ;

The sweit exceids the soure.

Gae to then quicklie, feir not thir,

For Howp gude hap hes hecht.

Quod Danger, be not sudden, Sir,

The matter is of wecht ;

[ill,

First spy baith, and try baith, advysement does nane

I say then, ye may then, be wilfull quhen ye will.

But

But yit to mynd the proverb call,

"Quha uses perrills perish fall,"

Schort quhyle thair lyfe them lasts.

And I haif hard, quod Howp, that he

Sall nevir schaip to sail the se,

That for all perrills casts.

How mony throw dispair are deid,

That nevir perrills preivit ?

How mony also, gif thou reid,

Of lyves have we releivit ?

Quha being evin dicing, bot danger, but dispaird ;

A hunder, I wonder, but thou hast hard declaird.

Gif we twa hald not up thy hart,

Quhilk is the cheif and noblest part,

Thy wark wald not gang weil ;

Confidering thae companions can

Diswade a silly simple man,

To hafard for his heil,

Suppose they haif desavit sum,

Or they and we micht meit ;

They get nae credence quhair we cum,

With ony man of spreit ;

By reasoun thair treasoun be us is first espyt,

Reveiling thair deiling, quhilk dow not be denyt.

With fleikit sophisms seiming sweit,

As all thair doings war discret,

They with thee to be wyfe,

Postponing tyme frae hour to hour,

But faith in underneath the flour,

The lurking serpent lyes ;

Suppose thou seis her not a styme,

Till that scho stings thy fute.

Perfaifs thou nocht quhat precious tyme,

Thy slewthing does owreschute ?

Allace man ! thy case man, in lingring I lament,

Go to now and do now, that Courage be content.

Quhat

Quhat gif Melancholy cum in,
 And get ane grip or thou begin,
 Than is thy labour lost ;
 For he will hald thee hard and fast,
 Till tyme and place and fruit be past,
 And thou give up the ghost.
 Than fall be graivd upon the stane,
 Quhilk on thy graif is laid,
 Sumtyme thair lived sic a' ane ;
 But how fall it be said ?
 Here lyes now, but pryse now into dishonours bed,
 An cownt as thou art, that from his fortune fled.

 Imagyne man, gif thou wer laid
 In graif, and syne nicht heir this said,
 Wald thou not sweit for schame ?
 Yes, faith I doubt nocht but thou wald ;
 Therefoir gif thou has ene behald,
 How they wald smoir thy fame.
 Gae to and mak nae mair excuse,
 Or lyfe and honour lose ,
 And outhier them or us refuse,
 Thair is nae uther chose.
 Considder togidder, that we can nevir dwell,
 At length ay by strength ay thae pultrones we expell.

 Quod Danger, sen I understand,
 That counsell can be nae command,
 I have nae mair to say,
 Except gif that ye thocht it good,
 Tak counsell yit or ye conclude
 Of wyser men nor thay ;
 They are but racklefs, yung and rasche ;
 Suppose they think us fleit ;
 Gif of our fellowship you fasche,
 Gang with them hardly beit,
 God speid you, they leid you, that has not meikle wit.
 Expell us, yeil tell us, heiraftir comes not yit.

Quhyle

Quhyle Danger and Dispair retyrt,
Experience came in and speirt

Quhat all the matter meind;
With him came Reason, Wit, and Skill,
And they began to speir at Will,

Quhair mak ye to my freind?
To pluck yone lusty Cherrie loc,

Quod he, and quyte the slae.

Quod they, is there nae mair ado,

Or ye win up the brae,
But to it, and do-it? perforce the fruit to pluck
Weil, brother, sum uther were better to conduct.

We grant ye may be gude aneuch;

But yit the hazard of yon heuch,

Requyris ane graver gyde;

As wyse as ye are may gae wrang;

Thairfore tak counsail or ye gang

Of sum that stand besyde.

Quod Wit, ane way ther is of thre,

Quhilk I fall to ye schaw,

Quhair of the first twa cannot be,

For ony thing I knaw.

The way heir fae stey heir, is that we cannot clim,
Evin owr now, we four now, that will be hard for him,

The next, gif we gae down about,

Quhyle that this bend of craigs rin out,

The streim is thair fae stark,

And also passeth waiding deip,

And braider far than we dow leip,

It suld be ydle wark.

It grows ay braider to the sea,

Sen owre the lin it came,

The rinning deid dois signifie

The deipness of the same:

I leive now to deive now, how that it swyftly flyds,
As sleiping and creiping, but nature fae provyds.

Our

Our way then lyes about the lin,
 Quhairby I warrand we fall win,
 It is sae straight and plain,
 The water also is sae schald,
 We fall it pass, evin as we wald,
 With plesour, and bot pain.
 For as we se a mischeif grow
 Aft of a feckles thing,
 Sae lykways dois this river flow
 Forth of a prettie spring ; [neive,
 Quhois throt, Sir, I wot, Sir, ye may flap with your
 As you, Sir, I trow, Sir, Experience can preive.
 That, quod Experience, I can,
 And all ye said sen ye began,
 I ken to be a truth.
 Quod Skill, the samyn I aptive ;
 Quod Reason, then let us remuve,
 And sleip nae mair in sleuth :
 Wit and Experience, quod he,
 Sall gae befor a pace,
 The Man fall cum with Skill and me
 Into the second place ;
 Attowre now you four now fall cum into a band,
 Proceeding and leiding ilk uther be the hand.
 As Reason ordert, all obeyd,
 Nane was owre rasch, nane was affrayd,
 Our counsell was sae wyse,
 As of our journey, Wit did note,
 We fand it trew in ilka jot,
 God blifs the enterpryse.
 For evin as we came to the trie,
 Quhilk as ye heard me tell,
 Could not be clum thair suddenlie,
 The fruit, for rypeness, fell ;
 Quhilk haisting and taisting, I fand myself reliev'd
 Of cairis all and sairs all that mynd and body griev'd.

Quod Montgomery

A tedious debate on the choice of a guide is here omitted, we hope without injury to the poem.

P. 351. St. 2. "In tryl as dornik-champ." So this line is found in several old editions: and in the *Evergreen* 1724, "In tyrlas dornick camp;" both of them obscure. The passage is thus rendered in the Latin version,

—— rubet sub gurgite claro
 Umbra velut rutilo ardentis præ sole pyropi.

Dornick is a sort of cloth, in-wrought with flowers or figures; so that the meaning may be, "like the variegated appearance of Dornick, or Tournay cloth."

In a poem called "The Woman's Universe," 1652, we have

The webster with his jumbling hand,
 And *Dornick champion* naprice,
 Will make the coyest wench to stand
 A prentice to his sop'ries.

SANG ON THE LADY MARGARET MONTGOMERIE.

By the Same.

I.

LUIFARIS leive of to loif so hie
Your ladeis ; and thame stysel no mair
But peir, the eirthlie A per se,
And flour of feminine maist fair :
Sen thair is ane without compair,
Sic tyillis in your sangs deleit ;
And prais the pereles (pearl) preclair,
Montgomrie maikles Margareit.

II.

Quhose port, and pereles pulchritude,
Fair forme, and face angelicall,
Sua meik, and full of mansfuetude,
With vertew supernaturall ;
Makdome, and proper members all,
Sa perfyte, and with joy repleit,
Pruifs hir, but peir or peregall,
Of maids the maikles Margareit.

III.

Sa wyse in youth, and verteous,
Sic reffoun for to rewl the rest,
As in greit age wer marvelous.
Sua manerlie, myld, and modest ;
Sa grave, sa gracious, and digest ;
And in all doings sa discreit ;
The maist bening, and boniest,
Mirrour of madins Margareit.

IV.

Pigmaleon, that ane portratour,
 Be painting craft, did sa decoir;
 Himself thairwith in paramour
 Fell suddenlie; and smert thairfoir.
 Wer he alyve, he wald deploir
 His folie; and his love forleit,
 This fairer patrane to adoir,
 Of maids the maikles Margareit.

V.

Or had this nymphe bene in these dayis
 Quhen Paris judgit in Helicon,
 Venus had not obtenit sic prayis.
 Scho, and the goddeffis ilk one,
 Wald have prefert this paragon,
 As marrowit, but matche, most meit
 The goldin ball to bruik alone;
 Marveling in this Margareit.

VI.

Quhose nobill birth, and royal bluid,
 Hir better nature dois exceid.
 Hir native giftes, and graces gud,
 Sua bonteousslie declair indeid
 As waill, and wit of womanheid,
 That sa with vertew dois ourfleit.
 Happie is he that fall possleid
 In marriage this Margareit!

VII.

Help, and graunt hap, gud Hemené!
 Lat not thy pairt in hir inlaik.
 Nor lat not doulful destanie,
 Mishap, or fortoun, work hir wraik.
 Grant lyik unto himself ane maik!
 That will hir honour, luif, and treit;
 And I sall serve him for hir saik.
 Fairweill, my Maistres Margareit.

A POEME ON THE SAME LADY.

By the Same.

I.

Ye hevins abone, with heavenlie ornaments,
Extend your courtins of the cristall air !
To asuir colour turn your elements,
And soft this season, quhilk lies bene schairp and fair.
Command the cluds that they dissolve na mair ;
Nor us molest with mistie vapours weit.
For now scho cums, the fairest of all fair,
The mundane mirrour maikles Margareit.

II.

The myldest May ; the mekest, and modest ;
The fairest flour, the freschest flourishing ;
The lamp of licht ; of youth the lustiest ;
The blythest bird, of bewtie maist bening ;
Groundit with grace, and godlie governing,
As *A per se*, abone all elevat.
To quhame comparit is na erthlie thing ;
Nor with the gods so heichlie estimate.

III.

The goddess Diana, in hir hevinlie throne,
Evin at the full of all hir majestie,
Quhen she belevit that danger was thair none,
Bot in hir sphere ascending up maist hie,
Upon this nymph fra that scho cast hir ei,
Blusching for schame, out of hir schyne she slippis.
Thinking scho had bene Phebus verilie,
At whose depairt scho fell into th' eclippis.

IV.

IV.

The athers cleir, and torchis of the nicht,
 Quhilk in the sterrie firmament wer fixit,
 Fra thay persavit Dame Phoebe los hir licht,
 Lyk diamonts with cristall perls mixit,
 They did discend to schyne this nymph annixit,
 Upon hir schoulders twinkling everie on.
 Quhilk to depaint it wald be owr prolixit,
 How thay in ordour glister on hir gown.

V.

Gif she had bein into the dayis auld,
 Quhen Jupiter the schape of bull did tak,
 Befoir Europe quhen he his feit did fauld,
 Quhill scho throw courage elam upon his bak,
 Sum greater mayck, I wait, he had gart mak,
 Hir to have stolin be his slichtis quent;
 For to have past abone the zodiak,
 As quein, and goddes of the firmament.

VI.

With golden schours, as he did Clemené,
 He wald this virgine furteously desave.
 Bot I houp in the goddes Hemené,
 Quhilk to hir brother so happie fortoun gave,
 That scho fall be exaltit, by the laif,
 Baith for hir bewtie, and hir noble bluid.
 And of myself ane servand scho fall haif
 Unto I die : and so I doe conclud.

Quod A. Montgomerie.

THE

THE SOLSEQUIUM, OR THE LOVER COMPAIRING HIM-
SELF TO A SUN-FLOWIR.

By the Same.

I.

LYK as the dum Solsequium with cair owrecum
Dois sorrow, quhen the sun gois out of sicht,
Hings doun his heid, and droupis as deid, and will not
spreid,

But lukis his levis throw langour all the night,
Till fulisch Phaeton aryse with quhip in hand
To purge the chrystal skyis, and licht the land.
Birds in thair bower wait on that hour,
And to thair King ane glade gude-morrow gives,
Frae than that flowir lifts not to lour,
But lauchs on Phebus lowfing out his leivs.

II.

Swa stands with me, except I be quhair I may se
My lamp of licht, my lady and my lue,
Frae scho depairts, a thousand dairts in findry airts
Thirle thruch my heavy heart, bot rest or ruve.
My countenance declairs my inward greif,
And houp almaist dispairs to find releif.
I die, I dwyne, play dois me pyne,
I loth on every thing I luke, allace !
Till Titan myne upon me schyne,
That I revive thruch favour of hir face.

III.

Frae scho appeir into hir sphere, begins to cleir
The dawing of my lang desyrit day.
Then courage cryis on houp to ryse, quhen he espyis
The noysum nicht of absens went away ;

No

No noyis, frae I awalke, can me impeſche,
 But on my ſtaitly ſtalk I fluriſche freſche,
 I ſpring, I ſprout, my leivs ly out,
 My collour changis in ane hairtſum hew;
 Na mair I lout, but ſtand up ſtout,
 As glad of hir for quhome I only grew.

IV.

O happy day ! go not away, Apollo ſtay
 Thy chair frae going doun unto the weſt,
 Of me thou mak thy Zodiak, that I may tak
 My pleaſour to beheld quhome I luve beſt.
 Thy preſens me reſtoris to lyfe from deth,
 Thy abſens lykways ſchoris to cut my breth.
 I wiſe in vain thee to remain.
 Sen *primum mobile* ſays me always nay,
 At leiſt thy wane bring ſune again,
 Fareweil with patiens per forſs till day.

From Pfalm xxxvi.

BY THE SAME.

Leave ſin ere ſin leave thee ; do gud ;
 And both without delay.
 Leſs fit he will to-morrow be
 Quo is not fit to-day.

ALEXANDER

ALEXANDER HUME,

Parson of Logie, was the second son of Patrick, fifth Baron of Polwarth, the lineal ancestor of the family of Marchmont. From his poems, printed in 1599 by Robert Waldegrave, he appears to have been intended for the bar; but, like his contemporary Arbuthnot, he relinquished that pursuit for reasons which he assigns in an excellent poetical epistle to his friend Dr. Moncrieff, the King's physician; and after making a fruitless attempt to obtain some promotion at Court, he entered into the service of the Church. His Poems are dedicated to "Ladie Elizabeth Mal-vill, Ladie Cumrie, from Logie, Dec. 1594," and contain various internal marks of having been composed between the years 1575 and 1590.—The time of his death is uncertain, but that he was born about 1550 seems probable, as one of his younger brothers was Provost of Edinburgh in 1591, and his father died "at a great age" in the following year. I suspect him to be the person who, under the name of Polwart, carried on a Flyting correspondence with Montgomerie, in imitation of that by Dunbar and Kennedy.

ANE EPISTLE TO MAISTER GILBERT MONT-CREIF, MEDICINER TO THE KING'S MAJESTIE, WHEREIN IS SET DOWN THE INEXPERIENCE OF THE AUTHOR'S YOUTH.

MY tender freind, Mont-creif Medicinar,
To Kings is kend thy knowledge singlar;

Thow

Thow shawis thy self, by practice evident,
Of Nature's warks observer diligent;
Thy quiet lyfe, and decent modestie,
Declares thé cunning in philosophie.

Sen first we war acquaint, I fand thee kinde:
Sum medecine assigne me for the minde:
My sicknes be the symptome fall appeare
Into my discourse, if thow list give care.
O happy man is he (I have hard say)
A faithful freind that hes, with whom he may
Of everie thing as with himself confer
As I may do, disert Mediciner!

Quhen pubertie my freedome did enlarge,
And Mercurie gave place to Venus charge,
I knew not yet the wavering vane estait
Of humane kind; I knew of na debait,
Na lurking hait, invie, nor curfit stryfe
As followis fast our short unhappie lyfe:
I traisted not, believe me weill, Mont-creif!
The bitter paines, the sorrowes, and the greif;
Nor miserie quhilk daylie dois betide
And compassis mans lyfe on everie side;
Bot like a chaste and pudick virgine clein,
Inbrought to bide where she had never bein;
Into the house of women let for hyre,
Quhen she behalds all plesour at desyre,
A lostie troupe of ladyies in array,
Sum in a luth, sum on a sistre play:
Sum sangs of love begin, and sweetly sing,
And minyionlie sing danfing in a ring:
A lover here, discourfing all his best,
Ane uther there delighting all the rest:
The buirdes decored with daintie dishes fine,
With divers drogs, and wafers wet in wine:
Anone to dwell, the maid dois condescend,
Incertaine quhat fall be her cative end.

Swa inexpert yet at that time and houre,
 I felt the sweit, but had not cund the sowre.
 I thought that nocht was able to remove
 From men on earth, trueth, equitie, and love;
 Nor banishe from thair hearts humilitie,
 Ruth, pittie joynd with affabilitie;
 Bot that the force of reason suld manteine
 The binding band quhilk lastinglie has bein
 Be nature knit, and ordained till indure,
 Mens amitie and freindship to mak sure.

For this I oft reduced and brought to mind,
 How fall men be but untill uther kind?
 Lo! all the wichts that in this valley wuins
 Are brethren all,—are thay not Adam's suns?
 Quhy suld a freind his freind and brother greive,
 Sen all are born of a first mother Eve?
 Upon this earth, as in a citie wide,
 Like citizens we dwell and dois abide:
 And nature has preferred us to the beasts,
 By printing reason deeply in our breasts:
 The Barbar' rude of Thrace or Tartarie,
 Of Boheme, Perse, of weirly Getulie,
 Of barrwin Syrt, and wastie Scythia,
 Of Finland, Fresland, and of India,
 Of reason they are made participant
 With them that dois the civill cities hant:
 The facund Greece, the learnd Athenian,
 The Roman stout, the ritch Venetian,
 The Frenshes frank of great civilitie,
 Ar oblist all to this societie.

Then with myself I reasond on this sort,
 If this be true quhilk truelie I report,
 How mekill mair fall love and lawtie stand
 Among the pepill native of a land,
 Quhilk dois imbrace, obey, and onelie know
 A kirk, a king, a language, and a law.

Or sik as in a citie dois remane,
 Participant of plesour and of pane;
 Or of a race has lineally discended,
 And hes thair time and life together spendet.

All this and mair I tosted in my thought,
 And these effects to fie I doutet noucht:
 As for my part, I plainly did pretend
 My life in peace, in joy and ease till end;
 Into the way to walk, and happy rod
 Prescribed be the law and word of God,
 To love my freind and neighbour as my sell,
 With lippes but lies the simple treuth to tell;
 Till everie man to keip my promise dew,
 And nocht but right (bot rigour) to persew;
 From vice to fie, and vertew till embrace,
 An upright heart to have in everie ease;
 Contending hearts againe to reconceill
 Was my pretence, and tender ay their weill;
 To fortifie my friend in time and need
 With good report, with counsell and good deede;
 And finallie, quhat reason taught to crave,
 I thought to doo, and ay the like receive.
 Bot thoughts are vaine, my labour was but lost,
 "He counts aganè that counts without his host."

Through tract of time, quhilk swiftlie slides away,
 And findrie fichts occurring day by day,
 At last I learnd to mark, and clearly ken
 The course of mortal things and mortal men.
 From thee I learnd, with painfull diligence,
 The maistres sharp of fuiles, Experience!
 I see the wit, the nature, and the mind
 Of warldlie wights to wickednes inclind;
 And naturallie ane austere frawardnes
 The hardened hearts of mortal men possess.

Behald na realme, na cietie nor estait
 Ar void of stryfe, contention and debait.

Ilk man his fo, like roiring lyons kein,
 Waits to devore with rigor tygerrein :
 How few regairds, we dailie may espy,
 Their fallows los, if thay may gain thairby :
 Sa hautie minds fulfilled with disdaine,
 Sa deip deceat, sik glossing language vaine.
 Mens doubill tungs are not ashamed to lie ;
 The mair thay heght, the wors to trust thay be.
 Particular gaine dois sa manis reason blind,
 That skarse on earth ane upright can I find ;
 Sa poysoned breasts with malice and envy,
 Sum deidlie haitis, and cannot shaw yow why.
 O monstrous beast, Invy ! O cruell pest !
 Quhair thow remains there is na quiet rest.
 Thow wastes the bairns, thow blackens flesh and blude,
 Ay glad of ill, ay enemie to gude.
 Thow vexed art to see thy brothers weill,
 Quhilk vailes thee nocht, nor harmes him never a deil.
 I try na truth, nor na fidelitie,
 I fie na reuth, nor na nobilitie,
 Na tender love, nor humble gentilnes,
 As first they say our fathers did posses.
 Bot fremmidnes, bot rude austeritie,
 Bot feinyed fraud, and feeбил uncourtesie.
 Quhen that I had employd my youth and paine
 Four years in France, and was returnd againe,
 I langd to learn, and curious was to knaw
 The consuetudes, the custome, and the law
 Quhairby our native soil was guide aright,
 And justice deme to everie kind of wight.
 To that effect three yeares, or near that space,
 I hanted maist our highest pleading place,
 And Senate, quhair great causes reasoned war,
 My breast was bruist with leaning on the bar.
 My buttons brist, I partly spitted blood,
 My gown was traild and trampid quhair I stood ;

My

My cares war deifd with maiffars cries and din
 Quhilk procutoris and parties callit in :
 I daylie learnit, bot could not pleifit be ;
 I faw fik things as pitie was to fee.

Ane houte owerlaid with proces fa misguidit,
 That sum to late, sum never war decydit ;
 The puir abusit ane hundreth divers wayes
 Postpond, differd with shifts and mere delayes ;
 Consumit in gudes, ouerset with greif and paine ;
 Your Advocate maun be refresht with gaine ;
 Or else he faints to speake or to invent
 Ane gude defence, or weightie argument.
 Ye spill your cause ;—ye truble him to fair
 Unless his hand annointed be with mair.
 Not ill bestowit, be he's consulted oft ;
 Ane gude devise is worthie to be cost.
 Bot skaffay clerks with covetice inspyred,
 Till execute thair office maun be hyred.
 Na caus thay call unless they hyrellings have ;
 If not, it fall be laid beneath the lave :
 Quha them controllis, or them offends, but dout
 Thair proces will be lang in feiking out.
 In greatest need some pieces will be lost,
 And than, to late, fund at the parties cost.
 In everie point thay will be slack and lang ;
 The minutes of the proces may be wrang :
 For acts, decreits, thay maun have doubil pryce ;
 If there be haist, but hyre, thay mak it nyce.

As sanguifugs quhilk finds the feeding gud,
 Cleaves to the skin quhill thay be full of blud,
 Quhill all the vanes be bludeles, dry, and tume :
 Na uther wayes the simple thay consume.

The agent als maun have his wage provided,
 Leif al the caus in absence be misguided :
 He will let passe on wilfull indignation
 Agains the actor ane stollen protestation ;

The

The poore defender, if he lacke expenses,
 Sall tyne his cause perhaps for null defenses ;
 The peices shaw he will, and cause reveill
 For greiter gane, be he not pleifed weill.
 And though the Lords suld tak gud heid thereto,
 Yet are thay laith to make the house ado.
 The Cenfor is impropre to correck,
 That in himself hes ony kinde of bleck.
 Even they themselves the order partlie spills,
 With bringing in of heapes of bosome bills ;
 Their oulks about on freinds thay do bestow,
 With small regard of table, or of row.

Allace ! sik Lords had neede of reformation,
 Quhair justice maist consists in sollicitation.
 Yit all sollicitars cannot justice have,
 Bot sik as may acquit them by the lave.
 A Lord, ane Earle, or a wealthie man,
 A courtier that meikil may, and can,
 Without delay will come to their intent,
 Howbeit their cause it be sum deill on sklent :
 Bot simple fauls, unskilfull, moyenles,
 The puir quhome strang oppressors dois oppres,
 Few of their right or causses will take keip ;
 Their proces will sa lang ly ouer and sleip,
 Quhill often tymes (there is na uther bute)
 For povertie they maun leave of perfute.
 Sum Senators, as weill as skassing scribes,
 Ar blindit oft with blinding bads and bribes ;
 And mair respects the person nor the cause,
 And finds for divers persons divers laws.
 Our civil, canon, and municipall,
 Suld equalliè be minstred to all :
 They mon shaw favour to their awn dependers,
 Quhatfa they be, persewers or defenders.

I faint to tell their pervers partial pactions,
 And how they all devided are in factions ;

Confederate

Confederate haill with subtiltie and flight,
A way to vote in voting wrang or right.

O men ! in quhom no fear of God is ludged ;
O faithles judges ! worthie to be judged.
Eschame ye not, or stand ye not in aw
Laws to profefs, and erre agains the law.
O members meete, for meere iniquitiè,
Of Rhadamanth or Minos court to be.

The haill abuse were ower prolix to tell ;
That Council-house it is maist like ane hell.
Quhere there is thrang affeare, and awfull cryes,
Quhere on the bar without puir parties lyes,
As on the rive of Acheron for sin,
Awaitting fast quhill Charon take them in ;
Quhair everie man almaist is miscontented,
Quhair silly faulis ar greevoullie tormented.
Ay forrie, fad ; ay plungd in paine and greif,
Pensive in heart, and musing of mischeif.
Their bowells, entrails, with the robbed rout
Of gredie Harpyes, they are rugged out.

To lead that kind of life I wearied fast,
In better hope I left it at the last,
And to the Court I shortly me adress,
Beleeving weill to chuse it for the best :
But from the rocks of Cyclades fra hand,
I struik into Charybdis sinking sand.
For reverence of Kings I will not strive
To slander Courts, but them I may describe,
As learned men hes them depaint before,
Or neare the suit h, and I am wo therefore.

In Courts, Moncrief ! is pride, invie, contention,
Dislumlance, despite, disceat, dissention,
Fear, whisperings, reports, and new suspicion,
Fraud, treason, lies, dread, guile, and sedition ;
Great gredines, and prodigalitie ;
Lusts sensuall, and partialitie ;

Impudence

Impudence, adulterie, and drunkennes;
 Delicacie, and slouthful idilnes;
 Back-biting, lacking, mocking, mutenie,
 Disdainefulnes, and shameles flatterie;
 Meere vanitie, and naughtie ignorance;
 Inconstancie, and changing with mischance;
 Contempt of all religion and devotion,
 To godlie deids na kind of perfite motion.

These qualities in generall, I say,
 Into all Courts are common everie day.
 I need not now fik properties apply,
 Thow knowes our Scottish Court as weill as I.
 Our Princes ay, as we have heard and seen,
 Thir mony yeares infortunat hes been:
 And if I suld not speak with flattering tung,
 The greater part bot sluggishlie hes rung.
 Our Earles and Lords, for their nobilitie,
 How inexpert and ignorant they be,
 Upon the Privie Counsell mon be chused,
 Or else the King and Counsell are abused;
 And if the Prince augment not ay thair rents,
 Quhat is there mair? they will be mal-contents.

Quhat suld the Court quhair virtew is neglected?
 Quhair men of spreit sa little are respected?
 Quhilk is to be lamented all the mair,
 That few of learning suld tak keip or care;
 As Cicero of Julius Cesar sayes,
 Even in his tyme, governement, and dayes,
 Quhilk easilie excells all uther kings
 In learning, spreit, and all scholastik things.

Sum officers we see of naughtie braine,
 Meere ignorants, proud, vicious, and vaine;
 Of learning, wit, and vertue all denude,
 Maist blockish men, rash, riotous, and rude,
 And flattering fallows oft are mair regarded:
 A lying slave will rather be rewarded,

Not

Nor they that dois with reasons rule conferre
 Their kind of life and actions, least they erre.
 Nor men discreit, wise, vertuous, and modest,
 Of galland spreit have trew and worthie tress ;
 Quhilk far fra hame civilitie hes sene,
 And be their maners shaws quhair they have bene :
 Quhilk have the word of God before their eyes,
 And weill can serve, but cannot Princes playse.
 For sum with reason will not pleised be,
 But that quhilk with thair humour dois agree.
 Has thow not heard in oppin audience,
 The purpos vaine, the feckles conference ;
 The informal reasons, and impertinent
 Of courteours ? quhilks in accoutrement
 War gorgious, maist glorious, yong, and gay ;
 Bot, in effect, compare them weill I may,
 Till images quhilks are in temples set,
 Decor'd without, and all with gold ouerfrett,
 With colours fine, and carved curiouslie,
 The place quhair they are set to beautifie ;
 Bot quhen they are remarked all and sum,
 They are bot stocks and stanes ; bos, deif and dumb.
 Bot now the Court I will not discommend,
 I may it mane, bot may it not amend.

As for offence of specch, I nathing fear it,
 For upright men are therebie nathing deirrit :
 And sik as are with wickednes bewitched,
 I fuffie not how visellie they be tuitched.

And if, perhaps, sum wald alledge that I
 Have this invaid on malice and invie,
 As he quhom in the Court few did regaird,
 And got na gaine thereby, nor na rewaird.
 I grant that may be trew : Bot quhat of that ?
 I little gaine deservd, and les I gat.
 Bot, men ! behald his Hienes royal trine,
 His palaces, and their apparel fine.

Behald

Behald his house ! behald his yeirly rent !
 His servants, heir if they have cause to plent.
 Observe this realme throughout from east to west,
 From south to north, if ony be opprest
 Quhilk justice lacks ! behald the common-weill,
 Then judge if I be writer fals or leill.

Bot sik as fuld it mend, lat them lament
 I hantid Court to lang : now I repent.

These cursed times, this wors than iron age,
 Quhair vertue lurks, quhair vice dois reign and rage,
 Quhair faith and love, quhair freindship is neglected,
 Contagiouslie with time has me infected.

As uthers are, of fors sa mon I be ;
 How can I doe bot as men doe to me ?
 In bordels vile a virgine chaist and peure,
 Becomes with time a vile effronted heure :
 A trew man tane with pirates on the sea,
 Is forst to tak a pairt in piracie.

O sentence suth ! I say for to conclude,
 Ill companie corrupteth maners gude.
 Trew Damon's pairt to play I wald me bind,
 Bot Pythias kind yet can I never find.
 Love mutual wald be, for all in vaine
 I favour shaw, if nane I find againe.
 My heart is stane within, and yron without ;
 With triple bras my breist is set about ;
 For quhen of strife and great mischance I heir,
 Of death, debate, they do me little deir.
 For uthers harme me tuitches not at all,
 Swa I be free, quhat rak I quhat befall ?
 The line of love I have almaist forget it,
 For quhy, think I, to nane I am addettit.

Not threttie times as yet the shining sun
 His carrier round and propre course has run,
 Sen nature first me buir to joy his light,
 And yet I wald (if justly with I might)

Dissolved be, renewed, and be with Christ,
Or flesh to farder follie me intist :
I fear the world, I dread allurements fair,
And strang assaults corrupt me mair and mair.

Let Sathan rage, let wickednes increas,
I thank my God I am not comfortles.
My comfort, lo ! my haill felicitie
Consists in this—I may it shaw to thee :
To serve the Lord, and on his Christ repose,
To sing him praise, and in his hechts reiose ;
And ay to have my mind lift up on hie
Unto that place quhair all our joy fall be.
My life and time I know it is sa short,
That here to dwell I think it bot a sport :
I have delight in heart maist to behald
The pleasant works of God sa manifald ;
And to my minde great pleasour is indeid,
The nobil writts of learned men to reid :
As Chremes had, I have ane humaine hart,
And takes of things humaine na little part :
Be word and writt, my mind I mak it plaine
To faithfull freinds, and they to me againe.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE LORD AFTER THE MANNER OF
MEN: ALLUDING TO THE DEFAIT OF THE
SPANISH NAVIE, 1588.

By the Same.

TRIUMPHAND Lord of armies and of hostes,
Thou hes subdu'd the univerfall coastes ;
From south to north, from east till occident,
Thow shawes thy selfe great God armipotent.
O Captaines, Kinges, and christian men of weir,
Gar herraulds haist in coats of armor cleir
For to proclame with trumpet and with shout,
A great triumph the univērs throughout ;
For certainlie the Lord he will be knawin,
And have that praise quhilk justlie is his awin.

O ye that wuns amang the pleisand feilds,
Quhair fertile crofts their yearlie profite yeilds,
And all that heigh up in the hieland dwells
Amang the mures, the mountaines, and the wells.
And ye that in the forest fare remaine
Far from the burghs, ga to the burghs againe.
Baith man and maides, put on your garments gay,
And ornaments made for the holie-day ;
Leave of your wark, let all your labour be
This brave triumph, and royall feast to se.

Let cities, kirks, and everie noble towne
Be purified, and decked up and downe ;
Let all the streets, the corners, and the rewis
Be strowd with leaves, and flowres of divers hewis,

With

With birkes and lawrell of the woddis wild ;
 With lavender, with theme, and chammamild ;
 With mint and medworts, seemlie to be seen,
 And lukin gowans of the medowes green.
 Let temples, stairs, the porches, and the ports,
 And windows wide quhair luickers on resorts,
 With tapistrie be hung, in Turkie fought,
 With claith of gold, and silver richly wrought.
 Let every place and palace be repleat
 With fine perfume and fragrant odors sweat ;
 Suffumigat with nard and cinnamon,
 With myrrhe and muste, camphyre, and bdellium ;
 With incense frank, aloes, calamus ;
 With saffran, mastick, and juniperus,
 Expose your gold, and thynning silver bright
 On covered cop-buirdes set in opin fight ;
 Ouer gilted coups, with carved covers clear,
 Fyne precious stanes, quhair thay may best appear ;
 Lavers in ranks, and silver baiffings shine,
 Saltfats out shorne, and glasses crySTALLINE :
 Make scaffolds clare for cumlie comedies,
 For pleasant playes, and morall tragedies ;
 All to decore with joy, and ane accord,
 This new triumph, and saboth of the Lord.

Right as the point of day begins to spring,
 And larks aloft melodiously to sing,
 Bring foorth all kind of instruments of weere,
 To ga before and make a noyis cleere.
 Gar trumpets sound the awfull battels blast ;
 On dreadful drums gar strik alarum fast ;
 Mak shouting shalms, and perfiing phipbers shill,
 Clear cleave the cluds, and piers the highest hill.
 Cause mightely the weirly notis breik
 On Hieland pypis, Scots and Hibernik.
 Let beir the skraichs of deadly clarions,
 And syne let of a volie of cannons.

Quhill

Quhill quhat for reick, rude rummishing and reard,
The heavens resound, and trembling take the eard.

Let enter fine in proper painted carts,
The buting rich, brought from the sea-coist parts ;
The amplest pray quhilk greit Jehovah wan,
From his fierse fais, sen first the warld began.
Sa fall be seen the figoures of the flots,
With fearful flags and weill calstuterd bots ;
Of gallays swift, and many gallias,
Quhilk through the seas, but perrell thought to pas.
Faire seemely shippes of four. five hundreth tuns,
All furnisht full of fire-warks, and of guns ;
Quhair of be force thair was sum captive led,
Sum clean destroit, sum fugitivellie fled :
Yet from the Lord na way could find to fle,
Bot in thair flight wer tossed on the sie.
The weltering wals, and raging windie blast,
Maid up their towes, and cauld them hew their mast ;
And fine wer cast, for all their brags and boist,
Sum on a schald, sum on an yrin cost ;
Sum gaid in tua-buird on ane forrain land,
Sum on a rock, sum on a whirling sand,
Quhill nane were safe unperisht to be found,
Bot men and all went to the water's ground.

Let follow next, in order to be sein,
Their armour cleare, and warlike weapins fein,
Hard halecrets, helmets, and hewmonts bright,
Ticht haberschens, habriks, and harneis light ;
Murrions for men of fute, and shining shields ;
Barding for horse appointed for the fields ;
Gantlets ouergilt, wambraillis gainand weill ;
Corsets of pruiß, and monie targe of steill ;
Sum varneist bright, sum dorrit diverslie,
That men may muse sic precious geir to sie.

Thilk samin wayis, example for to give,
Draw in on heaps their armour offensive.

Great

Great ordinance, and feilding peices fell ;
 Muskets maist meet with men of armes to mell ;
 Hagbuts with lunts, pistolles with rowels fine ;
 Swift fierie darts devisd with greit ingyne ;
 Crolbowes of waight, and Gnosik gainyeis kein ;
 Strang poussing picks the charge pfaist to sustein ;
 Bunshes of speirs, and launces light and lang ;
 Steill ax and masse for barded horses strang ;
 Fyne arming swords, and uther grunding glaves,
 Quhilk maid na steid quhen they were rendered slaves.
 Thair guns misgave, their speirs lyk bun-wands brak,
 Thair fainted hearts for feare, retir'd aback.

Thair thresours rich, quhairin they put thair trest,
 To all the world sall be made manifest :
 Let men expres appointed be to beare
 Thair silver heaps in plaits of silver cleare :
 Thair costlie wark, and precious ornament,
 Sall follow nixt in order subsequent.
 Not to thair praise, but to thair schame and skorne,
 Thair cūnyeid gold in baissings sall be borne ;
 Thair meltin gold full massive sall be sein,
 With precious stains quhilk fed thair gredie ein ;
 Thair goldsmith wark, and vessels of greit weight,
 To ken sik fooles agains the Lord to feight.

Let publikely be caried throw the townes,
 The diadems, the scepters, and the crownes ;
 The honour swerds of many puissat king,
 Quhom Jah our God down from thair throne did thring.
 Then Empriours and Kings sall walk behinde,
 (For greiter nane was on the earth to finde)
 As men defeat, cled all in dulefull black,
 In coschis traynd with slander, schame and lack.
 Thair children yong, and menyonis in a rout,
 Drest all in dule sall march thair cosch about,
 With bitter teares, with sighes and curage cold,
 When they thair Lords in sik array behald.

Thair

Their counſelors fall gang with drierie chere,
 And count thair wit to be bot follie mere.
 The multitude then diverſlie fall deim,
 And of that ſight fall diverſlie eſteim.
 For ſum fall ryn and gaze them in the face,
 And fair bewaile to ſee them in ſik cace.
 Yea they that wiſt thair wrack and death before,
 Thair miſerie fall mein and pittie fore;
 Bot ſum, ſa ſoone as they thame ſie ga by,
 Sall heave thair hands, and with a mighty cry,
 Deride thair force, and ſhout into thair eir:
 Take this, ye kings! quhilk on the Lord made weir.
 Ane uther fort fall ſich, and quhiſper thus:
 Heir is, behald! ane matter marvelous!
 Thir Monarchs grit confided in thair ſtrength,
 And thocht be forſe to win the warld at lenth;
 To way the bills, and right up to the ſkies,
 Bot now thair pryde and puiſſance broken lies.
 Kings are bot men, men are bot wormes and duſt,
 The God of Heaven is onely greit and juſt!
 Als far as light the darkenes dois deface,
 Or hell is from the higheſt holy place,
 Als far as ſclaves are from the ſtait of kings,
 Or widdring weids from everlaſting things,
 Als far God's might furmounts the might of man,
 His pompe and pride, and all the craft he can.
 For, lo! his wraith conſumes lyke burning coles;
 He turnes the heavens upon the ſtable poles;
 Heigh ouer the earth he rydes apoun the ſkie,
 Na mortal eyes may face to face eſpie
 The Lord and live: His chariots are of fyre,
 He makes the earth to trimble in his yre.
 The angels bright ſtill compaſs him about;
 Thunder and tempeſt form his army ſtout.
 Heave up, therefore, ye Chriſtian men of weir,
 Your hands, your harts, your eyes and voces cleir,

Unto

Unto the high and greit triumpher strang,
This solemn day prolong your joyfull sang :

O King of Kings ! that sits above !
Thy might, thy mercie, and thy love,
Thy works are wonderfull to tell !
In earth thy name mot praised be,
And in thy holie places hie,
For none is lyke unto thy fell.

Upon the firmament thou rydes,
And all the world divinely gydes.
To Hell the power dois extend ;
Men may imagine, men may devise,
Men may conclude, and interprise,
But thou dois modifye the end.

This day we magnifie thy name,
For thou hes put till oppin schame,
And turn'd thy fellow faes to flight ;
Thair idols and thair armies grit,
Thair force availd them not a whit !
For thou, O God ! did for us fight.

O Jah ! our God : Be thou our gyde,
In battels be thou on our fide,
And we fall neither fall nor flee.
Throw Christ thy sonne our sinnes forgive,
And make us in thy law to live,
So shall we praise and worship thee.

THANKS

THANKS FOR A SUMMER DAY.

By the Same.

O PERFITE light ! quhilk schaid away
The darknes from the light,
And set a ruler ouer the day,
Ane uther ouer the night.

Thy glorie quhen the day forth flies,
Mair vively dois appeare,
Nor at mid-day unto our eyes,
The shining sun is cleare.

The shaddow of the earth, anon,
Removes and drawis by ;
Sine in the east quhen it is gone,
Appeares a clearer sky.

Quhilk funne perceaves the lytill larkis,
The lapwing and the snype,
And tunes thair sangs like nature's clarkis,
Ouer medow, muir, and strype.

Bot everie bauld nocturnal beast
Na langer may abide,
They hy away, baith maist and leaft,
Themselves in house to hide.

They dread the day, fra they it see,
And from the sight of men,
To seats and covers fast they flee,
As lyons to their den.

Oure hemisphere is poleist clein,
And lightened more and more,
Quhill everie thing be clearlie sein
Quhilk semit dim before.

Except the glistering astres bright,
Quhilk all the night were cleare,
Offusked with a greater light,
Na langer dois appeare.

The golden globe incontinent,
Sets up his shining head,
And ouer the earth and firmament,
Displays his beims ahead.

For joy the birds, with boulden throats,
Agains his visage shein,
Takes up their kindlie musike notes
In woods and gardens grein.

Up braids the cairfull husbandman,
His cornes and vines to see,
And everie tymous artisan
In buith work besilie.

The pastor quits the sloithfull sleepe,
And passes forth with speede,
His little camow-nosed sheepe,
And rowtting kie to feede.

The passenger from perrels sure,
Gangs gladlie forth the way.
Breife everie living creature
Takes comfort of the day.

The subtile motty rayens light
At rifts they are in wonne;
The glansing thains, and vitre bright,
Replends agains the funne.

The dew upon the tender crops,
Like pearls white and round,

Or like to melted silver drops,
Refreshes all the pound.

The mistie rock, the clouds of raine
From tops of mountains skails;
Clear are the highest hills and plaine,
The vapors takes the vails.

Begaried is the sapphire pend
With sprains of skarlet hew,
And preciouslly from end to end,
Damasked white and blew.

The ample heaven of fabrik sure,
In cleannes dois surpafs,
The crystall and the silver pure,
As cleirest poleist glafs.

The time sa tranquil is and still,
That na where fall ye find,
Saive on ane high and barren hill,
The aire of peeping wind.

All trees and simples, great and small,
That balmie leaf do beir,
Nor thay were painted on a wall,
Na mair they move or steir.

Calm is the deep and purpour sé,
Yea smother than the sand;
The wallis that woltring wont to be,
Are stable like the land.

Sa filent is the cessile air,
That everie cry and call,
The hills and dails, and forest fair,
Againe repeats them all.

The rivers fresh, the callar streams
Ouer rocks can softlie rin;
The water clear, like crystal seams,
And makes a pleasand din.

The

The feilds and earthly superface
 With verdure grene is spredd,
 And naturallie, but artifice,
 In partie colours cledd.

The flourishes and fragrant flowres,
 Throw Phæbus fostering heit,
 Refresh't with dew and silver showres,
 Casts up an odor sweit.

The clogged bussie humming beis,
 That never thinks to drowne,
 On flowers and flourishes of treis,
 Collects their liquor browne.

The sunne maist like a speidie post,
 With ardent course ascends,
 The beauty of the heavenly host
 Up to our Zenith tends.

Nocht guided by a Phæton,
 Nor trayned in a chayre,
 Bot by the hie and holie On,
 Quhilk dois all where empire.

The burning beims down from his face,
 Sa fervently can beat,
 That man and beaist now seeks a place,
 To save them fra the heat.

The breathless flocks drawes to the shade,
 And frechure of their fald;
 The startling nolt, as they were madde,
 Runnes to the rivers cald.

The heards beneath some leafy treis,
 Amids the flowrs they lie;
 The stabill ships upon the seis,
 Tends up their sails to drie.

The hart, the hind, and fallow deare,
 Are tapislat at their rest;

The

The foules and birdes that made thé beare,
Prepares their prettie nest.

The rayons dures descending down,
All kindles in a gleid.

In cittie, nor in borroughs-towne,
May nane fet furth their heid.

Back from the blew paymented whunn,
And from ilk plaister wall,
The hot reflexing of the sunne
Inflames the air and all.

The labowrers that timelie raifs,
All wearie, faint, and weake,
For heate down to their houses gais,
Noon-meate and sleip to take.

The callour wine in cave is fought,
Mens brotheing breifts to cule ;
The water cald and cleir is brought,
And sallets steipit in ule.

Sum pluckes the honie plown and peare,
The cherrie and the pesche ;
Sum likes the rime, and London beare,
The bodie to refresche.

Forth of their skeppes sum raging beis
Lyes out, and will not cast ;
Sum uther swarmes hyves on the treis
In knots togidder fast.

The korbeis, and the kekling kais
May scarce the heat abide ;
Halks prunyeis on the sunnie brais,
And wedders back and side.

With gilted eyes, and open wings,
The cock his courage shawis ;
With claps of joy his breast he dings,
And twentie times he crawis.

The

The dow, with whistling wings sa blew,
The winds can fast collect ;
Her purpoure pennes turnes merry hew,
Agains the sunne direct.

Now noone is went, gane is mid-day,
The heat dois flake at last ;
The sunne descends downe west away
Fra three o'clock be past.

A little cule of breathing wind
Now softly can arise,
The warks throw heit that lay behind,
Now men may enterprise.

Farth faires the flocks to seek their fude
On everie hill and plaine,
Quhilk labourer as he thinks gude,
Steppes to his turn againe.

The rayons of the sunne we see
Diminish in their strenth ;
The schad of everie towre and tree,
Extended is in lenth.

Great is the calm for everie quhair,
The wind is settin downe ;
The reik throwes right up in the air,
From everie towre and towne.

Their firdoning the bony birds,
In banks thay do begin ;
With pipes of reeds the jolie hirds
Halds up the mirrie din.

The maveis and the philomeen,
The stirling whiffels loud,
The cuschetts on the branches green,
Full quietly they crowd.

The gloming comes, the day is spent,
The sun goes out of fight,

And

And painted is the occident.
With purpoure sanguine bright.

The skarlet, nor the golden threid,
Who would their beautie try,
Are nathing like the color reid,
And beautie of the skie.

Our west horizon circular,
Fra time the sunne be fet,
Is all with rubeis, as it wer,
Or roses reid ouerfrett.

What plesour wer to walk and see,
Endlang a river cleir,
The perfect form of everie tree
Within the deepe appeir !

The salmon out of cruives and creills,
Uphailed into skoutts ;
The bels and circles on the weills,
Throw lowping of the trouts.

O ! then, it wer a seemlie thing
While all is still and calme,
The praise of God to play and sing,
With cornet and with schalme.

Bot now the hirds with mony shout
Calls uther be their name.
Ga, Billie ! turne our gude about,
Now time is to ga hame.

With bellie fow, the beafts belyve
Are turned fra the corne,
Quhilk soberly they hameward dryve
With pipe and liltng horne.

Throw all the land great is the gild
Of rustik folks that cry ;
Of bleiting sheep, fra they be fild,
Of calves and rowtting ky.

All labourers draws hame at even,
 And can till uther say,
 Thanks to the gracious God of heaven,
 Quhilk sent this summer day.

The estate of Polwarth came into the possession of Hume of Wedderburne by the marriage of Sir Patrick H. with Margaret Sinclair Polwart of Polwart. It is therefore not improbable that the name of Polwarth might be conjoined with that of Hume; or at least that it might, on some occasions, be applied to particular individuals of the family; such, for example, as the *Flying* between our poet and Montgomery. This absurd and rare correspondence having had the honour of being quoted by the royal author of the *Art of Poetry*, some readers may not be displeased with a specimen.

MONTGOMERY TO POLWART.

Polwart, ye peip like a mouse among thorns,
 No cunning ye keep, Polwart ye peip,
 Ye look like a sheep and ye had twa horns,
 Polwart ye peip like a mouse among thorns.

Bewar what thou speaks, little foul-earth tade,
 With thy Cannigate breiks beware what thou speaks;
 Or there shall be wat chicks for the last thou made;
 Bewar what thou speaks, thou little foul-earth tade.

Foul mismade myting, born in the Merse.

POLWART TO MONTGOMERY.

Thy ragged roundels, raveand royt,
 Some short, some lang, some out of lyne,
 With scabrous colours, fullsome floyt,
 (Proceedand from a pynt of wine,)
 Which hauls for fault of feet like mine,
 Yet fool thou thought no shame to write them,
 At mens commands that laiks engine,
 Which doited dyvours gart thee dite them.

When thou believes to win a name,
 Thou shalt be banisht of all bield,
 And lyne receipt baith skaith and shame,
 And fae be forc'd to leave the field. : : :
 Only because, Owle, thou dois use it,
 I will write verse of common kind,
 And, swingeour, for thy sake refuse it;
 'To crabe thee humbler by thy mind,

Pedlar,

Pedlar ! I pit'ye that opyned
 To buckel with him that beares the bell.
 Jackfio ! be better anes engyn'd,
 Or I shall flyte against my sell.

First of thy just genealogie,
 Tyke ! I shall tell thee truth I trow ;
 Thou was begotten, some sayes me,
 Betwixt the deil and a dun kow
 A night that when the fiend was fow,
 At banquet bridland at the beir.
 Thow sowked syne a fweic brod sow,
 Among the middings mony a year.

On ruites and runches in the feild,
 With nolt thou nourish'd was a year,
 While that thou past baith poore and peild
 Into Argyle some lair to leir ;
 As the last night did well appeir,
 When thou stood sidging at the fire,
 Fast sykand with thy Heiland chear ;
 My Flyting fore'd thee sa to tyre.

Into the land where thou was born,
 I read of nought but it was skant
 Of cattel, clething, and of corn,
 Where wealth and well-fair baith doth want.
 Now, tade-face, take this for no tant,
 I hear your housing is right fair,
 Where howling howlets ay doth hant,
 With Robin-red-breast but repair.

The Lords and Laids within that land
 I knaw are men of mckil rent,
 And living, as I understand.
 While in an innes they be content
 To leiye and let their house in lent,
 In leptron month and the lang sommer,
 Where twelve Knights kitchens hath a vent,
 Quhilke for to furnish dois them cummer.

MONTGOMERY TO POLWART,
 Vile venomous viper, wanthrifest of things,
 Half an elf, half ane aip, of nature denyit,
 Thou flait with a country the quhilk was the Kings,
 But that bargan, false beast, dear shall thou buy it ;
 The cuff is well wared that twa hame brings,
 This proverb, foul pelt, to thee is applyit.
 First spyder of spite, thou spews out springs.
 Ye wanshapen vowbet, of the Weirds invyfit,
 I can tell thee how, when, where, and what gat thee,

The quhillk was neither man nor wife,
 Nor human creature on life,
 Thou stinkand stirrer up of strife,
 Falso howlet have at thee.

In the hinder end of harveft, on All-hallow e'en,
 When our good neighbours dois ride, if I read right,
 Some buckled on a buneward, and some on a been,
 Ay trotand in troup from the twilight.
 Some faidled a shee ape, all grathed into greep,
 Some hobland on a hemp stalk, hovand to the hight,
 The King of Pharie and his court with the elf Queen,
 With many elfish Incubus was ridand that night,
 There an elf on an ape an unfeel begat,
 Into a pit by Powart-thorne,
 That bratchart in a buffe was born,
 They fand a monifter on the morn,
 War faced nor a cat.

The weird sisters wandring, as they were wont than,
 Saw ravens ruggand at that ratton by a ron ruit,
 They mused at the mandrake unmade like a man,
 A beaft bund with a buneward in an auld buit.
 How that gaist had been gotten to guefs they began,
 Well swill'd in a fwins ikin, and smeird o're with fuit,
 The belly that it first bair full bitterly they ban,
 Of this misfmade moidewart mischief they mut,
 The crooked camfchoch croyl, unchristen they curfe,
 They bad that baich should not be but
 The glengore, gravel, and the gut,
 And all the plagues that first were put

Into Pandora's purse.

Wo worth, quoth the Weirds, the wights that thee wrought;
 Threed-bair be their thrift, as thou art wan-threvin:
 Als hard be their handfel that helps thee to ought,
 The rotten rim of thy wamb with rooks shall be revin,
 All bounds where thou hides to bail shall be brought,
 Thy gal and thy guffern to gleds shall be given;
 Ay short be thy solace, with shame be thou fought;
 In hell mot thou hant thee and hide thee fra heaven,
 And as thou auld growes, so eikand be thy anger,
 To leive with limmers and out-lawes,
 With hurcheons eatand hips and hawes,
 But when thou comes where the cock crawes,
 Tarry there na langer.

When that the dames devoutly had done the devore
 In heving this hurcheon, they hasted them hame.
 Of that matter to make remained no more,

Saving next how that nuns that worlin should name;
 They know'd all the kytral the face of it before,
 And nib'd it fae doon near, to see it was a shame;
 They call'd it peild Powart, they puld it so fore.
 Where we clip, quoth the cummers, there needs na kame,
 For we have height to Mahown for handsel this hair:

They made it like a scrapit swyne,
 And as they cow'd they made it whryne;
 It shaw'd the fell ay cu'r sensyie,

The beard was fa baire.

Beand after midnight, their office was ended,
 At that tyde was nae time for troumpours to tarry,
 Syne backward on horseback bravely they bendit,
 That cam-nosed cocatrice they quite with them carry,
 To Kait of Creif in a creil soon they gar send it,
 Where seven year it fat baith finged and fairie,
 The kin of it be the cry incontinent kend it,
 Syne fetch food for to feed it forth from the pharie,
 Ilk elf of them all brought an almous house oyster,

Indeed it was a dainty dish,
 A soul flegmatick, fousome fish,
 Instead of sauce, on it they pish,
 Sik food feed sik a foster.

POLWART TO MONTGOMERY.

At liberty to lie is thy intention,
 I answer ay which thou cannot deny,
 Thy friends are fiends, of apes thou feinyies mine.
 (With my assistance saying all thou can.)
 I count such kindred better yet nor thine,
 Withouten which thou might have barked waift;
 I laid the ground whereon thou best began,
 To big the brig whereof thou braggis maift.

Thy lack of judgment may be als perceived,
 Thir twa chief points of reason wants in thee;
 Thou attributes to aips, where thou has reaved
 The ills of horse; a monstrous fight to see!
 Na marvel though ill won, ill wared be.

Farder thou flees with other fowls wings,
 O'reclade with clearer colours than thy awn,
 But specially with some of Semple's things;

Or for a plucked goose thou had been knawn,
 Or like a cran, in manting soon ouerthrown,
 That must take ay nine steps before she flee;
 So in the gout thou might have stand and blawn,
 As long as thou lay grav:l'd like to die.

The

The following strange *jeu d'esprit* (from the Bannatyne MS.) has probably some connexion with this correspondence :

Sanct Paul and Sanct Petir was gangand be the way,
 Heigh up in Ardgyle, quhair thair gait lay.
 Sanct Petir said to Paul, in a sport word,
 Can ye not mak a Heiland man of this capyl tord?
 Paul turn'd oure the capyl tord with his pykit staff,
 And upstart a Heiland man blak as ony druff.
 Quod Paul to the Heiland man, Quhair wilt thou now?
 I will down in the Lawland, schir, and thair steill a cow.
 And thow steill a cow, carle, than thay will hang the.
 Quattrak, schir! of that; for aines mon I dic.
 Paul than he leuch, and oure the dyk lap,
 And out of his scheith his geully out gatt.
 Sanct Petir socht this geully fast up and down,
 Yit could not find it in all that braid roun.
 Now quho Paul, Heir a marvell! how can this be,
 That I sould want my gully, and we heir bot thré?
 Humff quo the Heiland man, and turn'd him aboar,
 And at his plaid nuk the gully tell out.
 Fy quo Sanct Petir, thow will nevir do weill,
 And thow bot new maid fa some gais to steill.
 Umff quo the Heiland man, and swere he yon kirk,
 Sa lang as I get geir to steill, will I nevir wirk.

To this piece, the observations which Lord Hailes makes upon Montgomery's Reply, are no less applicable:—"It is equally illiberal and scurrilous, and shews how poor, how very poor, Genius appears, when its compositions are debased to the meanest prejudices of the meanest vulgar." Add to this, that the reply seems unintelligible.

Since the preceding sheet was printed, I observe that Dempster calls the author of the "Satire against Montgomery," *Patricius Hume*—equestri dignitate, a gentilicio patrimonio *Pouluartius* vocatus, magno ingenio, præclaro eventu poetice Scoticam adornavit.—This last circumstance probably alludes to Hume's poem on the Spanish Invasion.—Dempster designs Montgomery "eques Montanus vulgo vocatus."

ROBERT

ROBERT LORD SEMPLE.

The claims of this gentleman to a peerage stand thus : In "Birrell's Diary" we find the following article ; " 1568 Jan. 17. Ane play was made by Robert Semple, and performed before the Lord Regent and divers others of the nobility." The noble family of Semple having produced at least one poet in the reign of James VI. it seems probable that a play, written by one of that name, would scarcely be suffered to perish. The only dramatic piece in the Scottish language, that has any appearance of being composed about that period, is PHILOTUS. In style and manner, this play is extremely similar to the poems of Robert Semple in the Bannatyne MS. From Douglas's Peerage it appears, that Robert, the fourth Lord Semple, who succeeded his grandfather in 1571, was a man of good parts, and continued to profess the Roman Catholic religion. He died in 1611, apparently at a considerable age ; supposing 70, he would be about 27 when this play and the poems ascribed to Robert Semple, were composed. All of them carry marks of youth, and of hostility to the fanaticism of the reformers. This Lord Semple married a sister of the Lady who is so highly celebrated by Captain Montgomery : and a person of the name of Semple is alleged to be the co-adjutor of Montgomery in the Flyting between him and Polwart. From these circumstances combined, it seems rather probable that Lord Semple was the author of the following dramatic performance. In judging of its merits, the reader must keep in his mind both the æra of its composition, and the age of the author.

THE.

THE NAMES OF THE INTERLOQUITORS.

PHILOTUS, the auld man.

The PLESANT.

EMILIE, the madyn.

The MACRELL, (or MACIEER.)

ALBERTO, the madynis father.

FLAVIUS, ane young man.

STEPHANO, ALBERTOIS fervant.

PHILERNO, ALBERTOIS sone.

BRISILLA, PHILOTUS his dochter.

The MINISTER.

The HUIR.

The MESSINGER.

PHILOTUS.

PHILOTUS *directis his Speich* to EMILIE,

O LUSTIE luifsome lamp of licht !
Your bonynes, your bewtie bricht,
Your staitly stature, trim and ticht,
With gesture grave and gude :
Your countenance, your cullour cleir,
Your lauching lips, your smyling cheir,
Your properties dois all appeir,
My senses to illude.

Quhen I your bewtie do behald,
I maun unto your fairnes fald :
I dow not flie howbeit I wald,
Bot bound I man be youris :
For yow, sweit hart ! I wald forsaik
The Empryce for to be my maik,
Thairfoir, deir dow ! sum pitie tak,
And saif me fra the schowris.

Deme na ill of my age, my dow !
Ife play the younkeris part to yow.
First try the treuth, then may ye trow,
Gif I mynd to defave :

For

For gold nor geir ye fall not want,
 Sweit hart with me thairs be na scant,
 Thairfoir some grace unto me grant,
 For courtesie I crave.

Emilie. I wait not weill, fir, quhat ye meine,
 Bot fuirlye I have seindill feine,
 Ane wower of your yeirs so keine,
 As ye appeir to be :
 I think ane man fir of your yeiris,
 Sould not be blyndit with the bleiris.
 Ga feik ane partie of your peiris,
 For ye get nane of me.

*The Auld Man speikis to the MACRELL to allure the
 Madyn.*

Gude dame, I have yow to imploy ;
 Sa ye my purpose can convoy,
 And that yon lassie I nicht injoy,
 Ye sould not want rewaird :
 Give hir this tablet and this ring,
 This purse of gold, and spair nathing :
 Sa ye about all weill may bring,
 Of gold tak na regaird.

Macrell. Na fir, let me and that allane,
 Suppose scho war maid of a stane,
 Ife gar hir grant or all be gane,
 To be at your command :
 Thocht scho be strange, I think na wonder,
 Blait things is sone brocht in ane blunder,
 Scho is not the first, fir, of ane hunder,
 That I have had in hand.

I am ane fische, I am ane eill,
 Can steir my toung and tayle richt weill,
 I give me to the mekill deill,
 Gif onie can do mair :
 I can with fair anis fleitch and flatter,
 And win ane crown bot with ane clatter,
 That gars me drink gude wyne for watter,
 Suppois my back ga bair.

The MACRELL intends to allure the Madyn.

God blis yow Maistres with your buik ;
 Leise me thay lippis that I on luik ;
 I hope in God to sie yow bruik
 Ane nobill house at hame ;
 I ken ane man into this toun,
 Of hiest honour and renoun,
 That wald be glaid to give his gown,
 For to have yow his dame.

Emilie. Now be my faull I can not sie
 That thair sik vertew is in me.

Gudwyfe, I pray yow quhat is he,
 That man quhome of ye meine ?

Macrell. Philotus is the man a faith,
 Ane ground-riche man, and full of graith :
 He wantis na jewels, claith, nor waith,
 Bot is baith big and beine.

Weill war the woman all hir lyfe,
 Had hap to be his weddit wyfe,
 Scho might have gold and geir als ryfe,
 As copper in hir kift :

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E e e

Yea,

Yea, not a ladie in all this land,
 I wait nicht have mair wealth in hand,
 Nor nicht have mair at hir command,
 To do with quhat scho list.

Fair floure ! now sen ye may him fang,
 It war not gude to let him gang ;
 Unto yourself ye'll do greit wrang,
 Sweit hart now and ye slip him :
 Now thair is twentie into this toun,
 Of greitist riches and renoun,
 That wald be glaid for to sit down
 Upon their kneis to grip him.

Thocht he be auld my joy, quhat reck ?
 Quhen he is gane give him ane geck.
 And tak another be the neck,

Quhen ye the graith have gottin :
 Schaw me your mynd and quhat ye meine,
 I fall convoy all this fa cleine,
 That me ye fall esteme ane freine,
 Quhen I am deid and rottin.

Emilie. I grant gude-wyfe he is richt gude,
 Ane man of wealth and nobill blude,
 Bot hes mair mifter of ane hude,
 And mittanes till his handis,
 Nor of ane bairnelie lassie lyke me,
 Mair meit his oy nor wyfe to be :
 His age and myne cannot agrie,
 Quhill that the warld standis.

Macrell. Let that allane, he is not fa auld,
 Nor yit of curage half fa cald,
 Bot gif ye war his wyfe, ye wald
 Be weill aneuch content :
 With him mair treitment on ane day,
 And get mair making off ye may,

Nor

Nor with ane wamfler, suith to say,
 Quhen twentie yeiris ar spent.

Ye neyther mell with lad nor loun,
 Bot with the best in all this toun,
 His wyfe may ay fit formeft down,

At eyther burde or bink :
 Gang formeft in at durè or yet,
 And ay the first gude day wald get;
 With all men honourit and weill tret;
 As onie hart wald think.

Sé quhat a woman's mynde may meise,
 And heir quhat honour, wealth, and eise,
 Ye may get with him and ye pleise,

To do as I devyse :
 Your fyre fall first be birnand cleir,
 Your madynis than fall have your geir,
 Put in gude ordour and effeir;
 Ilk morning or yow ryfe;

And say, lo, maistres ! heir your muillis ;
 Put on your wylicote for it cuillis.

Lo, heir ane of your velvete stuilis,

Quhairon ye fall fit down :
 Than twasum cummis to combe your hair,
 Put on your heid-geir soft and fair.
 Tak thair your glasse ; sie all be clair ;
 And sa gais on your gown.

Than tak to stanche your morning drouth
 Ane cup of mavesie for your mouth,
 For fume cast sucker in at fouth,

Togidder with a toist :
 Thrie garden gowps tak of the air,
 And bid your page in haist prepair,
 For your disjone sum daintie fair,
 And cair not for na coist.

Ane

Ane pair of plevaris pypping hait,
 Ane pertrick and ane quailie get,
 Ane cup of sack, sweit and weill set,

May for ane breckfast gaine.

Your cater he may cair for syne
 Sum delicate agane ye dyne.

Your cuke to seasoun al fa syne,

Than dois imploy his paine.

To sic your servantes may ye gang,

And luke your madynis all among,

And gif thair onie wark be wrang,

Than bitterdie them blame.

Than may ye have haich quaisis and kellis,

Hich candie ruffes and barlet bellis,

All for your weiring and not ellis,

Maid in your house at hame,

And now quhen all thir warks is done,

For your refresching efter none,

Gar bring unto your chalmer sone,

Sum daintie dische of meate :

Ane cup or twa with muscadall,

Sum uther licht thing thairwithall,

For rafins or for capers call,

Gif that ye please to eate.

Till suppertyme then may ye chois,

Unto your garden to repois,

Or merelie to tak ane glois,

Or tak ane buke and reid on ;

Syne to your supper ar ye brocht,

Till fair full far that hes bene socht,

And daintie dishes deirlic bocht,

That ladies loves to feid on.

The organes than into your hall,

With schalme and tymbrell sound they fall,

The

The vyole and the lute with all,
 To gar your meat digest :
 The supper done, than up ye ryse,
 To gang ane quhyle as is the gyse,
 Be ye have rowmit ane alleÿ thryfe,
 It is ane myle almaist.

Than may ye to your chalmer gang,
 Begyle the nicht gif it be lang,
 With talk and merie mowes amang,
 To elevate the splene :

For your collation tak and taist,
 Sum lytill licht thing till digest,
 At nicht use Rense wyne ay almaist,
 For it is cauld and clene.

And for your back I dar be bould,
 That ye fall weir even as ye would,
 With doubill garnischings of gould,
 And craip above your hair :
 Your velvete hat, your hude of stair,
 Your myssell quhen ye gang to gait,
 Fra sone and wind baith air and lait,
 To keip that face sa fair.

Of Pareis wark wrocht by the laif,
 Your fyne half-cheinyeis ye fall have.
 For to decoir ane carkat craif
 That cumlie collour bane :

Your greit gould cheinyie for your neck,
 Be bowsum to the carle and beck,
 For he has gould aneuch, quhat reck ?
 It will stand on nane.

And for your gownes, ay the new guyse
 Ye with your tailyeours may devyse,
 To have them louse with plets and plyis,
 Or clasped clois behind :

IRONICIE OF SCOTTISH POETRY.

my hart ! ye neid not haine,
 st, rayfde, figurit or plaine,
 atyne, damayfe, or grograine,
 ie fynest ye can find.

Your claithe on cullouris cuttit out,
 And all palmentit round about ;
 My blessing on that semelic snout,
 Sa weill I trow fall fet them :
 Your schankis of filk, your velvot schone,
 Your borderit wylicote abone,
 As ye devyfe all fall be done,
 Uncraist quhen ye get them.

be your hals that hinges
 bracelets and all uther things,
 all your fingers full of rings,
 pearls and precious stanes :
 fall have ay quhill ye cry ho,
 killis of gould and jewellis to ;
 that reck to tak the bogill-bo,
 My bonie burd, for anis ?

Sweit hart! quhat farther wald ye have ?
 Quhat greiter plesour wald ye crave ?
 Now be my faull yow will defave,
 Your self and ye forsaik him :
 Thairfoir sweit honie I yow pray,
 Tak tent in tyme and nocht delay ;
 Sweit sucker, nick me not with nay,
 Bot be content to tak him.

[*Plesant.* The devill cum lick that beird auld rowan.
 Now sie the trottibus and trowane,
 Sa busilie as scho is wowane,
 Sie as the carling craks :
 Begyle the barne sho is bot young,
 Foull fall thay lips, God nor that tounge,

War

War doubill gilt with Nurisch doun,
And ill cheir on thay cheikis.]

Emilie. Gude-wyfe all is bot gude I heir,
For weill I lufe to mak gude cheir,
For honouris, gould, and uther geir,

They can not be refufit :
I grant indeid, my daylie fair,
Will be fufficient and mair,
Bot be it gude ye do not fpair,
As royallie to rufe it.

I grant all day to be weill tret,
Honours anew and hicht upfet,
But quhat intreatment fall I get,

I pray yow in my bed ?
Bot with ane lairbair for to ly,
Ane auld deid stock, baith cauld and dry,
And all my dayes heir I deny,
That he my fchankes fched.

His eine half funken in his heid,
His lyre far caulder than the leid,
His froftie fiefch as he war deid,

Will for na happing heit :
Unhealthfum hofting ever mair,
His filthfum flewme is nathing fair,
Ay rumifching with rift and rair,
Now, wow gif that be fweyt.

His fkyne hard clappit to the bane,
With gut and gravell baith ouirgane ;
Now quhen thir troubles hes him tane,

His wyfe gets all the wyte :
For Venus games I let them ga,
I geffe he be not gude of thay ;
I could weill of his maners ma,
Gif I lift till indyte.

Macrell.

Macrell. For Venus game cars not a cuit,
 Waill me ane wamfler that can do it,
 Sen thair may be na uther huiç,
 Plat on his head ane horne:
 Handill me that with wit and skill,
 Ye may have easments at your will,
 At nicht gar young men cum yow till;
 Put them away at morne.

Emilie. Gude-wyfe, all is bet vaine ye feik,
 To me of fik maters to speik,
 Your purpois is not worth ane laik,
 I will heir yow na mair:
 Mark dame, and this is all and sum,
 If ever ye this earand cum,
 Or of your head I heir ane mum,
 Ye fall repent it fair.

Macrell. Yon daintie dars, sohe is fa nyce,
 Sche'll nocht be win be na devyce,
 For nouthir prayer nor for pryce,
 For gould nor uther gaine.
 Scho is fa ackwart and fa thra,
 That with refuse I come hir fra,
 Scho, be Sanct Marie, saynda me fa,
 I dar not ga agane.

PHILOTUS enters in conference with the Madynis Father.

Gude goffe! sen ye have ever bene,
 My trew and auld familiar freind,
 To mak mair quentance us betwene,
 I glaidly could agrie:

Ye

Ye have ane douchter quhome untill,
 I beare ane passing grit gude will,
 Quhais phisnomic prefigures skill,
 With wit and honestie.

Gif me that lassie to be my wyfe,
 For tocher-gude fall be na stryfe,
 Beleive me scho fall have ane lyfe,
 And for your geir I care not :
 Faith ye your self fall modifie,
 Hir lyfe-rent, land, and conjunct fie.
 And gossop, quhair thay fame fall be,
 Appoynt the place and spair not.

Betwixt us twa the heyris-maill,
 Sall bruik my heritage all haill,
 Quhilks gif that thay happen to faill,

To her heyris quhat saever :
 My moveables I will devyde,
 Ane pairt my douchter to provyde,
 Ane pairt to leave sum freind asyde,
 Quhen deith fall us dissever.

Alberto. Gude fir, and gossop, I am glaid,
 That all be done as ye have said.
 Tak baith my blissing and the maid,
 Hame to your house togidder ;
 And gif that scho play not hir pairt,
 In onie lawfull honest airt,
 And honour yow with all hir hairt,
 I wald sho gaid not thither,

ALBERTO speaks to his Dochter.

For the ane man I have foreseine,
 Ane man of nicht and welth I meine,
 That staitlier may the susteine,
 Nor ony of all thy kin ;
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Ane

Ane man of honour and renoun,
 Ane of the potentes of the toun ;
 Quhair nane may beinlier sit down,
 This citie all within.

Emilie. God and gude nature dois allow,
 That I obedient be to yow,
 And father, hithertils I trow,
 Ye have nane uther seine :
 And als esteemis yow for to be,
 Ane loving father unto me,
 Thairfoir deir father let me see,
 The man of quhome ye meine.

Alberto. Philotus is the man indeid,
 Quhair thow ane nobill lyfe may leid,
 With quhome I did sa far proceed,

We want bot thy gude will :
 Now give thy frie consent thairfoir,
 Deck up and do thy self decoir,
 Gang quickly to and say no moir ;
 Thow man agrie thairtill.

Emilie. Gif ye fra furie wald refraine,
 And patientlie heir me agane,
 I sould yow schaw in termis plane,

With reason ane excuse :
 Sen mariage bene but thraldome free,
 God and gude nature dois agree,
 That I quhair as it lykys not mee,
 May lawfullie refuse.

I am fourtene, and he foursoir,
 I haill and found, he seik and soir,
 How can I give consent thairfoir,

Or yit till him agree ?
 Judge gif Philotus be discreit,
 To seik ane match so far unmeit,

Thocht

Thocht I refuse him, father fweyt,
I pray yow pardon mee.

Alberto. How durst thow, trumper, be fa bald,
To tant or tell, that he was ald?
Or durst refuse ocht that I wald
Have bidden the obey?

Bot sen ye stand fa lytill aw,
Ise gar yow, maistres, for to know,
The impyre parents hes be law,
Abuif tha'r children ay.

And heir to God I mak ane vow,
Bot gif thow at my bidding bow,
I fall the dresse, and harkin how,
And syne advyse the better :
I fall thee cast intill ane pit,
Quhair thow for yeir and day fall fit,
With breid and water surely knit,
Hard bound intill ane fetter.

Thow fat fa soft upon thy stuill,
That making off made the ane fuill ;
Bot I fall mak thy curage cuill,
For all thy stomack stout :
That efterwards quhill that thow leif,
Thou's be agast me for to greif.
Perchance thow greines that play to preif,
Advyse thee and speik out.

Emilie. Sweit father, mitigate your rage ;
Your wraith and anger, fir, asswage ;
Have pitie on my youthlie age,
Your awin flesch and your blude :
Gif in your yre I be ouerthrawin,
Quhome have ye wraikit bot your awin ?
Sik creweltie hes not bene knawin,
Amang the Turkes fa rude.

The

The savage beifts into thair kynde,
 Thair young to pitie ar inclyned.
 Let mercie thairfoir muif your mynde,
 To her that humblie cryis:
 Tak up and lenifie your yre,
 Suspend the furie of your fyre,
 And grant me layfer, I defyre,
 Ane lytill to advyse.

*[Heir followis the Oratioun of the yonker Flavius
 to the Madyn, hir answer and consent, the con-
 voying of her from her father : her father and
 the auld wower followis, and finds Philerno, the
 Madyns brother, laitlie arryved, quhome thay
 tak to be the Madyn ; and of his deceit.]*

FLAVIUS.

The raging low, the feirce and flaming fyre
 That dois my breift and body al combure
 Incendit with the dart of grit defyre,
 Fra force of these twa sparking eyis ful sure,
 Hes me constraynit to cum and seik my cure
 Of her, fra quhom proceidit hes my wound,
 Quhom neyther salve nor syrop can assure,
 Bot only sho can mak me saif and found.

Lyke as the captive with ane tyrant taine,
 Perforce with promise toistit to and fro,
 Quhen that he seis all uther graces gaine,
 Man succour seik of him that wrocht his wo :
 Sa mon I fald to my maist freindly fo,
 To seik for salve of her that gave the fair :
 To pray for peace, thocht rigour bid me go,
 To cry for mercie, quhen as I may na mair.

Sa

Sa sen ye have me captivate as thrall,
 Sen ye prevaill, let pitie now have place ;
 Have mercie sen ye maistres ar of all ;
 Grudge not to grant your supplicant sum grace.
 To slay ane tain man, war bot lack allace,
 Fra that he cum voluntarlie in will :

Sen I am, mistres, in the self same cace,
 Ane thrall consenting pitie war to spill.

Quhat ferly thocht pur I, with luif oppress,
 Confes the force of the blynd archer boy ?
 How was Appollo for his Daphne drest,
 And Mars amafit his Venus to enjoy ?
 Did not the thundering Jupiter convoy
 For Danae him self into ane showre,
 The gods above sen luif hath maid them coy,
 Unto his law then quhy fould I not lowre ?

As taine with ane nor Daphne mair decoir
 Quhais vult to Venus may compairit be :
 And bene in bewtie Danae befoir.

Suppose the God on hir did cast his eye :
 Quhais graces to hir bewtie dois agrie,
 And in quhais fairnes is no foly found,
 Quhat mervell, mistres, than, suppose ye se,
 With willing band me to your bewtie bound ?

Quhais bricht conteyning bewtie with the beamis
 Na les al uther pulchritude dois pas,
 Nor to compair ane clud with glansing gleames,
 Bricht Venus cullour with ane landwart las :
 The quhytest layke bot with the blackest asse,
 The rubent rois bot with the wallowit weid ;
 As purest gold is precioufer nor glasse,
 Your bewtie sa all uther dois exceed.

Your hair lyk gold, and lyk the pole your eye,
 Your snawisch cheiks lyk quhytest allabast,

Your

Your lovesum lips sad, soft, and sweet we sic,
 As roses red quhen that ane showre is past :
 Your tounge nicht mak Demosthenes agast,
 Your teith the peirls nicht of thair place depryve
 With bwillis of Indian ebur at the last
 Your papis for the prioritie dois stryve.

And lyke as quhen the stamping seale is set
 In wax weill wrocht, quhill it is soft I say,
 The prent thair of remayning may ye get,
 Suppois the seale it self be tane away :
 Your semlie shaip fa fall abyde for ay,
 Quhilk throw the sicht my sensis hes ressaist,
 Thocht absent ye, yit I fall nicht and day,
 Your presence have as in my hart ingraist.

Thocht fanfie be bot of ane figure faint,
 Na figure feids quhair thair is na effect :
 Evin fa sweit saull I perisch bot as painit,
 With fanfie sed that will na fasting breck :
 Suppois I have the accident, quhat reck ?
 Grant me the solide substance to atteine.
 Gif not, quhen ye to deith fall me direct,
 Quhom bot your awin have ye confoundit clein ?

Last, sen ye may my meladie remeid,
 Releive your Syfiphus of his restles stane ;
 Your pitius breist that dois full ryfely bleid,
 Grant grace thairto, befor the grip be gane.
 Cum stanche the thirst of Tantalus anone,
 And cure the wounds gevin with Achilles knyfe.
 Accept for yours fair maiſtres, such a one,
 That for your saik dar sacrifice his lyfe.

Emilie. Your orifoun, fir, foundis with sic skill
 In Cupid's court as ye had bene upbrocht :
 Or fosterit in Parnassus forkit hill
 Quhair poetis hes thair flame and furie socht.

Nocht

Nocht taisting of sweit Helicon for nocht,
 As be your plesant preface dois appeir :
 Tending thairby, quhill as we have na thocht,
 To mak us to your purpois to adheir.

With loving language tending till allure ;
 With sweit discourse the simpill till ourfyle ;
 Ye cast your craft, your cunning, and your cure,
 Bot pure orphanes and madynis to begyle.
 Your waillit out words, inventit for a wyle,
 To trap all those that trowis in yow na traine ;
 The frute of flattrie is bot to defyle,
 And spred that we can never get againe.

Ye gar us trow that all our heids be cowit,
 In prayfing of our bewtie by the skyis :
 Quhen with your words we ar na mair bot mowit,
 This way to fie gif us ye may suppryse :
 Your doubill hart dois everie day devyse,
 Ane thousand shifts was never in your thocht,
 Ye labour thus with all that in yow lyis,
 For till undo, and bring us all to nocht.

And this conceat is common to yow all,
 For your awin lust, ye set not by our schame,
 Your sweitest words ar seasonit all with gall,
 Your fairest phraze disfigures bot defame.
 I think thairfoir thay gritlie ar to blame,
 That trowis in yow mair nor the thing thay fé :
 Bot I, quhill that Emilia is my name
 To trow I fall lyke to Sanct Thomas be.

Flavius. For feir, sweit maistres, quhat remeid ?
 Quha may perswade quhair thair is dreid ?
 Yit deme ye wrangoullie in deid,

Now be my faull I sweir :
 Your honour, not your schame I seik,
 I count not by my lust ane leik,

It

It was na sik thing, maistres meik,
That maid me to cum heir.

This is my sute ye fall me trast,
Judge ye your self gif it be just,
In honest luif and honest lust,

With yow to leid my lyfe :
This is the treuth of my intent,
In lawfull lufe bot onlie bent.

Advyse yow gif ye can consent,
To be my weddit wyfe.

Emilie. Sir, surelie gif I understude,
Your meining for to be as gude,
I think in ane we sould conclude,

Befoir that it wer lang :
I am content to be your wyfe,
To lufe and serve yow all my lyfe,
Bot rather slay me with a knyfe,
Nor offer me ane wrang.

Bot Sir, ane thing I have to say,
My father hes this uther day,
In mariage promifit me away,
Upon ane deid auld man ;
With quhome thocht I be not content,
Till nane uther he will consent,
Mak to thairfoir for till invent
Ane convoy, gif yow can.

Lykewayis yow mon first to me sweir,
That ye to me fall do na deir,
Nor, fall not cum my bodie neir,
For villanie nor ill ;

Ay quhill the nuptiall day fall stand.
And farther, sir, gif me your hand,
With me for to compleit the band,
And promiseis to fulfill.

Flavius.

Flavius. Have thair my hand with al my hart,
And faithfull promeis for my part,
Na tyme to change quhill deithis dart

Put till my lyfe ane end :
Bot be ane husband traift and trew,
For na suspect that anis fall rew,
Bot readie ay to do my dew,
And nevir till offend.

Emilie. All day quhairto the trueth to tell,
I dar nocht with that matter mell,
Bot yit I fall devyse my sell,

Ane schift to serve our turne :
For keiping stairt baith lait and air,
Unsend-furth may I never fair,
Make I ane mint and do na mair,

I may for ever murne.

Quhen I have unbethocht me thryse,
I can na better way devyse,
Bot that I man me disagyse,

In habite of ane man :
Thus I but danger or but dout,
This busines may bring about,
In man's array unkend pas out,
For ocht my keipars can.

Thairfoir ye sell gang and provyde,
Ane pages claithis in the meine tyde,
For all occasions me befyde,

Against I have ado :
Let men evin as thay list me call,
Or quhat sumever me befall,
I hope within thrie dayis I fall,

Cum quietly yow to.

Flavius. Be my awin meins I fall atteine,
And send to yow thay claithis unsene,

Convoy lat sie all things sa cleine
 That never nane suspeck :
 I will wait on my self and meit yow,
 To se your new claiths as thay set yow,
 The carle that hecht sa weill to treit yow,
 I think sall get ane geck.

Emilie. I have won narrowlie away,
 Yon carle half put me in effray,
 He lay in wait and waiting ay,
 In changing aff my claithis :
 Sir, let us ga out of his ficht,
 Sen I am frie, my freind gude-nicht,
 He lukis as all things wer not richt,
 Lo yonder quhair he gais.

Flavius. My onlie luif and ladie quhyte,
 My darling deir and my delyte,
 How sall I ever the requyte,
 This grit gude will let see :
 That, but respect that men callis schame,
 Nor hazart of thy awin gude name,
 For brute, for blasphemie nor blame,
 Hes venterit all for mee.

SMEPHANO, ALBERTOIS SERVANT.

Maister, full far I have yow socht,
 And full ill newes I have yow brocht,
 The thing allace, I never thocht,
 Hes happinnit yow this day :
 Your douchter, fir, (ye had bot ane)
 Ane mannis claithis hes on hir tane,
 And quyetlie hes hir earand gane,
 I can not tell quhat way.

I wonderit

I wonderit first and was agast,
 Bot quhen I saw that she was past,
 I followit efter wonder fast,

Yit was I not the better;
 Sche schiftit hes hir self asyde,
 And in sum hous she did hir hyde.
 Na fir, quhat ever fall betyde,
 It will be hard to get her.

Alberto. Fals pewtene, hes scho playit that sport?
 Hes scho me handlit in this fort?

To God I vow cum I athort,

And lay on hir my handis:
 I fall hir ane exampill mak
 To trumppers all, durst undertak
 For to comatit sa foull ane fack,

Quhill that this citie standis.

Vylde vagabound, fals harlot hure,
 Had scho na schame, tuke scho na cure;
 Of parentis that hir gat and bure,

Nor blude of quhilk scho sprang:
 All honest bewtie to dispyse,
 And lyke ane man hir disagyse,
 Unwomanlie in fik ane wyse,
 As gudget for to gang?

Fals mischant, full of all mischeif,
 Dissaitfull traitour, commoun theif,
 Of all thy kin curit not the greif,

For fleschly foull delyte;
 Quha fall into fik trumppers trust?
 Quhais wickit wayis ar sa unjust,
 And led with lewd licentious lust,
 And beastlie appetyte.

Philotus. O sex uncertaine, frayle and fals,
 Dissimulate and dissaitfull als,

With

With honie lips to haild in hals,
 Bot with ane wickit mynde :
 Quhome will dois mair nor reafon mufe,
 Mair lecherie nor honest lufe,
 Mair harlotrie nor gude behufe,
 Unconstant and unkynde.

In quhome ane shaw, bot na shame finks,
 That ane thing faysis and uther thinks :
 Ane eye lukis up, ane uther winks,
 With fair and feinyeit face :
 Bot goffop go, quhill it is greine,
 For to feik out quha hes hir feine,
 Gif of hir moyen we get ane meine,
 It war ane happie grace.

Pbilerno. Gude firs, is nane of yow can tell,
 In quhat streit dois Alberto dwell,
 Or be quhat finge I'll knaw my fell,
 Gude brethren all about :
 For thocht I be his fon and heyre,
 I knaw him not a myte the mair,
 And to this town dois now repair,
 My father to find out.

Alberto. Yea harlote, trowit thow for to skip ?
 Sen I have gottin of the ane grip,
 Be Christ I fall thy nurture nip,
 Richt fcharply or we sched :
 For God nor I rax in ane raip,
 And ever thow fra my hand escaip,
 Quhill I have pullit thé lyke ane paip,
 Quhair nane fall be to red.

Philotus. Rage not gude goffe, bot hald your toung.
 The las bot bairnlie is and young,
 I wald be laith to wit hir dung,
 Suppose scho hath offendit :

Forgive

Forgive hir this ane fault for mee,
 And I fall fouertie for hir bee,
 That instantly scho fall agree,
 That this slipould be mendit.

Philerno. Father I grant my haill offence,
 Thir claithes I have tane till ga hence,
 And gif it please yow till dispence,
 With thir things that are past :
 Thir bygane faultes will ye forgive,
 And efter, father, quhill I live,
 Agane I fall yow never greive,
 Quhill that my lyfe may last.

Schaw me the maner and the way,
 And I your bidding fall obey,
 And never fall your will gane say,
 Bot be at your command.

Alberto. This fault heir frelie I forgive thee,
 Philotus is the man releives thee,
 Or utherwayis I had mischeifit thee,
 And now give me thy hand.

This is my ordinance and will,
 Give thy consent Philotus till,
 To marie him and to fulfill,
 That godlie bliffit band.

Philerno. Father, I hartlie am content,
 And heirto gives my full consent,
 For it richt fair wald me repent,
 Gif Iould yow gainstand.

Philotus. Heir is my hand, my darling dow,
 To be ane faithfull spous to yow.
 Now be my faull gossop I trow,
 This is ane happie meiting :
 This matter, gosse, is sa weill drest,
 That all things ar cumde for the best,

Bot

Your lovesum lips sad, soft, and sweet we sie,
 As roses red quhen that ane showre is past :
 Your tounng nicht mak Demosthenes agast,
 Your teith the peirls nicht of thair place depryve
 With bwillis of Indian ebur at the last
 Your papis for the prioritie dois stryve.

And lyke as quhen the stamping seale is set
 In wax weill wrocht, quhill it is soft I say,
 The prent thair of remayning may ye get,
 Suppois the seale it self be tane away :
 Your semlie shaip sa fall abyde for ay,
 Quhill throw the sicht my sensis hes reslaist,
 Thocht absent ye, yit I fall nicht and day,
 Your presence have as in my hart ingraist.

Thocht fanfie be bot of ane figure fainit,
 Na figure feids quhair thair is na effect :
 Evin sa sweit faull I perisch bot as painit,
 With fanfie sed that will na fasting breck :
 Suppois I have the accident, quhat reck ?
 Grant me the solide substance to atteine.
 Gif not, quhen ye to deith fall me direct,
 Quhom bot your awin have ye confoundit clein ?

Last, sen ye may my meladie remeid,
 Releive your Syssiphus of his restles stane ;
 Your pitius breist that dois full ryfely bleid,
 Grant grace thairto, befor the grip be gane.
 Cum stanche the thirst of Tantalus anone,
 And cure the wounds gevin with Achilles knyfe.
 Accept for yours fair maistres, such a one,
 That for your saik dar sacrifice his lyfe.

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 With sweit discourse the simpill till ourfyle ;
 Ye cast your craft, your cunning, and your cure,
 Bot pure orphanes and madynis to begyle.
 Your waillit out words, inventit for a wyle,
 To trap all those that trowis in yow na traine ;
 The frute of flattrie is bot to defyle,
 And spred that we can never get againe.

Ye gar us throw that all our heids be cowit,
 In praying of our bewtie by the skyis :
 Quhen with your words we ar na mair bot mowit,
 This way to sie gif us ye may suppryse :
 Your doubill hart dois everie day devyse,
 Ane thousand shifts was never in your thocht,
 Ye labour thus with all that in yow lyis,
 For till undo, and bring us all to nocht.

And this conceat is common to yow all,
 For your awin lust, ye set not by our schame,
 Your sweitest words ar seasonit all with gall,
 Your fairest phrase disfigures bot defame.
 I think thairfoir thay gritlie ar to blame,
 That trowis in yow mair nor the thing thay fé :
 Bot I, quhill that Emilia is my name
 To throw I fall lyke to Sanct Thomas be.

Flavius. For feir, sweit maistres, quhat remeid ?
 Quha may perswade quhair thair is dreid ?
 Yit deme ye wrangoullie in deid,

Now be my faull I sweir :
 Your honour, not your schame I seik,
 I count not by my lust ane leik,

It

Bot let us set amang the rest,
Ane day for all compleiting.

Alberto. Ane moneth and na langer day,
For it requyres na grit delay,
Tak thair your wyfe with yow away,
And use hir as ye will.

Philotus. Forfuith ye fall ga with me hame;
Quhair I fall keip yow saif fra schame,
Unto the day, or than me blame,
That scho fall have name ill.

Plesant. Quha ever saw in all thair lyfe;
Twa cappit cairlis mak sik ane stryfe,
To tak a young man for his wyfe,
That will play him ane passe:
Put down thy hand vane carle and graip;
As thay had wont to cheis the paip,
For thow hes gotten ane jolie jaip,
In lykenes of ane lasse.

PHILOTUS speaks to his Tochter BRISILLA.

Brissilla, Dochter myne, give eir,
A mother I have brocht thé heir,
To me a wyfe and darling deir.
I thé command thairfoir,
Hir honour, serve, obey and luif,
Wirk ay the best for hir behuif,
To pleis hir sie thy pairt thow pruif,
With wit and all devoir.

PHILOTUS to his new Bryde.

Use hir even as your awin my dow,
Keip hir, for scho fall ly with yow,

Quhill

Quhill I may lawfullie avow,
 To lay yow be my syde.
Philerno. I fall your dochter, husband sweit,
 Na les nor my companyeoun treit,
 And follow baith at bed and meit,
 Quhill that I be ane bryde.

PHILERNO to BRISILLA.

How dois the quheill of fortoun go,
 Quhat wickit weird hes wrocht our wo?
 Brisilla youris and myne also,

Unhappilie, I say :
 Our fathers baith hes done agrie,
 That I to youris, evin as ye sie,
 And ye to myne fall maryit be,
 And all upon ane day.

Hard is our hap and luckles chance,
 Quha pities us suppose we pance ?
 Full oft this mater did I skance,

Bot with my self befoir :
 I have bene threatnit and forflittin,
 Sa. oft that I am with it bittin,
 Invent a way or it be wittin,
 And remedie thairfoir.

Brisilla. Maistres, allace for sik remeid,
 That sik ane purpois fould proceid,
 I wald wisch rather to be deid,

Nor in that manner matchit :
 Quhat aillit ye, parentes, to prepair,
 Your childrens deip continuall cair ?
 Your crewell handes quhy did ye spair,
 First us to have dispatchit.

Unnatural

Unnatural fathers now quhairfoir
 Wald ye your dochters thus devoir?
 For your vane fantasies far moir,
 Nor onie gude respeck :
 Is it not doittrie hes yow drevin,
 Haiknays to seik for haist to heavin?
 I trow that all the warld evin,
 Sall at your guckrie geck.

Solace to seik them selves to fla,
 Ane myre to misse thay fall in ma ;
 Thay get bot greif quhen as thay gâ,
 To get thair greitest game :
 And wee young things tormentit to,
 Thair daffing dois us swa undo,
 Gif thay be wyse, thair doings lo,
 Will signifie the fame.

Philerno. It profeites not for to compleine,
 Let us forsie ourselves betwene,
 How we this perrell may preveine,
 And saif us fra thair snairis :
 Gif that the goddes, as thay weill can,
 Wald me transforme intill ane man,
 We twa our selves fould marie than,
 And saif us fra thair cairis.

Brisilla. Mak yow a man, that is bot mowis,
 To think thairon, your greif bot growis,
 For that devyfe devill haid it dowis,
 Sen it can never be.

Philerno. Quhy not? gif that with faith we pray,
 For oft the goddes, as I hard fay,
 Hes done the lyke, and yit thay may,
 Perchance till us agrie.

That Iphis was a mayd we reid,
 And swa did for hir prayer speid,

For

For verie reuth the goddes indeid,
 Transformde hir in ane man :
 Pigmaleon's prayer purchaft lyfe,
 Unto his new eburneall wyfe,
 Quhais handis had carvit hir with ane knyfe,
 With visage paill and wan.

Quhy may not now als weill as than,
 The goddes convert me in ane man ?
 The lyke gif that my prayer can,
 I furelie will affay :—
 Maist secret goddes celestiall !
 Ye michtie muifers greit and small,
 And heavinlie powers ane and all !
 Maist humblie I yow pray.

Luke doun from your impyre abone,
 And from your heich triumphant trone,
 Till us puir faullis send succour sone,
 Of your maist speciall grace ;
 Behald how we puir madynis murne,
 For feir and luif how baith we burne,
 Thairfoir intill ane man me turne,
 For till eschew this cace.

Behald our parents hes opprest,
 And by all dew thair dochters drest,
 With unmeit matches to molest
 Us fillie faullis, ye fie :
 Thairfoir, immortall Goddes of grace !
 Grant that our prayeris may tak place,
 Convert my kynde, this cairfull cace
 With solace to supplie.

[*Plesant.* Ane faith perfumit with fyne folie,
 And monie vane word alla-volie,
 Thy prayer is not half sa holic,
 Houfe-lurdane as it semis :

Bot all inventit for a wyle,
 Thy bed-fallow for to begyle,
 The bonie lasse bot to defyle,
 Na dowbilnes that demes.]

Briffilla. Maistris, quhat nów? methink ye dreame,
 Or than to be in fowne ye seime:
 Scho lyis als deid, quhat fall I deime,
 Of this unhappie chance?
 Scho will not heir me for na cryis,
 For plucking on scho will not ryis;
 Sa lairbair-lyke lo as scho lyis,
 As raveist in a trance.

Philerno. O blisfull deitie divyne,
 Maist happie convent, court and tryne,
 That dois your glorious eiris inclyne,
 Our prayeris to adheir:
 We rander thanks unto yow all,
 For heiring us quhen that we call,
 And ridding us from bondage thrall,
 As plainlie dois appeir.

I am ane man Briffilla, lo!
 And with all necessaries thairto,
 May all that onie man may do,
 I fall gar yow consider:
 Now sen the goddis above hes brocht,
 This wonderous wark, and hes it wrocht,
 And grantit all evin as we focht,
 Let us be glaid togidder.

Briffilla. Now sen the gods hes succour sent,
 And done even as we did invent,
 My joy! I hartly am content
 To do as ye devyse:
 Throw God's decreit my onlie choyse,
 In mutual lufe we fall rejoyse,

Our

Our furious fathers baith suppose,
 Thay wald skip in the skyis.

Philotus. My dow, suppois I did delay,
 Now cum is our sweit nuptiall day;
 Thairfoir mak haist swa that we may,
 In tyme cum to the kirk.

Pbilerno. Ga quhen ye list, fir, I am readie.
 [Thair is ane gus-heid, for be our ladie,
 I was your sone, and ye my dadie,
 [This morning in the mirk.

Minister. I dout not bot ye understand,
 How God is author of this band,
 And the actioun that we have in hand,
 He did himself out set:
 To that effect all men I meine,
 Nicht keip thair bodyes puir and cleine,
 Fra fornication till absteine,
 And children to beget.

Bot sen the mater cums athort,
 Ilk uther day, I will be schort,
 And dois the parties baith exhort,
 To charitie and luif:

Tak heir this woman for your wyfe,
 Keip, luif and cherisch hir but stryfe,
 All uther als, terme of your lyfe,
 Saif hir ye fall remuif.

Tak for your spous Philotus than,
 Obey and luif him as ye can,
 Forsaik for him all uther man,

Quhill deith do yow dissever:
 The Lord to sanctifie and blesse yow,
 His grace and favour als I wisch yow,

Let

Let not his luif and mercie misse yow,
 Bot be with yow for ever.

FLAVIUS' conjuration.

O mercie God, how may this be ?
 Yon is indeid richt Emilie !
 In forme of hir a faith I sie,
 Sum devill hes me defaistit :
 I will in haist thairfoir gang hame,
 Expell yon spreit for fin and schame,
 And to tell me thy awin richt name,
 For God's caus I will craif it.

The croce of God, our Saviour sweit,
 To saif and save me fra that spreit,
 That thou na hap have for to meit,
 With me in all thy lyfe :
 In God's behalf I charge the heir,
 That thou straik in my hart na feir,
 Bot pas thy way and do na deir,
 To neyther man nor wyfe.

Firft I conjure thé be Sanct Marie,
 Be alrifch king and quene of farie,
 And be the Trinitie to tarie,
 Quhill thou the treuth have tauld :
 Be Chrif and his apoftilles twell,
 Be sanctis of hevin and hewis of hell,
 Be auld Sanct Austian him fell,
 Be Peter and be Paul.

Be Mathew, Mark, be Luik and Johnne,
 Be Lethe, Stix, and Acherone,
 Be hellifche furies everie one,
 Quhair Pluto is the Prince :

That

That thow depart and do na wonder,
 Be lichtning, quhirle wind, hayle nor thunder,
 That beast nor bodie get na blunder,
 Nor harme quhen thow gais hence.

Throw power I charge thé of the Paip,
 Thow neyther girne, gowl, glowme, nor gaip,
 Lyke anker saidell, lyke unfell aip,
 Lyke owle nor alrische elfe :
 Lyke fyrie dragon full of feir,
 Lyke warwolf, lyon, bull, nor beir,
 Bot pás yow hence as thow come heir,
 In lykenes of thy selfe.

Emilie. Gude-man, quhat méine ye ? ocht bot gude ?
 Quha hes yow put in sik ane mude ?
 Befoir I never understude,

The forme of your conjuring.

Flavius. I charge thé yit as of befoir,
 Pas hence and troubill me no moir,
 Trowis thow to draw me ouir the scoir,
 Fals feind with thy alluring ?

Emilie. Gude-man, quhat misteris all thir mowis ?
 As ye war cumbred with the cowis,
 Ye ar, I think, lyke Johne of Lowis,
 Or ane out of his minde.

Flavius. In God's behalfe I the beseiche,
 Impefche me not with word nor speiche,
 Ill spreit, to God I me beteiche,
 Fra the and al thy kynde.

Plesant. Ha ha, ha ha, ha ha, ha ha,
 The feind refave the lachters a.

Quhilk is the wyfest of us twa,
 Man quhidder thow or I ?

Flemit fuill, hes thow not tint thy feill,
 That takis thy wyfe to be ane deill,

Thow

Thow is far vaineſt I wait weill,
Speir at the ſtanders by.

Flavius. I charge the yit as I have ellis,
Be halie relickis, beidis and bellis,
Be eremitis that in deſertis dwellis,

Be limitoris and tarlochis :

Be ſweit Sanct Stevin ſtanit to the deid,
And be Sanct Johne his halie heid,
Be Merling, Rymour, and be Beid,

Be witchis and be warlochis.

Be Sanct Maloy, be Moyſes rod,
Be Mahomeit the Turkiſch God,
Be Julian and Sanct Elons nod,

Be Bernard and be Bryde :

Be Michael that the dragon dang,

Be Gabriell and his auld ſang,

Be Raphaell in tyme of thrang,

That is to be as gyde.

Emilie. My luiſ, I think it verie lyke,

That ye war licht or lunatyke,

Ye feir, ye fray, ye fidge, ye fyke,

As with a ſpreit poſſeſt :

Quhat is the mater that ye mene ?

Quhat garris yow braid ? quhair have ye bene ?

Quhat aillis yow joy ? quhat have ye ſene ?

To rage with ſik unreſt.

Flavius. Quhat have I ſene, fals hound of hell ?

I trowit quhen I did with thé mell,

Thow was richt Emilie thy fell,

Not ane incarnate devill :

Bot I richt now with my awin eine,

Richt Emilie have maryit ſeine ;

Sa thow mon be ane ſpreit uneleine,

Lord ſaif me fra thy evill.

Be

Be vertew of the Halie Ghaist,
 Depairt out of myne hous in haist,
 And God quhais power and micht is maist,
 Conserve me fra thy cummer :
 Gang hence to hell or to the farie,
 With me thow ma na langer tarie,
 For quhy ? I sweir thé be Sanct Marie,
 Thou's be nane of my nummer.

Philerno. Gar wsche this hous, for it grows lait,
 Husband I have for to debait,
 With yow a lytill of estait,
 Befoir we go to bed :
 Sen I am young, and ye ar auld,
 My curage kene, and ye bot cauld,
 The ane mon to the uther fauld,
 A faith befor we sched.

Philotus. We wil not for the maistrie stryve,
 We mon grie better and we thryve.

Philerno. Na be my faull we' is wit belyve,
 Quha gets the upper hand :
 Indeid thow fall beir me a bevell,
 For with my neives I fall thé nevell ;
 Auld custrone carle, tak thair a revoll,
 Than do as I command.

Philotus. I sie it cummis to cussis the man,
 Ile end the play that thow began,
 That victorie thow never wan,
 That fall be bocht fa deir :—
 Ha mercie, mercie Emilie,
 Tak ye the maistrie all for me,
 For I fall at your bidding be,
 And slay me not, I sweir.

[*Plesant.* Wel clappit burd, quhan wil ye kisse ?
 Auld fuill, the feind refave the misse,

Ye trowit to get ane burd of blisse,
 To have ane of thir maggies :
 Quhat think ye now ? how is the cace,
 Now ye'll do it all, allace, allace,
 Now grace and honour on that face,
 Quod Robein to the haggies.]

Philerno. Than hecht in haist, thairfoir, that thou
 Sall readie at my bidding bow,
 Quhat ever I do thou sall allow,
 My fanfie to fulfill :
 Sa gang I out, sa cum I in,
 Sa gif I waist, sa gif I win,
 Quhat ever I do mak ye na din,
 Bot let me wirk my will.

Thou may not speir the caus, and quhy,
 Quhen that I list not with yow ly,
 Quhat I the bid, and thou deny,
 We will not weill agrie :
 Quhen that I pleis furth to repair,
 Speir not the cumpanie, nor quhair :
 Content thyself, and mak na mair,
 I man thy maister be.

Philotus. I am content quhen and how sone,
 All till obey that ye injone,
 That ye command it man be done,
 Thair is nane uther buit.

Philerno. Quhat is your pryce damesall fair ?
 Quhat tak ye for a nichtis lair ?

Huir. Ye sall a crown upon me spair,
 Bot quhom w. th sal I do it ?

Philerno. He get a man, have heir a croun,
 Bot be weill strange quhen ye ly down,

Mak

Mak nyce, and gar the larbair lowne

Beleve ye be a mayd.

Huir. The youngest las in all this citie,

Sall byde na mair requeist nor treitie,

Ile cry, as I war huir, for pitie,

Quhen I am with him laid.

Emilie. Now sen my husband hes done so,

But caus for to put me him fra,

I will unto my father ga,

Befoir his feit to fald.

Father, sa far I did offend,

That I may not my mis amend,

And am ouir pert for to pretend

Your dochter to be cald.

Alberto. Lament not, let that matter be,

Thy faltis ar buriet all with me.

Betwixt thy husband now and thee,

Is onie new debait?

Emilie. I knaw of nane, bot he indeid

Hes put me fra him, quhat remeid?

And will na mair fik fosteris feid,

He sayis of myne estait.

Alberto to Philotus. Quhat is the mater that ye meine,

Against all ordour clair and cleine?

Schut hame your wyfe that hes not bene,

Yit fyve dayes in your aucht!

Is this ane plesant godlie lyfe,

To be in barrace, sturt and stryfe?

The feind ane wald, man, be your wyfe,

Can never fit in faucht.

Philotus. Knew ye the treuth gude-man, I trow,

Hir labour ye sould not allow.

Luke !—all my face,—behold my brow,
That is baith blak and bla.

Alberto. It may weill be, I can not tell,
That scho durst with that mater mell;
Let hir mak answer for hir sell,
To sie gif it be fa.

Dochter, gave I thé this command,
That thou thy husband sould ganestand,
How durst thou, huir, him with thy hand,
Put to the point of felling.

Emilie. That war grit wrang fir, gif fa bee,
Bot he na husband is to mee,
Than how could we twa disagree,
That never had na melling.

Alberto. Na melling mistris? wil ye than
Deny the mariage of that man,
In face of halie kirk quha can,
This open deid deny?

Emilie. Let resoun, fir, with yow prevaill,
Condemne me not first in the faill,
Befoir that ye have hard my taill,
The treuth syne may ye try.

Now this is all that I wald say,
That Flavius tuke me away,
About a moneth and a day,
Drest in a varlet's weid:
With quhome I have bene ever still,
Ane uther Emilie ay and quhill,
He saw yow give Philotus till;
And than in verie deid,

Supponing me ane devill of hell,
With crewell conjuratiounes fell,
Did me out of his hous expell,
As with a bogill bazed:

As ane out of his mynde or marrit,
 He hes me of his hous debarrit.
 I can not tell quhat hes him skarrit,
 Or hes the man amazed.

Alberto. This purpois, gosse, appeirs to me
 Sa wonder nyce and strange to be,
 That we to wit the veritie,
 For Flavius man fend ;
 Sir, gif ye could declair us now,
 How lang this woman was with yow,
 And all the maner quhen and how,
 We wald richt glaidlie kend.

Flavius. Sa far, Alberto, as I knaw,
 I fall the fuith unto you schaw.

Quhen I your douchters bewtie saw,

I offerit hir gude-will :

Accepting than the promise maid,
 Cled lyke a boy, but mair abaid,
 Fra yow diffaitfullie scho slaid,

And come myne house untill ;

Quhair I hir keipit as my wyfe,
 Tret, luist and chereist hir for lyfe,
 Quhill efterward fell out ane stryfe,

Thir maters all amang :

For plainlie in the kirk I saw,
 This man became your sone in law ;
 I did thairfoir perfyty knaw,

My Emilie was wrang.

And that some spreit hir schaip had tane,
 Sen Emilies thair was bot ane,
 I thairfoir to that ghaist have gane,

Conjuring hir my fell :

And fra my hous expellit hir to.
 This woman seimis for to be scho,

Senfyne

Senfyne I had na mair ado,
With that fals feind of hell.

Philotus. Now, Flavius, I wait richt weill,
Sen ane of them man be a deill,
My maiglit face maki me to seill,

That myne man be the fame :
For quhy richt Emilie is youris,
And that incarnate devill is ouris.
I gat, ye may fie be my clouris,
A deill unto my dame.

Philerno. Heir I am cum to red the fryfe,
For I am neyther deill nor wyfe,
Bot am ane young man, be my lyfe,

Your sone, fir, and your air ;
Quhome ye for Emilie haif tane,
And wald not, firs, let me alane,
Quhill ye saw quhat gait it is gane,
I can tell yow na mair.

Philotus. A man, allace ! and harmisay !
That with my only dochter lay,
Syne dang my fell : quhat fall I say
Of this unhappie chance ?
Have I not maid a berrie block,
That hes for Jennie maryit Jock ?
That movit my dochter for a mock.
The devill be at the dance.

Allace, I am for ever schamit,
To be thus in my eild defamit,
My dochter is not to be blamit,

For I had all the wyte :
Auld men is twyfe bairnis, I persais,
The wyfest will in wowing raif,
I for my labour with the laif,
Am drivin to this dispyte.

Alberto.

Alberto. Gude gosse, your wraith to pacifie,
 Sen that thair may na better be,
 I am content my sone that he
 Sall with your dochter marie.

Philerno. I am content with hart and will,
 This mariage father to fulfill,
 Quhat neidis Philotus to think ill,
 Or yit his weird to warie.

Flavius. Be frolick Flavius and faine,
 To get thy Emilie againe.
 To deme, my dow, was I not vaine,
 That thow had bene a spreit ?
 Now sen I am fred fra that feir,
 And vaine illusioun did appeir,
 Welcum, my darling, and my deir,
 My sucker and my sweit.

Gude firs, quhat is thair mair ado !
 Ilk youth his lufe hes gotten lo !
 Let us thairfoir go quicklie to,

And marie with our maitis :
 Let us foure lufers now rejoyse,
 Ilk ane for to injoy his choyse ;
 Ane meiter matche nor ane of those,
 For tender young estaitis.

Let us all foure now with ane fang,
 With mirth and melodie amang,
 Give gloir to God that in this thrang,
 Hes bene all our releif :

That hes fra thraldome set us frie,
 And hes us placit in sik degrie,
 Ilk ane as he wald wisch to be,
 With glaidnes for his greif.

Ane Sang of the Foure Lufearis.

Were Jacob's sones mair joyfull for to se
 The waltring wawes King Pharaoh's oist confound?
 Was Israel mair glaid in hart to be,
 Fred from all feir, befoir in bondage bound?
 Quhen God them brocht from the Egiptian ground?
 Was Mordocheus merier nor we,
 Quhen Artaxerxes alterit his decree?

Was greiter glaidnes in the land of Greice,
 Quhen Jason come from Colchos hame agane,
 And conquest had the famous golden fleis,
 With labour lang, with perrell and with pane?
 The father Æzon was not half sa faine,
 To sie his sone returning with sik gloir,
 As we, quhais myndis ar satisfyit, and moir.

Gif onie joy into this earth below,
 Or warldlie plesour reput be perfyte,
 Quhat greiter solace sall ye to me shaw,
 Nor till injoy your hartis all haill delyte?
 To have your lufe and lustie ladie quhyte,
 In quhome ye may baith nicht and day rejoyse:
 In quhome ye may your plesures all repose.

Let us, thairfoir, sen evin as we wald wisse,
 Reciprocklie with leill and mutuall lufe,
 As sleitand in the fludes of joy and blisse,
 With solace sing and sorrowes all remuse.
 Let us the fructes of present plesour prufe,
 In recompence of all our former pane,
 And miserie, quhairin we did remane.

Philotus. Bot now advert gude bretherin all about,
 That of my labour hes the successeine:
 Ye that hes hard this haill discourse throw out,
 May knaw how far that I abusit have bene.
 I grant indeid thair will na man me meine,

For

For I my self am author of my greif,
That by my calling sould be caryit cleine,
With youthlie toyis unto sa greit mischeif.

Gif I had weyit my gravitie and age,
Rememberit als my first and auncient fait,
I had not sowmit in sik unkyndlie rage,
For to disgrace mine honour and estait,
Quhat had I bocht bot to my self debait,
Suppois the mater had cum than as I meinit :
Nay my repentance is not half sa lait,
As I had gotin the thing quhairfoir I greinit.

For thocht my folie did the Lord offend,
Yit my gude God hes wrocht all for the best ;
And this rebuik hes thairfoir to me send,
All sik inordinate doings to detest.
Quhilk sweit rebuik I reckin with the rest,
From fatherlie affection to proceid,
That uthers with lyke passiouns posselt,
May leirne be my exampill to tak heid.

Sen age, thairfoir, suld governit be with skill,
Let countenance accord with your gray hairis ;
Ye auncients all, let resoun rewill your will,
Subdew your sensis till eschew thir snairis.
Gif ye wald not incombred be with cairis,
Be maister over your awin affections haill :
For hailillie the praise is onlie thairs,
That may against sik passions prevaill.

The Messenger.

Gude firs, now have ye hard and sene this ferse,
Unworthie of your audience I grant,
Unformallie set out in vulgar verse,
Of waillit out words and leirnit leid bot skant.
The courteours that princes hallis do hant,
I wait will never for my rudenes ruse me :

Yit

Yit my gude-will for to supplie the want,
I hope fall of your courtesies excuse me.
For passing well I have imployit my panis
Swa that ye can be with the same content :
For dew regaird gude acceptiounis gaines,
And parties pleisit dois mak the tyme wel spent.
Gif God had greiter leirning to me lent,
Wuld have schawin the same with als gude will:
Wyte ignorance that I did not invent,
Ane ferle that micht your fantasies fulfill.

Last firs, now let us pray with ane accord,
For to preserve the persoun of our king :
Accounting ay this gift as of the Lord,
Ane prudent Prince above us for to ring.
Than gloir to God, and prayis let us sing,
The Father, Sone, and Halie Gaiist our gyde,
Of his mercies us to conduct and bring,
To hevyn for ay in plesoures to abyde.

A BALLAT MADE ON JONET REID, JEAN VIOLET, AND
ANNA WHYT, TAVERNERS.

By SEMPLE.

I.

OF collours cleir, quha lykes to weir,
Are findry forts into this toun ;
Grene, yellôw, blew, and mony hew,
Bayth Pareis blak, and Inglis broun ;
Braw Londoun fky, quha lykes to buy,
Colour de Roy is clene laid down,
And Dundé gray, this mony a day,
Is lichtlyt baith be lad and loun.

II.

But stanch my fyking, and stryd my lyking,
Are seimly hews for simmer play ;
Din dípt in yallow for mony gude fallow,
As Will of Quhyt-hauch bad me say ;
I will not deny it till nane that will by it,
For silver nane fall be said nay :
Ye neid not to plenyie, my claith will not stenyie,
Suppose ye weit it nycht and day.

III.

And I have Quhyt of great delyt,
And Violet quha lykes to weir,
Weil wearand Reid quhill ye be deid ;
Quhilk fall not failyie, tak ye no feir.
The Quhyt is gude, and richt weil lued,
But yit the Reid is twyifs als deir :
The Violet syne, baith fresche and fyne,
Sall serve yow hofeing for a yeir.

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IV.

The Quhyt is teuch, and fresche aneuch,
 Sift as the filk, as all men feis.
 The Reid is bony, and socht of mony;
 They hyve about the house lyke beis.
 My Violet to, gif ye have ado,
 It meitis lyk stemmyne to your theis;
 Sure be my witting not brunt in the litting,
 Suppois baith lads and limmers leis.

V.

Of thir thrie hews I haif left clews,
 To be our court-men winter weid,
 Weill twynt and smal, the best of them all
 May weir the claith for woul and threid;
 But in the wawk-mill, the wedder is ill;
 Thir are nocht drying days indeid;—
 And gif it be wat, I hecht for that,
 It tuggs in holes, and gais abreid.

VI.

Yit its weil walkit, cardit and calkit,
 As warm a weid as weir-the-deule,
 Weil wrocht in the luimis, with wobsters guimis,
 Baith thick and nymble gaes the spule;
 Cottond and shorn, the mair it be worn,
 Ye find your fell the greater fule;
 But bony forsuith, cum byit in my buith,
 To mak ye garmentis againe yule.

VII.

Thir mixt together, your self may consider,
 Quhat fyner cullour can be fund,
 And namely for breikis, gif ony man feikis,
 Sall haif the pair ay for a pund:
 Howbeit it be skant, na wowars fall want,
 That to my bidding will be bund.
 Weil may they bruik it, they neid not to luik it,
 But grape it mirklyns be the grund.

VIII.

VIII.

Your court-men heir, has made my claith deir,
 And raifd it twell-pennies of the ell,
 Yit is my claith fouver, beft fadles to couver,
 Suppofe the Seffion ryd themfell.
 The Violet certain, was maid at Dumbertain ;
 The Reid was walkit at Dunkell :
 The Quhyt has bein dicht in mony mirk nicht,
 But tyme and place I cannot tell.

IX.

Now gif ye work wyflie, and fhape it precyflie ;
 The ellwand wald be grit and lang,
 Gif the byefs be wyde, gar lay it on fyde ;
 And fa ye cannot weil gae wrang.
 And for the lang left, it wald be fchewd faft,
 And care not by how deip ye gang ;
 But want ye quhyt threid, ye can nocht cum fpeid,
 Black walloway maun be your fang.

X.

And thocht it be auld, and twenty tymes fawld,
 Yit will the freprie mak ye fain,
 With ulis to renew it, and mak it weil hewit,
 And gar it glans lyk Dunmy grain ;
 Syne with the fleik ftanis that fervis for the nanis,
 They raife the pyle I mak yow plain :
 With mony braid aith, we fell this fame claith,
 To gar the buyers cum again.

XI.

Now is my wob wrocht, and arlit to be bocht,
 Cum lay the payment in my hand ;
 And gif my claith felyie, ye pay not a melyie ;
 The wob fall be at your command.
 The market is thrang, and will not laft lang ;
 They buy faft in the-Border land ;
 Abeit I haif tinfel, yit maun I tak hanfell,
 To pay my buith-mail and my ftand.

XII.

My claith wald be lude, be great men of gude,
 Gif lads and lownis wald let me be ;
 Yit maun I excuse them, how can I refuse them,
 Sen all mens penny maks him frie ?
 The best and the gay ot, my self tuke a fey ot,
 A wylie-coat I will nocht lie,
 Quhilk did me no harm, but held my coft warm,
 A symple merchant ye may see.

XIII.

This far to relieve me, that na man reprieve me,
 In Jedburgh at the Justice air,
 This sang of thrie lasses was made abune glasses,
 That tyme that they wer tapsters thair.
 The first was ane Quhyte, a las of delyte ;
 The Violet baith gude and fair ;
 Keip the Reid frae skaith, scho is worth them baith ;
 Sa to be short I say na mair.

This poem and the following are printed from the *Evergreen*, collated with the originals in the *Bannatyne MS.* and have the appearance of being the latest genuine productions in the hand-writing of Bannatyne which are to be found in that Collection. Probably there is not a year of difference between the period of their composition and that of *Philetus* ; and I have not a doubt that the same Robert Semple was the author of all the three. They are not only extremely similar to one another, but totally different from any other productions of that age.

THE FLEMING BERGE.

By the Same.

I.

I HAIF a littil Fleming berge
Of cleanly wark, and scho is wicht.
Quhat pylot takis my schip in charge,
Maun hald her clynly, trim and ticht :
Sé that hir hatches be handlit richt,
With steir burd, baburd, luf and lie ;
Scho will sail all the winter nicht,
And nevir tak a telyevie.

II.

With even keil afore the wind, .
Scho is richt fairdy with a sail,
But at a lufe scho lyis behind.
Gar heis her quhile her howbands skail ;
Draw weil the takle to her tail ;
Scho will not mis to lay the mast.
To pomp as oft as ye may fail,
Yeill nevir hald her watter-fast.

III.

To colf hir aft, can do no ill,
And talloun quhair the flude-mark flows ;
But gif scho lekks, get men of skill
To stop hir hoiles laich in the howis :
For faut of hemp, tak hary towis,
And stane-ballast withouten uddir ;
In moonless nichts it is na mowis,
Except ane stout may steir the rudder.

IV.

A fair vessell abune the watter,
And is but laity reikit roo,
Quhairto till deave ye with tume clatter,
Are nane sic in the flot as scho :
Plum weil the grund, quhat eir ye do,
Hail on the fok-sheit and the blind ;
Scho will tak in at cap and ko,
Without scho balast be behind.

V.

Nae pedders pak scho will refuse,
Altho' her travel scho fuld tyne ;
Na cuckold carle or carlings pet,
That dois thair corn and cattle tryn.
Bot quhere scho finds a fallow fyne,
He will be fraught frie for a fowse ;
Scho carrys nocht but men and wyne,
And bulion to the cunyie-houfe.

VI.

For merchand men I may haif mony,
But nane sic as I wald desyre ;
And I am laith to mell with ony,
To leif my matter in the myre :
That man that wirks best for his hyre,
Its he fall be my marriner,
But nicht and day maun he na tyre
That fails my bonny ballenger.

VII.

For anker-hald nane can be fund ;
I pray you cast the leid-lyne out,
And gif ye cannot get the grund,
Steir be the compafs, and keep her rout :
Syne treveis still, and lay about,
And gar her top twiche wind and waw ;
Quhair anker dryves, there is na dout
Thir tripand tyddes may tyne us a.

Now is my pretty pinneys ready,
 Abydand on sum merchand block;
 But be scho empty, be our lady,
 Scho will be kitle of her dok :
 Scho will reffaif na landwart Jok,
 Thocht he wald fraught her for a crown :
 Thus fair ye weil, says gude John Cok,
 Ane noble telyeour in this toun.

There is one poem more in the Evergreen (from the Bann. MS.) by *Semple*; but, being of a temporary nature, and rather indecorous, it is not adapted for republication. In expostulating with the Magistrates of Edinburgh on account of some harsh measures which they had adopted against a Mrs Grissel Sandilands and her frail family, in whose company one of the Protestant Clergy had been discovered, *Semple* introduces the names of some distinguished characters of the time :

Quhen finding no man in the house neir hand hir,
 Except a clerk of godly conversation.
 Quhat gif besyde *John Duries* self ye fand hir,
 Dar ye suspect the haly CONGREGATION ?

As for the rest, I knaw not thair vocation,
 Thair lyfe and manners; but I heir folk name them
 Catholick virgins of the Congregation,
 Syen were to tyne them, if ye could obtien them.

Micht they win to the girth, I tak nae Yeir,
 Down by the Canno. Croce I pray you send them,
 Where *Bannatyn* has promist to compeir,
 ith lawful reason ready to defend them.

Your partial Juge we may declyne him to,
 But set me down the parson *Pennycuik*,
 Or *Sanders Gutbrie*—see quhat he can do :
 He kens the law, and keips your ain court-buke.

For men of law, I wait not quhair to luke :
James Bannatyne was anes a man of skill;
 And gif he comes not there, I wist we tuke,
 To keip our dyet, *Mes David Makgill*.

The greatest greif I find, ye haif defamed
 Thir lovers leil, and done thair freinds but lack,
 Because thair bands were just to be proclaimed,
 Partys had met, and made a fair contrack.

But

But now alas the men are loppen back,
 For open sklander callit a speikand deil,
 In grit affairs ye had not bein sae snack,
 About the ruling of the Common-weil.

No other poems of Semple have fallen in my way; but it is more than probable that he was the author of the following, mentioned by Ames:

The Regentis Tragedie, (17 nine-line stanzas,) Quod Robert Sempil 1570.

The Bishopsis Lyfe and Testament, Quod Sempil 1571 (four leaves.)

My Lord Methvenis Tragedie, (24 nine-line stanzas,) Quod Sempil 1572.

The Siege of the Castle of Edinburgh 1573, (7 leaves in nine-line stanzas,) Quod Sempil.

Here it may be remarked, that after the year 1570, the signature is changed from *Robert Sempil* to *Sempil* singly; i. e. The Head of the clan; or, *Lord Sempil*.

The account of Semple is given by Dempster in the following words: "*Semple* claro nomine poeta, cui patrius sermo tantum debet, ut nulli plus debere eruditi fateantur; felix in eo calor, temperatum iudicium, rara inventio, dictio pura ac candida, quibus dotibus Regi Jacobo charissimus fuit. Scripsit *Carmina amatoria* ut Propertii sanguinem, Tibulli lac, Ovidii mel, Callimachi sudorem æquasse plerisque doctis videatur. Obiit anno 1595." Douglas (Peerage) says Lord Semple, died in 1611. As Dempster, when he published his book (1627) had for many years lived at a distance from his native country, it is very possible that he might be mistaken as to the date.

Apparently, towards the end of this century was published, or at least composed, a long poem (about 1000 lines) on the absurdities of Popery, by Sir James Semple of Beltraces, cousin-german probably to Robert Lord Semple, the supposed author of *Philotus*. It is entitled, *The Packman's Pater-noster*, or a conference between a Pedler and a Priest. To readers of polemical controversy, this rare performance is well calculated to afford amusement, the subject being discussed with a considerable share of naiveté as well as force of argument; but it is by no means suitable to the plan of this compilation. Of this the reader will be fully satisfied by the following sonnet, which the author introduces into the text as the production of a friend: (on the margin, *Alexander Semple*.)

Why should prophane proud Papiſts thus presume
 To ſay their Pope to Peter doth ſucceed?
 Read we that Peter (if he was at Rome)
 Rode rob'd with triple crowns upon his head?
 Pray'd ever Peter for the ſouls of dead?
 Or granted pardon for the greateſt fin?

How

How many Nunces note we he did need
 Through all the nations that his name was in ?
 How many Friars had Peter, can we find,
 In sundry forts so shaven, with a shame ?
 Was ever Peter so blasphemous blind,
 As to take Holiness unto his name ?
 The Pope succeeds to Peter in no case,
 But in denial, and in no divine place.

From a passage in the Dialogue superscribed R. S. (probably denoting Robert, the son of Sir James Semple,) we are enabled to ascertain that the composition cannot be of higher antiquity than that which has been assigned to it :

When this life ends, my ghost shall go to glory :
 Pox on your pre-supposed Purgatory,
 Infantum limbus, and your *Limbus Patrum*,
 Where out none comes but by the *preces fratrum*.
 To make your sayings sure, you cite the scripture,
 But falsely formed with a ragged rapture ;
 Of which, if ye would surely have a scent,
 Read *Cartwright* against Rhemes New Testament ;
 The which to prove, how little they prevail,
 Read *Doctor Morton's* " Protestant Appeal."

Robert, the son (it is said) of Sir James Semple, wrote " The Piper of Kilbarchan, or the Epitaph on Habbie Simson." And Francis, the son of this Robert, composed several panegyrics on James II. while Duke of York and Albany, The Banishment of Poverty, with various other poems, which still are extant in manuscript.

NICOL BURNE.

In the year 1581 was published at Paris, "The Disputation of Nicol Burne, professor of philosophy in St. Leonard's college, St. Andrews, with certain ministers of the reformed religion in Scotland, 1580."—From Burne's preface to this work, we learn that he was educated according to the Protestant faith, but afterwards, from conviction, returned to the holy Catholic Church, and in the year 1580 gave no small trouble to the protestant clergy, by repeatedly challenging them to public disputation concerning their new tenets. To avoid this, they "proceidit againis me (says Burne) with excommunication, and procurit letters of caption, quhairby I was wairdit first in the castel of St. Androis, and next in the tolbuith of Edinburgh fra the 14th of October 1580, to the penult of Januar, when they procurit my unnatural banishment: and, to bring me in farder contempt, they have spred the brute throuch the popularis that, in some conferences quhilk I had with them in the presane, they wer altogidder victorious. I haif thairfor breislie collectit my hail discours with the ministers, (T. Smeton, Andrew Melvine, &c.) and now publish the same, quhairby thair maist pernicious doctrine may planelie be persavit to be the caus of the tynsal of monie thousand saulis in his Majesties realm."

From this volume of theological disputation is extracted the following performance; which, to those who search for curiosities rather than for poetry, may probably afford some gratification.

ANE ADMONITION TO THE ANTICHRISTIAN MINISTERS
IN THE DEFORMIT KIRK OF SCOTLAND.

Exurgat Deus et dissipentur inimici ejus. 1581.

TO THE LOVING REIDER.

GIF pacience with confidence of God hes had rewaird,
Gif reverence, obedience, be giftis notabil,
With reason, but treason, humilitie be stabil,
To Catholic, Apostolik, the victor is declaird.

Gif perjurie and traitorie be vyces venomous,
Gif sclander can rander his maister recompence,
The Protestant sa molestant be all intelligence,
For hy-ire the fy-ire sal get of Ceiberus.

ADIEU.

1. **T**o you Ministers, and Prelattis of perdition,
This schedul schort I do direct in plane,
Sen violentlie ye have fruition,
Of that gude spous quhilk man cum hame agane.
My counsell is, ye think hir bot a lane,
I mean the Kirk of Christ, our Preist and King;
Quha for your theft I traist falbe your bane,
That Sathan for your faull may dergie sing,
2. Quha has sa mony faulis in error brocht,
To you convoy to Hel, that kindome dark,
Sen miserable slavis lyk you has ever socht,
To be accompaneit in all thair evill wark.

Sa did our Lord the reprobat ay mark,
As members of sedition and stryf,
That maisters of ane evil steik of wark,
Sould ay detest the godlie upricht lyf.

3. For sen the tyme that fals apostat preist,
Ennemie to Christ, and mannis salvation,
Your Maister KNOX, that wicked venomous beist,
Was chaiffit from the English nation,
And com to you to preiche abhominacion
In Scotland, sum tyme realme of renoun,
Extreme hes bene that desolation,
Ye have sustenit in citie, tour, and toun.

4. The Lord behaldis your knaverie grit and small,
Your doctrine and your lyvis vicious ;
As of his sanctuarie ye brak the wall
Lymmers violent, fals and seditious !
Sic pestis war never send pernicious
Be God our Lord to Pharao the King,
As you, quhom damnit Sathan Cerberus
Hes placit ouer Christianis to ring.

5. Sik man, sik maister, as is said,
Sik trie, sik fructe al tyme we se ;
And as your maister's grund is laid,
Lyk do the wallis and byging be :
Father of lewis, stryf and iniquitie,
Tentation, blasphemie, thift, and all the lave,
Sik childrene hes he procreat to be
Duollaris into his Babilon Geneve.

6. That chyre of Antichrist and desolation,
That hure of Babylon, and Prince of Atheisme,
That coup of poison for monie realme and nation,
Blasphemand Christ, levand in Barbarisme ;
Counfall that fosteris herefie and scisme,
Witchecraft, adulterie, and may, gif ye will crave,

With

With all the properties of Sathannis dragonisme,
Place for the Antichrist in speciall is Geneve.

7. Mony be fosterit under this huris band,
Divers in maners, doctrine and condition,
Warkmen to Nemrod, quha thocht to reich his hand
Heich to the heavins to have fruition.

Ane tour he beildit for tuition,
From the deluge of walter him to save:
Nemrod is Luther, sone of perdition,
That Romane Antichrist blasphemous knave.

8. Thus did proceid pryd and presumption,
This wark attemptit contrar the michtie Lord,
As Nemrod was ane man of gret ambition,
The halie writ expreslie makis record.
Bot quhen, as he in place to have adord
His God and makar quha strenth unto him gave,
Began to big that tour, a thing abhord,
As may be callit the Babilon Geneve.

9. Then God, for just revenge of that thair pryd,
Diversitie of tungis unto thame sent,
And unto dyvers cuntreis pat asyd
The warkmen of that monstreous intent,
Quhilk the posteritie justlie may repent.
The unitie of speiche was then dissolvit,
Nane understude quhat another ment,
With confusion sua was al thing involvit.

10. Sua quhen your maister Lucifer the Devil,
Be you his kingdome planelie had erectit,
Detraictand Christ reddie to all evill,
Cofferit within you for feir to be suspectit.
God has your tungis and myndis fa far dejectit,
As now dois witnes your warkis and writtingis haill,
With contradictions and lesingis haill infectit;
Prophane Protestantis ! lament, murne and bewail.

11. Eftir that Sathan his horne begoud to blaw
 In divers nations of Christianitie,
 To rais his kingdome tentation did faw,
 Into the hairtis of men in all degrie ;
 First to blaspheme the name of God fo hie,
 Next of his Sone from death that did us fave,
 And then all sanctis with his mother Marie,
 As planelie testefeis that Babilon Geneve.

12. Bot yit, quha wald of Scotland know the flait,
 Ay fen the yeir of God three score and ane,
 In place of prayer, it did embrace debait,
 So Sathan led men steidfast be the mane.
 That nather Lord nor Knicht he lute alane,
 Except his coup war wachtit out alway,
 Seasonit with blaspheme, sacrilige disdayne,
 All godlie lyf and cheritie to flay.

13. Attour that serpent of your Deformation,
 In everie toun and citie he arryvit ;
 Realme, kingdome, cuntrie and nation,
 With all his micht and force ay still he fryvit,
 That lauchfull pastors of the Kirk sould be depyvit,
 And sacrifice of the altar eik aboleist.
 This is your Antichrist be St. Johne descryvit,
 Blasphemand Christ our king, prophet and preist.

14. Denyand scriptures plane, and places gude,
 Buikis, volumes, and propheceis so trew,
 Maist plane Evangellis quhilk ar our faulis fude,
 Written in the auld, and eik the Testament new.
 Thus Sathan in your knavish luggis blew,
 Still to deny all treuth and veritie,
 Sua that amang ye falbe fund richt few
 Bot ar infectit with devlish blasphemie.

15. Quhairfore, fen now thir thingis be manifest,
 And tyme requyris amendment of missis,

Your

Your devlish herefie at all tyme can not lest,
 Bot as God lovis his flock, sa he thame bliffis.
 Lykwyfe, the wifdome of the Halia spreit ay wifhes
 That Christianis of the Kirk fould have remeid.
 Ga hence then, lounis ! the laich way in Abyffis,
 Kilt up your conneis, to Geneve haift with fpeid.

16. Sen for loun *Willix* to be your crounal strang,
 Quhais heid and schoulders ar of bouk aneuch,
 That was in Scotland vyreenin you amang,
 Quhen as he drave, and *Knox* held fieve the pleuch,
 And *Metbven* few adulterie fa teuch,
 Behind thair heillis in fornication yeid ;
 Row custe the usurie hard be the beuch :
 Kilt up your conneis, to Geneve haift with fpeid.

17. *Gudman* his brother and fecretar man be,
 To register his preichingis of fedition ;
 Praeteces and propheceis of nicromancie.
Craig, that apoftat, hes intuition ;
 Venom and poison will furneis *Chrystefon* ;
 The lafs he reveift at Berne, I have not leid.
Makbrair, of wyvis fyve hes had fruition,
 And *Blakwood* four, to Geneve haift with fpeid.

18. Sua that ane metar man, in my opinioun,
 Cannot be fund ceconomus to be ;
 Na metar cuik, nor *Durie* that fed loun,
Chrystefon your trumpetour blawis loud and hie ;
 His bols bellie, ramforfit with creifch and lie,
 Will ferve to be a gabion in neid ;
 His heid a bullat with pouldre far to flie ;
 Kilt up your conneis, to Geneve haift with fpeid.

19. And, that ye want na pastyme be the way,
Melvene can play the fule, as ye weil know.
Cairnis will rin wod, and *Brog* wil go astry ;
Kinnear, I gels, to fling will stand na aw ;

Davidson

Davidson your poet, that skipper crons can craw,
Swa that he knaw the jurnay to succaid.

Leyn, the fals preist, wil sing bafe to *Blakba* ;
Kilt up your conceis, to Geneve haist with speid.

20. *Blak* and *Caboune*, I trow wald follow sone,
Sincere vagabundis, and outlawis Suthorne sworne;
With sindrie uthers quha can not fal in tone,
Divers in maners, unhappy, fals, forlorne.
Thir may your schone and buittis mak clene at morne,
Thair sleikit tungis ar swa weil creischit indeid,
Better gudgettis ar not of Scotland borne ;
Kilt up your conceis, to Geneve haist with speid.

21. Bot, or ye fecht for offecis in band,
I man of force place ane afore another.
Amang the first I favour flattering *Brand*,
Nixt menn be *Craig* apostat, paillard brother;
I can not mark twa meater of the futher.
Brand salbe furriour to mark you be the heid ;
Craig, thow art clerk, I can not find another
To preache poison for the trew faulis remeid.

22. *Smeton*, the baner to thé I gif in gyding,
Thow hes the thunder subtile satanical,
To gar thame brek thair nekkis alreddie slyding,
Thow hes refusit God, his Kirk and all ;
Tentation, licherie, libertie have maid thé fall.
Thow hes blasphemit our prophet, preist and heid,
O filthie tegre Babylonical,
Display thy baner, to Geneve haist with speid.

23. Under the schadow let *Loufon* fut it steve,
Scurgear of Christ, quhilk is ane odius thing ;
Tormenting and burning of the puir may preve,
For almous craving his chéritie gart ding.
Smeton, thow grantis the kirk this day to rigne ;
Loufon the same invifible wil pleid,

He

He is thy fallow fals, veper maligne ;
Kilt up your conneis, to Geneve haist with speid.

24. *Watson*, the monk, unthriftie champion,
And gif he tyre, *Weymis* may capitane be.
I wil not say bot braggard *Forquison*,
With halflang sword sould clame to this degree.
The first is mutilat in the hand ye sé;
The uther fed of bellie, erfs and heid.
The edge of sword for commentar fervis thé ;
Kilt up your conneis, to Geneve haist with speid.

25. Sen *Durie* cuikis, it may stouk thé ful weil,
The fyre to by and scudle disches clene.
Baith at a scule inspyrit with the deil,
Your tungis sedicious and fals hes scourit bene.
Your equal stoutnes is manifestlie fene,
Furie with dag, and murrion on heid,
Thou with thy scripture callit halflang I wene,
The pepperit beif can tailye be the threid.

26. Syn for you vanitie in contradiccion,
Sa man you advocattis and men of law be hyrit.
To pleid the caus and wecht of your opinion,
Tak *Schairp* and *Leslie*, twa wyfe men weil inspyrit.
Leslie to cum from lawis to you he fyrit,
Schairp from you went to the lawis for neid;
As he was wyfe, the other planely skyrit,
Gar paint thair baigis ; to Geneve haist with speid.

27. And gif ye fear betraying of thame baith,
As may befall in mater of sik cace,
Kilpont I traist will lat you tak na skaith,
Bot strang and steidfast aganis the hill wald brace.
Unles his leggis war fair, sing ye Allace,
He has the lawis and scripture baith for neid.
Temporal Juge, and prechour double face,
Your meit ambassad for Sathan I conceid.

28. Tak *Paterfon* your victuallis hail to keip,
That lordlie loun and some of Italie.

Blakburne man have the pryd unles he weip ;
Falsset I gif to *Glas* and *Thom Mak-gbé*.
Sould not the *Melrose*, firris, exaltit be ?
Sa weil the way he kennis, and can you leid,
Scripture perqueir he hes sinistrouslie.
Follow your gyde, to Geneve haist with speid.

29. Bot yit ye want your trunfchetman be the way,
That man be wyfe and subtile lyk a tod.
'The meitest man for this office, I say,
Is *Adamson*, inconstant heatar of God.
He is at hame, and hes bene sua abroad ;
Ye knaw his last confession maid you anger,
Discord amang you to mak your 'evins od,
For gif ye suffer, he will grow daylie stranger.

30. I gif you als, to be the dispensature,
Of your unthriftie waiges as thay follow,
Cunninghame, Bishop, that drunken blasphemature,
For he subscryvit ye knaw : he can not hallow
Except it be his cop, to sup and swallow.
Gif ye proceed to excommunication,
Foryet not *Boyd* of Glasgou was his fallow ;
Thai thrie intendit to baneis you the nation.

31. *Vynrame*, the loun, he may not be forgottin,
Quha levis quhill God a vengeance on him fend ;
He knew the veritie menfworne, fals and forloppin.
Dunkefon, the knave, wil neuer amend ;
Bot yit, gude Lord, quha anis thy name hes kend,
May, or thay de, find for thair faulis remeid.
With thy elect *Arbuthnot* I commend,
Althocht the lave to Geneve haist with speid.

32. *Balkanqual* falbe corporal first in place,
Denyand plane St. Peter was in Rome,

As he has said into the Kingis face,
 His Majestie be you had onlie kingdome,
 Planellie denuncit the tinsel of his fredome,
 Lyk as *Balquhannan* with his buke him fleid.
 The secund place hes lital *David Home*.
 Kilt up your conneis, to Geneve haift with speid,

33. The bangifter *Hayis* salbe the uther tway,
 Ane is the tyrane, the uther fals, I wis ;
Dalgleish the cowart may ga behind and say,
 He may cum on the bakwart band to blis.
Lyndesay of Leith, tak thou thy pairt of this,
Bennet bot "manhude" may be the hand the leid,
 Denyit plane the las that he could kifs,
 With *Michel* als quha wrangusslie haith leid.

34. *Symson* of Dumbar, quhat sall I say of thé !
 I know thow waittis Lieutenantis place to have ;
 I grant thy wifdome soleid for to be,
 As *Kellochis* dreame bearis withes ouer the lave.
 Sa may thow baldlie ane hear place cum crave,
 War not thow seis full ill the band to leid ;
 The les experience hes thow thy flock to save ;
 Kilt up thy connie, to Geneve haift with speid.

35. The uther number of the Congregation,
 Redaris, exhortaris, or quhatsumeuer thay be,
 That levis this day into the Scottis nation,
 Let thame prepare, and hie thame haiftilie.
 With bag and baggage pak up richt suddanlie,
 Memoriallis, writtingis, letteris, neidil and threid,
 For now thair glafs is run, as ye may sé,
 Swa that of force to Geneve man thay speid.

36. Now for your wage, that ye may byt and gnaw,
 For every day I mak you assignation,
 To tak the curse and vengeance I can schaw,
 Of infenit people into that nation

That

That cryis to heavin : Lord, for thy passion,
 Deliver us from this bondage miserable,
 Quhair thy name is in abhominacion,
 That thé to serve thy servandis may be abill.

37. Curse of the infantis gottin in adulterie,
 Fornication, incest, filthie finnis all.

Curse of the husbandis that levis separatlie
 From lauchful wyf to the adulterers thrall.

Curse of the people quha on the Lord do call
 For Pastoris and Sacramentis, the faulis remeid.

Curse of the pure, in number gret and small,
 Quhom ye have scurgit and hungerit to the deid.

38. Curse of the seik lying in paynis strang,
 And sufferis dolor with torment unfenit,
 To quhoum in faul and body ye do vrang,
 Barring away that heavinlie benefeit,
 And comfortable sacrament baith of drink and meit,
 As planelie testifeis the saxt chapter of Johne ;
 A neidfull meane into that kingdome sweit,
 As lykwyse is that holic unction.

39. Curse of the Kirk, our mother spiritual,
 Quhom ye have robbit and spulyeit of hir richt.
 Curse of our Saviour, hir spous celestial,
 Quhom ye deny to have powar or micht,
 And callis him lear : O énnemeis of licht !
 Curse of the Bischops and Doctors of his Kirk,
 Quhom he hes ordanit as ey-is of hir sicht.
 Curse of the faulis quhom ye keip in the mirk.

40. Curse, for your breking of that Sacrament,
 And haly band of sacred matrimony,
 Quhilk ye, rebellis to Christis Testament,
 Callis Bastard : Double sonnis of devilrie,
 St. Paul hes cursit you in this point I fé ;
 Moyfes forbad you to give the nichbouris wyf

To the unlauchful husbandis cumpanie :
Curfit be ye in all your eage and lyf.

41. Curfit be ye be Christ your Salviour,
For breking of that godly ordonnance,
Necessar office in Kirk callit ordour,
Quhilk ye bastard villanis of diffidence,
In plane contempt of his preheminnence,
Lyke Turk and Jow, with Sathan do detest.
O vepers, forgit of malice and offence !
Judas fall juge you, and God fall scale your nest.

42. Ye merit, surelie, for recompance and pane,
A thousand cursis daylie at your ryfing.
Gif godlie Noe war levand anis agane,
He sould accuse your filthie, fals misgyfing
Of Haly Kirk, your temerar dispyfing :
Ye Sodomitis discoverit hes hir members.
Curfit be ye for that your ill avyfing,
Traitors to God, and to your Prences lymmers.

43. Curfit be ye quhais tung did fleme our Quene.
Curfit be ye quha thought to sell our King,
Traitors to God, to Inglish men I wene.
Your treason strang your fyrie breift fall ding ;
Ye gat the purs, and waittit better thing ;
To sel the sone, as ye did fleme the mother :
The schip is strang quhen ye do steir the ruther.

44. Curfit be ye for templis casting down.
Curfit be ye for your consentement
To slauchter of that freind unto the Croun.
Fructis of your faith, perversit jugement,
Treason, Invy, slauchter ar your intent.
Sua that the godlie may not leve amang you,
I traist to fé the day, ye fall be schent,
That for thir faultis K. James the saxt fall hang you.

45. And

45. And als, of liberalitie sat ye have,
 The malediction of God omaipotent.
 His name Angellis, Sanctis, and all the lave,
 Quhom ye blasphemit hail, with willis bent.
 Conjurit scurriers of the Antichrist, repent,
 Leve of in tyme Christis peple to deceave,
 Unles ye wald incur the jugement,
 In Hel to dwell with Pluto, leying knave.

“ Restore thy glore, O Lord, I thé beseik,
 “ Indeu with treu intelligence thy flock ;
 “ Thou seis, they leis, thy ennemeis seik
 “ Thy name to blame, as thay have thy rock. S.R.
 “ Cum Lord, accord, renew thy yock
 “ That teichers and preichers had in thy Kirk.
 “ Avail, prevail, destroy the block
 “ That wurkis thir Turkis aganis thé in mirk,
 “ That we may sing thy prayfe benigne,
 “ To thé condigne, our Lord and King.”

AMEN.

In the circumstantial annals of the first Scottish Presbyterian Assemblies by *Petrie* and *Calderwood*, the whole of the gentlemen, whose names are here recorded, cut a conspicuous figure about this period—To these, and to *Spotswood's History*, the curious reader is referred for information relative to the appointment of committees, visitations, superintendencies, and other affairs of equal importance. Not to mention *Knox*, the names of *Willeck*, *John Rough*, or *Raw*, *Gudman*, *Craig*, and *Andrew Mowens*, are familiar to every one who is in the least acquainted with the history of the Reformation. The designations of the others, or of persons of the same name are:—

Paul Melbourn, Minister in Jedburgh; see Lord Hailes' Historical Memoirs.

William Chrysteson of Dundee, Moderator of the 7th Assembly.

James Blackwood in 1577 having two benefices, the parsonage of Sauchar, and vicarage of Salen

is ordained to dimit one of them.

John Durie, one of the Ministers of Edinburgh, originally a Monk of Dunfermline.

John Davison, Minister of Liberton, afterwards of Salt-Preston, perhaps the same who in 1573

published

- published a tract on the preservation of *John Knox*.
William Davidson, of Rathen;—which of these two was the poet, I have not discovered.
David Black, of St. Andrews.
John Brand, first a Monk and afterwards Minister of Halyrudehouse.
Thomas Smeton, Minister of Paisley, and Principal of the College of Glasgow.
James Louison, Professor of Philosophy in the College of Aberdeen, succeeded *John Knox* in the Church of St. Giles, Edinburgh.
William Watson, a Minister in Edinburgh, and *Patrick Watson* of Dufdeer.
David Weymis, of Glasgow.
David Ferguson, of Dunfermline.
John Sharp, of Kilmenev.
George Leslie, of Straniglo.
George Paterson of, or adjoining to Garioch.
Peter Blackburne, afterwards styled Bishop of Aberdeen; see Dr. Mackenzie's *Lives*.
William Glas of, or in the vicinity of Dunkeld.
Thomas Makghe, of Haddington or Dunbar.
Patrick Adamson, of Paisley, afterwards Archbishop of St. Andrews.
David Cunningham, styled Bishop of Aberdeen, is ordained in 1586 to be summoned by the Presbytery of Glasgow for adultery with Elizabeth Sutherland.
Andrew Boyd, of Glasgow.
Andrew Bennet, of Bonymail.
John Wynrame, of Portmook, to whom was committed the visitation of Perthshire in 1573; superintendent of Fyfe.
John Dunkesoun, of Tranert; afterwards perhaps of Holyroodhouse, being styled the King's Minister.
In 1563 a *Thomas Dunkesoun*, Reader in Stirling, is suspended for the foul fact of fornication.
Balcunquat, one of the Ministers of Edinburgh; see *Spotswood's History*.
Alexander Arbutnot, Principal of the College of Aberdeen.
David Hume, somewhere in Berwickshire, perhaps Chirnside.
George Hay was Moderator of Assembly in 1571; *Andrew Hay* in 1574, and Commissioner of Clyddale.
Nicol Dalgleish, of St. Cuthberts.
Adam Mitchell, somewhere in Fyfe.
James Betoun, in the Presbytery of Kello.
David Kinneir, in the Presbytery of Pander.
Andrew Blackhall, of ———

Among other scandalous stories of the Reformers, Burne informs us, that "Schir Johann Kmnox (quasi *nox*, a *nocendo*) after the death of his first harlat, had the bauldness to interpret the lute of marriage with the maist honorabil ladie *My Ladie Fleming*, my lord Duke's eldest dochter, to the end that his seid being of the blude Royal, and gydit be thair father's spirit, micht have aspyrit to the Croun. And because he refavit ane refusal, it is notoriousslie knowin how decidlie he haitit the hail hous of the Hamiltouns, albeit being deceavit be him traitorousslie, it was the cheif upstetar of his hæresie: And this maist honest refusal could nather stench his lust nor ambition; bot a lyil efter, he did persew to have allyance with the honorabil hous of *Osbiltrie* of the Kyngis M. awin blude; rydand thair with ane gret court, on ane trim gelding, nocht lyk ane prophēt or ane auld decrept preist as he was, bot lyk as he had bene ane of the blude Royal, with his bendes of taffetie sefsch nit wich goldin ringis and precious stanes: And, as is planlie reportit in the cuntrey, be forcerie and witchcraft did sua allure that pair gent. woman, that scho could not leve wi hout him.

JOHN

JOHN BUREL;

"*Burges in Edinburgh,*" (probably a goldsmith,) was the author of two poems which seem to have been first printed by James Watson in his "*Choice Collection,*" 1709; viz. the following description of the Queen's formal entry into Edinburgh, and another entitled "*The Passage of the Pilgremer,*" a tedious allegory in the measure of the Cherry and Slae, and destitute of any claim to farther notice. There is something in the manner of the first which bears a strong resemblance to the Diary of Robert Birrel, also designed "*Burges of Edinburgh.*" There cannot, however, be any mistake in the name of the poet, his colophon appearing to be an anagram.

Robert's account of this Entrè is in these words :—
"On the 19th day of May, 1590, the Quene made her entrey in Edinburghe with grate triumphe and joy, pageants being erected in every place, adorned with all things befitting : young boys, with artificial winges, at her entrey, did flee towards her, and presented her two silver keyes of the city. The castell sbott off all her ordinance five several tymes, and at night the toune was put full of bonesyres."—His friend John is more diffuse in his account of this memorable day.

THE DESCRIPTION OF THE QUEENS MAJESTIES MAIST
HONORABLE ENTRY INTO THE TOWN OF EDINBURGE,
UPON THE 19th DAY OF MAY, 1590.

AT Edinburgh, as mycht be sein,
Apoun the nineteen day of May,
Our Prence's spous, and sovragne quein,
Hir nobill enterie maid that day;
Maist honorabill was her convoy,
With gladnes gret, triumph and joy.
To recreate her hie renoun,
Of curious things thair was all fort;
The stairs and houses of the toun
With tapestries war spred athort;
Quhair *all* histories men nicht behald,
With images and anticks ald.
No man in mind culd weil consave
The curious warks before his eis;
In tapestries ye nicht persave,
Young Ramel, wrocht like lawrell treis;
With findrie forts of chalandrie,
In curious form of carpentrie.
It written was, with stories mae,
How Venus, with a thundring thud,
Inclofd Achates and Enæ.
Within a mekill mistie clud;
And how fair Anna, wondrous wraith,
Deplors hir sister Didos daith.

Io, with her goldin glitring hair,
Was portret wondrous properlie;
And Polipheme was pentit thair,
Quha in his foreheid had ane eie;
Beneth him but ane littill space,
Was Ianus with the doubill face.

Of Romolus I saw the wonder,
How for his interprise prophane,
In counterfeiting of the thunder,
For his reward thairwith was flane:
And thair was wrocht, with goldin threid,
Medusa, with the monstros heid.

Of histories I saw anew,
That fragill wer and frivolus;
How Triton at the seaside slew
Misenus, sone to Æolus:
Beside that historie thair stands
Briarius, with his hundreth hands.

How Jove did with the giants do,
And how of thame he vassage wan;
Thair Phocomes was portrait to,
Quho beirs baith schap of hors and man;
And how that he gat throw the hairt,
Throw schot of Mopsis deidlie dairt.

Ixion, that the quheill dois turne
In hell, that ugly hole so mirk,
And Erostratus quha did burne
The costy fair Ephegian kirk:
And Bliades, quha fals in soun
With drawing buckets up and doun.

As Mercurie with charmit rods,
The hundreth eis of Argus traps;
And how that Tiphon chaff the gods,
Compelling thame to change thair schaps;

For Phebus was turned in a cat,
And Venus in a fiche maist flat.
Thir things wer patent to the eis,
Of findry as ye knaw your sell,
For thay wer into tapestreis,
Better descriv'd nor I can tell :
Thir I beheld quhair I did go,
With mony hundreth thoufand mo.

Brave nobil men of alkin forts,
Triumphantly besyde her raid ;
Than at her entrie at the ports,
Trim harangs till her Grace was maid ;
Her salutation thair was sung
In ornate style of the Latine tung.

Gif Ilionus had bene thair,
That oratour of eloquence,
I doubt gif he could have done mair,
For all his gret intelligence :
Declaring with a gret renown
How sche was welcome to the town.

All curious pastymes and confaits
That culd imaginitt be by man,
Was to be sene on Edinburgh gaits,
Fra tyme that bravittie began ;
Ye micht haif hard in everie strete
Trim melodie and musick suete.

Thocht Philamon his braith had blawin,
For musick quho was countit king,
His trumpal tune had not bene knawin,
Sic sugrit voycis thair did sing ;
For thair the dascant did abound,
With the sweit diapason sound.

Tennour and trebill, with sueit fence,
Ilk ane with pairts gaif notis agane ;

Fabourdon

Io, with her goldin glitring hair,
 Was portret wondrous properlie;
 And Polipheme was pentit thair,
 Quha in his foreheid had ane eie;
 Beneth him but ane littill space,
 Was Iannus with the doubill face.

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 In hell, that ugly hole so mirk,
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 The costlly fair Ephesian kirk:
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With mony hundreth thoufand mo.

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Triumphantly besyde her raid ;
Than at her entrie at the ports,
Trim harangs till her Grace was maid ;
Her salutatioun thair was sung
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His trumpal tune had not bene knawin,
Sic sugrit voycis thair did sing ;
For thair the dascant did abound,
With the sweit diapason sound.

Tennour and trebill, with sueit sence,
Ilk ane with pairts gaif notis agane ;

Fabourdon

Fabourdon fell with decadence,
 With prick-fang, and the finging plane :
 Thair infants fang, and bairnlye brudis,
 Quho had but new begun thair mudis.

Musciners thair pairts expound,
 And als for joy the bells wer rung :
 The instruments did correspond
 Unto the musick quhilk was sung :
 All sorts of instruments wer thair,
 As findry can the same declair.

Organs and regals thair did carpe,
 With thair gay goldin glittering strings,
 Thair was the hautbois and the harpe,
 Playing maist sweit and pleasant springs :
 And sum on latis did play and sing,
 Of instruments the onely King.

Viols and virginals were heir,
 With girthorns maist iucundious,
 Trumpets and timbrels maid gret heir,
 With instruments melodious :
 The feistar and the sumphion,
 With clariche pipe and clarion.

Thocht Orpheus gat gret commend,
 For melodie and gud ingine,
 His cumly springs had not bene kend,
 Howbeit that they were maist devine :
 Nor Amphion quho did begin,
 Na honour heir he culd have wyn.

Anna our weilbelovit Quene,
 Sat in her goldin coche so brycht ;
 And after she thir things had sene,
 Syne sche beheld ane hevinly sycht :
 Of nymphs who suppit nectar cauld,
 Quhois bravities can scairce be tauld.

Thir

Thir nymphs were plantit in this place,
 As mony thousands nicht persave,
 Quho for thair bewties and gud grace,
 Were chosin out amangst the lave :
 Dianas nymphs thay may be namd,
 Be reffoun thay were undefamd.

The circumstance cannot be told,
 So straunge the mateir dois appeir—
 Sum war cleid into claith of gold,
 And sum in silver schining cleir :
 Thair gowns gaif glansing in the merk,
 Thay war so rocht with goltsmith werk.

Mair braver robs were never bocht
 Quene Semeramus til array,
 With brodrie werk thair bords were wrocht ;
 O God, gif that thair gouns wes gay :
 With gubert weik wrocht wondrous sure,
 Purfild with gold and silver pure.

This far I may thir nymphs advance,
 Not speking rashly by the richt,
 Thair goldin robes gave not sic glance,
 As did their hevinly bewties bricht :
 Nor yit their jewels in sic greis,
 As did thair cumly cristall eis.

Thair properteis for to repeit,
 My dull ingyne cannot disclose ;
 Thair hair lyke threids of gold did gleit,
 Thair faces fragrant and formose :
 Quhyte wes thair hyde thoch it wes hid,
 Thair coral lippis lyke rosis rid.

Sic parragons, but peir or maik,
 I wait wes never sene before ;
 Na properteis thir nymphs did laik,
 Quhilk nicht thair cumly corps decore ;

All gifts quhilk creatures can clame,
 Dame Nature in thair corps did frame.

Thir nobill nymphis maid reverence,
 With gestour lively and allairt ;
 And estir thair obedience,
 Her Grace passit to ane udder pairt ;
 Quhair sche beheld sum, to be short,
 Accoutrit in ane savadge fort.

Into the servyce of our Quein,
 Thay offerit thair maist willyng minds ;
 Thir are the Moirs of quhom I mene,
 Quha dois inhabit in the Yndes ;
 Leising thair land and dwelling place
 For to do honour to her Grace.

Thair pretious jowals till expreme,
 And coisfly clathings to descryve,
 My semple wit can nocht esteeme :
 Agains the streame quhy suld I stryve ?
 Thocht I want langage, wit and lair,
 Sum thing thairrof I fall declair.

Thir savadges, I yow assure,
 Wer weil decoird, as ye may knaw ;
 For sum war cled in silver pure,
 And sum in taffatie quhite as snaw ;
 Ay twa and twa in ordor stands,
 With battons blank into thair hands.

The precious stains can not be pend,
 With goldsmiths wark wes thame amang,
 Thair bodies skantly culd be kend,
 For cheins quhilk ouer thair shoulders hang :
 Gold bracelets on thair chakils hing,
 Thair fingers full of coisfly rings.

That sight wes pleasant for to se,
 And wondrous nobill to behold ;

Thair

Thair heids wer garnisht gallandlie,
 With costlie crancis maid of gold :
 Braid blancis hang above thair eis,
 With jewels of all histories.

Apoun thair forebrows thay did beir
 Targats and tablits of trym werkis ;
 Pendants and charkants schyning cleir,
 With plumages of gitie sperkis :
 Apoun thair hyndheads set wes fyne,
 Buttons and brotchis brave and fyne.

And mairatour I call to mynd,
 How everie ane had on thair front,
 Ane carbuncle of rubie kynd,
 Togither with ane diamont :
 And doun thair haffats hang anew
 Of rubies red and saphirs blew.

Into thair mouthis, as mycht be sene,
 Quha had bein tentif to behold,
 Ane emeraült of collour grene,
 Set in ane pretie ryng of gold :
 Syne thair wes hung at thair hals-bane,
 The espinell, ane pretious stane.

Apoun thair breist, bravest of all,
 Were precious pearls of the eist,
 The rubie pallet and th'opall,
 Togither with the amatist :
 Thair nicht ye se, mangs monie mo,
 The topas and the percudo.

Apoun thair richt pape, maist perfyte,
 Thair I saw sondrie stanis set ;
 The garnet and the agate quhite,
 With monie mo quhilk I foryet.
 Beside thir twa did hing alone,
 The turcas and the triapone.

Apoun

Apoun the left war lykewise kniit,
 Twa proper stanis of valure his ;
 The jacynth and the cheffolite,
 Jewels maist excellent to fie :
 Amangs the rest I saw athort,
 The rubie of the rarest sort.

Fornents thair navils everie on,
 Bure pretious jowels, brave and deir,
 The cornalene and calcedone,
 Quhilk of itself is quhite and cleir ;
 Thay bure the orphyr in their back,
 Bot and the onyx gray and black.

All pretious stanis mycht thair be sene,
 Quhilk in the world had onie name,
 Save that quhilk Cleopatra Quene,
 Did swally owr into her wame ;
 The verritie for till exprefs,
 That wes nocht thair, I maun confes.

In Indea that goldin ground,
 Mair bravitie culd never be,
 The belts quhairwith thair waists wer bound,
 Wer goldin cheins as ye micht se :
 Also with cheins both in and out,
 Thair arms wer womplit round about.

Lat na man me esteim to raill,
 Nor think that raschlie I report ;
 Thair theis war lykewis garneist haill,
 With goldin cheynis of famous sort ;
 Thair girtins war of gold bestreik,
 Thair leggis wer thairwith furneist eik.

Fra top to tae I you assure,
 Thair corps with gold wes birnist bricht,
 Thay on thair feit quhite buskins wure,
 Of costy skins both trim and ticht :

To

To tell the truth and not to lie,
That sicht wes plesant for to sie.

Ilk ane in ordor keipit place,
Als weil the foirmost as the last ;
Thir moirs did mertch befor her Grace;
Quhyll sche intill her pallace past,
(Far bettir bakkit nor ane laird)
With burgeiss to be thair guard.

I haif foryet how in a robe,
Of clenely crispe, fyde to his kneis,
Ane bonie boy out of the globe,
Gaif to her Grace the silver keis :
And how that he his harang maid,
With countenance that did nocht faid.

Als I foryet how wes declaird,
Our nobill Kyngis genyalogie.
And how the folkis quha wer in waird,
Wer freely fet at libertie :
For to be schort, thay spent that day
In pastime, daliance and deray.

Foryetting als the Burges tryne,
Without descripcioun of thair case,
Nor speiking of the rich propine,
Quhilk thay did gif unto her Grace :
Nor how thay bure the vail abreid
Quhilk hang abuve her Graces heid.

Gif I in mind, suld nocht omit,
Bot intill ordour, all resolve,
The vollume wald be woundrous grit,
And very tedious to revolve :
Leving the rest for to declair,
Unto thair memors quho wer thair.

The burgissis maist honorable,
Apoun hir Grace did still attend,

the haill solemnitie,
 am triumphe wes put to end :
 Sum special men that wer imployd,
 Into her palace her convoyd.

The number of thame that wer thair,
 I sall describe thame as I can,
 My Lord I mene the Maister Mair,
 The Proveest ane maist prudent man :
 With the haill counsall of the toun,
 Ilk ane cled in a velvet gown.

That company quha did espy,
 The mater wes magnificall,
 The other Burgissis forby,
 Wer cled in thair pontificall :
 Presenting thame before her face,
 Offring thair service to her Grace.

Dout my dull sensis dois desave,
 With mair magnificens I mene,
 Gif that the Persians did resave
 King Darius wyfe, that nobill Queene,
 Quhan sche did enter with renoune
 Ind Tipatra, that nobill toun.

O Edinburgh ! now will I sing
 Thy prais quhilk thé pertains of rycht ;
 Thow hes bene ay trew to thy King,
 In doing servyce day and nycht,
 Quhan that his Grace did haif ado,
 And in the feilds ay foirmost to.

Not sparing for to spend thair blude,
 Into thair breistis thay bure luv !
 I say no moir : so I conclude,
 But I beseik the God abuve,
 Gif that it be his godly will,
 That thy estait may fluris still.

Be honor I lev.

JAMES

J A M E S VI.

In 1616, John Bishop of Winton (or Winchester) published "The Works of the most high and mighty Prince James," containing his Basilicon Doron, Dæmonologie, Counterblast to Tobacco, &c. but, with the exception of two sonnets, entirely omits his poetical compositions, altho' certainly of at least equal merit. They made their appearance in two separate publications; the first and most considerable in 1584, when the author was only eighteen years of age, under the modest title of Essays of a Prentise in the divine art of Poesie; the other in 1591, entitled His Majesties Poetical Exercises at vacant houres. By far the most curious article of the whole, is a poem in the first collection, called the Phoenix. Under the similitude of that fabulous bird, if I mistake not, the author attempts to exhibit a sketch of the matchless beauty and sufferings of his unfortunate mother, whom he represents as dead; but performs his task with so much caution, and with such a timid trembling hand, that one can scarcely recognise the resemblance. The poem is introduced with the following Acrostick on his favourite and near kinsman Esme Stewart, Duke of Lennox, by way of Invocation.

ELF

ELF Echo ! Help ; that both together we,
 Since cause thair be, may now lament with tearis
 My murnaefull yearis. Ye furies, ala ! with him
 Even Philo grim, who dwells in dark, that he
 Since cheif we see him to you all that bearis
 The stile men fearis of Diræ : I request
 Eiche greizlie ghest, that dwells beneth the sê,
 With all you three, quhais hairis ar snaiks full blew,
 And all your crew ! assist me in thir twa,
 Repeat and sha my Tragedie full neir,
 The chance fell heir. Than secoundlie is best,
 Devils void of rest, ye move all that it reid
 With me indeid, lyke dolour thame to greif.
 I then will live, in lesser greif therebi,
 Kythe heir and trie, your force ay bent and quick,
 Excell in siklyke ill, and murne with me.
 From Delphos syne, Apollo ! cum with speid,
 Whose shining licht my cairis will dim indeid !

ANE METAPHORICALL INVENTION OF A TRAGEDIE CALLED
ED PHOENIX.

THE dyvers falls that Fortune gevis to men
By turning ouer her quheill to their annoy,
When I do heare them grudge, although they ken
That old blind Dame, delytes to let the joy
Of all, such is her use, which dois convoy
Her quheill by gefs : not looking to the right,
Bot still turnis up that pairt quhilk is too light.

Thus quhen I hard so many did complaine,
Some for the los of worldly wealth and geir,
Some death of frends, quho cannot come againe ;
Some losse of health, which unto all is deir ;
Some losse of fame, which still with it dois beir
Ane greif to them who mereits it indeid :
Yet for all thir appearis there some remeid.

For as to geir, lyke chance as made you want it,
Restore you may the same againe or mair.
For death of frends, although the same (I grant it)
Can noght returne, yet men are not so rair
Bot ye may get the lyke. For seiknes fair
Your health may come : or to ane better place
Ye must. For fame, good deids will mend disgrace.

Then, fra I saw (as I already told)
How men complaind for things whilk might amend ;
How *David Lindsay* did complaine of old
His *Papingo*, her death and sudden end,
Ane common foule, whose kinde be all is kend.

All these hes moved me presently to tell
 Ane Tragedie, in griefs thir to excell.

For I complaine not of sic common cace,
 Which diversly by divers means dois fall :
 But I lament my Phœnix rare, whose race,
 Whose kynde, whose kin, whose offspring they be all
 In her alone, whom I the Phœnix call :
 That fowle which one at onis did live,
 I lives, though I her praise revive.

Who, our sowercledd,
 Whose tlew,
 With ska rew :
 Her craig lht gold,
 And the h was old.
 She might h as to and mair,
 If Fortune had not stayde Nature's will :
 Six hundreth yeares and fourtie was her scair,
 Which Nature ordained her for to fulfill.
 Her native soile she hanted ever still,
 Except to Egypt whiles she tooke her course,
 Wherethrough great Nylus down runs from his fourse,
 Like as an hors, when he is barded haile,
 An fethered pannach set upon his heid,
 Will make him seame more brave : or to assaile
 The enemye, he that the troupis dois leid,
 Ane pannache on his healme will set in deid :
 Even so had Nature to decore her face,
 Given her ane tap, for to augment her grace.
 In quantitie she dois resemble neare
 Unto the foule of mightie Jove, by name
 The Aegle calld : oft in the time of yeare
 She ufde to soir, and flie through divers realme,

Out

Out through the azure skyes, while she did shame
 The Sunne himself, her coulour was so bright
 Till he abashit, beholding such a light.

Thus while she usde to scum the skyes about,
 At last she chanced to fore out ower the see
 Calld Mare Rubrum : yet her course held out
 While that she past whole Asie. Syne to flee
 To Europe small she did resolve. To drie
 Her voyage out, at last she came in end
 Into this land, ane stranger heir unkend.

Ilk man did marvell at her forme most rare.
 The winter came, and storms cled all the feild :
 Which storms the land of fruit and corne made bare,
 Then did she flie into ane house for beild,
 Which from the stormis might save her as ane sheild.
 There, in that house, she first began to tame,
 I cam, syne tooke her furth out of the same.

Fra her I gat, yet none could gefs what sort
 Of fowle she was, nor from what countrey cum :
 Nor I my self: except that be her port,
 And gliftring hewes I knew that she was sum
 Rare stranger fowle, which oft had usde to scum
 Through divers lands, delyting in her flight ;
 Which made us see so strange and rare a sight.

While at the last, I chanced to call to minde
 How that her nature did resemble neir
 To that of Phœnix which I redd. Her kinde,
 Her hewe, her shape, did mak it plaine appeir
 She was the same, which now was lighted heir.
 This made me to esteeme of her the more,
 Her name and rarenes did her so decore.

Thus being tamed, and throughly weill acquent,
 She toke delyte (as she was wount before)
 What time that Titan with his beames upsprent

To take her flight, amongs the skyes to soire.
 Then came to her of fowllis, a woundrous store
 Of divers kinds, some simple fowllis, some ill
 And ravening fowllis, whilks simple ones did kill.

And even as thay do swarme about thair king,
 The hunnie bees that works into the hyve
 Quhen he delytes furth of the skeppis to spring,
 Then all the laive will follow him belyve,
 Syne to be next him bissellie thay stryve :
 So all thir fowllis did follow her with beir,
 For love of her, fowllis ravening did no deir.

Sic was the love, and reverence they her bure
 Ilk day quhill even, ay quhill thay sched at night.

Fra time it darkned, I was ever sure
 Of her returne, remaining quhill the light,
 And Phæbus rising with his garland bright.

Sic was her trueth fra time that she was tame,
 She quho in brightness Titan's self did schame !

By use of this, and hanting it at last,
 She made the fowllis fra time that I went out,
 Above my head to flie, and follow fast
 Her, quho was cheif and leidar of the rout.
 Quhen it grew lait, she made them flie, but dout,
 Or fear, even in the closse with her of will,
 Syne she herself perkt in my chalmer still.

Quhen as the countreys round about did heare
 Of this her byding in this countrey cold,
 Quhilk nocht but hillis, and darknes ay dois beare
 (And for this cause was Scotia calld of old)
 Her lyking heir, quhen it was to them told,
 And how scho greind not to ga back againe,
 The love thay bure her turnit into disdaine.

Lo ! here the fruitis, quhilks of invy dois breid,
 To harme them all, quha vertew dois imbrace.

Lo !

Lo ! here the fruisets, from her quhilks dois proceid,
 To harme them all, that be in better cace
 Than others be. So followit thay the trace
 Of proud Invy, thir countreis lying neir,
 That sic ane fowle suld lyke to tary heir.

Quhill Fortoun at the last, not onlie moved
 Invy to this, quhilk culd not her content,
 Quhill that Invy did sease some foulis that loved
 Her anis as semit : but yit thair ill intent
 Kythit, quhan thay saw all uther foulis still bent
 To follow her, misknowing them at all.
 This made them worke her undeserved fall.

This were the ravening fowlis of quhome I spak,
 Before the quhilks (as I already schew)
 Was wount into her presence to hald bak
 Thair crueltie, from simple ones that flew
 With her, ay quhill Invy all fear withdrew.
 Thir war the ravin, the stainchell and the gled,
 With uther kyndis quhome in this malice bred.

Fra malice thus was rooted by Invy
 In them as sone the awin effects did shaw ;
 Quhilk made them syne, upon ane day to spy
 And wait till that, as she was wount, she flaw
 Athort the skyes, fyne did thay neir her draw
 Among the uther fowlis of dyvers kyndis,
 Although thay war far dissonant in myndis.

For quhairas thay war wount her to obey,
 Thair mynd far contrair then did plaine appeir.
 For thay maid her as ane commoun prey
 To them of quhome she lookit for na deir.
 Thay strak at her sa bitterlie quhill feir
 Stayde uther fowlis to preis far to defend her
 From thir ingrate, quhilks now had clene miskend her.

Quhen she culd find nane uther saif refuge
 From these thair bitter straits, she fled at last
 To me, (as if she wold wishe me to judge
 The wrong thay did her,) yit thay followit fast,
 Till she betwix my leggis her self did cast ;
 For saving her from these, quhich her opprest,
 Qubais hote pursute her suffrit not to rest.

Bot yet at all that serv'd not for remeid,
 For nochttheles thay spair'd her not a haire.
 In stede of her, yea quhyles thay made to bleid
 My leggs ; (so grew thair malice mair and mair ;)
 Quhilk made her baith to rage and to dispair,
 First that, but cause, thay did her sic dishort :
 Nixt that she laiked help in any fort.

Then having tane ane dry and wethered strae,
 In deip despair, and in ane lofty rage,
 She sprang up heigh, outflēing every fae :
 Syne to Panchaia came, to change her age
 Upon Apollo's altar, to asswage
 With outward fyre her inwart raging yre :
 Quhilk then was all her cheif and haill desyre.

Then being cairfull the event to knaw
 Of her quha hamewart had returnd againe
 Quhair she was bred, quhair stormis dois never blaw,
 Nor bitter blastis, nor winter snaws nor raine,
 Bot sommer still : that countray doeth so staine
 All realmes in fairnes : There in haste I sent,
 Of her to knaw the yflew and event.

The messinger went thair into sic haste
 As culd permit the farrnes of the way,
 By crossing ower so monie countreys waste
 Or he come thair. Syne with a lytle stay
 Into that land, drew hamewart every day :
 In his returne, lyke diligence he shew
 As in his going thair, throw realmes anew.

Fra he returnit, then sone without delay
 I speirit at him (the certain way to try)
 Quhat word of Phœnix quhilk was flowen away?
 And gif throw all the lands he culd her spy,
 Quhairthrow he went, I bad him not deny,
 But tell the trueth,—to wit it was my will.

He told me then how she flew bak againe,
 Quhairfra she came, and als he did receit
 How in Panchaia toun she did remaine
 On Phœbus altar, thair for to compleit
 With Thus and Myrrh and other odours sweet
 Of flours of dyvers kyndes, and of incens
 Her nest.—With that he left me in suspens:

Till that I chargit him no wayis for to spair,
 Bot presently to tell me out the rest.
 He tauld me than, how Titan's garland thair
 Inflamde be heate, reflexing on her nest
 The withered stra, quhilk quhen she was oppress
 Here be yon fowlis, she buir ay quhill she came
 There, syne abuve her nest she laid the same.

And syne he told how she had sic desyre
 To burne her self, as she sat doune thairin.
 Syne how the sunne the withered stra did fyre,
 Quhilk brunt her nest, her fethers, bones and skin
 All turnd in ash: Quhais end dois now begin
 My waes: her death maks lyfe to greif in me.
 She, quhom I rew my eyes did ever see.

O devillis of darknes! contrair unto licht!
 In Phœbus fowle, how culd ye get sic place,
 Since ye are hated ay be Phœbus bricht?
 For still is sene, his licht dois darknes chace.
 But yet ye went unto that fowle, quhais grace
 As Phœbus fowle yet ward the sunne him fell.
 Her licht his staine, quhome in all licht dois dwell.

And

And thou, O Phoenix ! quhy was thou so moved,
 Thow fowle of licht ! by enemies to thee
 For to forget thy heavinly hewe, whilkis loved
 Were baith by men and fowlis that did them see ?
 And syne in hewe of ashe that they fuld be
 Converted all ; and that thy gudely shape
 In Chaos sould turn, and nocht the fyre escape ?

And thou, O reuthles death ! quhy sould thou dave
 Her ? quho not only passid by all seeme tryde
 All uther fowlis in hewe and shape, but more
 In rarenes (sen thair was none of her kynde
 Bot she alone) whome with thy stoude thou pynde :
 And at the last, hath perced her throw the hart,
 But renth or petie, with thy mortall dart,

Yet worst of all, she lived not half her age.
 Quhy stayde thou Tyme at least, quhilk all dois teare
 To work with her ? O quhat a cruell rage
 To cut her off, before her thread did weare !
 Quhairin all planets keep thair cours, that yeare
 It was not be the half yet worne away
 Quhilk fuld with her have ended on a day !

Then fra thir newis, in sorrows soped haill,
 Had made us both a while to hald our peace,
 Then he began and said, Pairt of my taill
 Is yet untolde, Lo, here one of her race,
 Ane worme bred of her ashe : Though she, alace !
 Said he, be brunt, this lacks but plumes and breath
 To be lyke her, new gendred by her death.

L' ENVOY.

APOLLO then ! quho brunt with thy reflex
 Thine only fowle, through love that thou her bure ;
 Although thy fowle (quhais name doeth end in X)
 Thy burning heat on nowayes could indure,

But

But-brunt thairby : Yet will I thee procure,
Late fae to Phœnix, now her friend to be :
Reviving her by that quhilk made her die.

Draw far from here, mount heigh' up throw the air,
To gar thy heat and beames be law and neir.
That in this countrey, quhilk is cald and bair,
Thy gliftring beamis als ardent may appeir
As thay were oft in Arabie : so heir
Let them be now, to mak ane Phœnix new
Even of this worme of Phœnix ashe quhilk grew,

This gif thou dois, as sure I hope thou shall,
My Tragedie a comike end will have :
Thy work thou hath begun, to end it all :

Els made ane worme, to make herout the lave.

This Epitaphe, then beis on Phœnix grave :

Here lyeth whome to, even be her death and end,
Apollo hath a longer lyfe her fend.

The meaning of the last five lines seems to be,—Thou, Apollo, hast begun to form a new Phœnix : I pray thee to compleat thy work :—Thou hast already produced a worm from the ashes of the former : Let this worme undergo a perfect transformation : Then this Epitaph shall be engraved on my Mother's tomb : "*Here lies one who enjoys immortality even by her tragic death.*"

Sylvester, in a dedicatory sonnet addressed to James Stuart, (anagrammatized *A just master*), tells him that "he seems of *Phœnix* race ;" and in another,

From spicic ashes of the sacred urne,
A new true *Phœnix* lively flourisheth.

PARAPHRASE

PARAPHRASE ON LUCAN,

By the Same,

*Cæsaris an cursus vestræ sentire putatis
 Damnum posse fugæ ! Veluti si cuncta minentur
 Flumina, quos miscent p. ere fontes :
 Non magis ablatis unquam t æquor,
 Quam nunc crescit aquis. An nomena putatis
 Ulla dedisse mihi ?*

If all the fludes amangis thame wald conclude
 To stay thair cours fra rynnning in the see ;
 And by that meins wald think for to delude
 The Ocean, quha suld impairit be,
 As thay supposde, beleving if that he
 Did lak thair fludes, he suld decrefs him sell ;
 Yet if we like the veritie to wie,
 It pairs him na thing : as I fall yow tell.
 For out of him thay ar *augmentit* all,
 And maist pairt creat, as ye fall persave ;
 For quhen the sunne doth souk the vapours small
 Furth of the seas, quhilks thame containe and have
 Ane part in winde, in wete and raine the lave
 He render dois : quhilk doth augment thair strandis,
 Of Neptunes woll a coate syne they him weave,
 By hurling to him fast out ower the landis.
 Quhen all is done, do to him quhat thay can,
 Nane can persave that thay do swell him mair.
 I put the case then that thay never ran :
 Yet nocht the less, that culd him no ways pair :
 Quhat

Quhat neids he then to count it, or to cair,
 Except thair folies wald the mair be schawin ?
 Sen though thay stay, it harmis nocht ane hair
 Quhatgain thay thoch thay had thair course withdrawin ?
 So even fik lyke : Thouch subjects do conjure
 For to rebell against thair prince and king :
 By leaving him althoch thay hope to smure
 That grace quhairwith God maks him for to ring ;
 Though by his giftis he shaw himself bening
 To help thair neid, and mak them thairby gain :
 Yet lak of thame no harme to him doth bring
 Quhan thay to reiwe thair folie fall be faine.

L' ENVOY.

Then fludes runne on your wounted course of olde
 Quhilk God by nature dewly hes provydit :
 For though ye stay, as I before have tolde,
 And cast in dout quhilk God hath els decydit
 To be conjoynde, by you to be devydit.
 To kythe your spite, and do the depe na skaith,
 Far better were in others ilk confydit ;
 Ye floodes, thow depe, quhilk are your dewties baith.

This poem, written perhaps in 1583, shews how early James began
 to disregard the doctrines of Buchanan, and to entertain extravagant
 notions of the regal state and power.

THE FORME OF TYME.

By the Same.

As I was panting in a morning, aire,
And could not sleip, nor nawayis take me rest,
Furth for to walk, the morning was sa fair,
Athort the feildis, it semed to me the best.
The east was cleare; quhairby belyve I gess
That fyrie Titan cumming was in sight,
Obscuring chaste Diana by his light,

Who by his ryding in the azure skyes
Did dewlie helse all thame on earth do dwell.
The balmie dew throw burning drouth he dryis,
Quhilk made the soil to favour sweet, and smell
By dewe that on the night before down fell,
Quhilk then was foukit by the Delphienns heit
Up in the air : it was sa licht and weit.

Quhais hie ascending in his purpoure sphere
Provoked all from Morpheus to flee :
As beists to feid, and birds to sing with beir,
Men to thair labour, biffie as the bee :
Yet ydle men devysing did I see,
How for to dryve the tyme that did them irk,
By findrie pastymes, quhill that it grew mirk.

Then woundred I to see them feik a wyle
Sa willinglie the precious tyme to tyne :
And how thay did them selfs far so begyle,
To fash of tyme, quhilk of itself is syne.
Fra tyme be past, to call it bakwart syne

Is bot in vaine : therefoir men sould be warr
 To sleuth the tyme that flees fra them so farr.
 For quhat hath man bot tyme into this lyfe,
 Quhilk gives him dayis his God aright to know ?
 Quhairfore than suld we be at sik a stryfe
 So spedelic our selfis for to withdraw
 Even from the tyme, quhilk is no wayis slaw
 To fle from us, suppois we fled it nocht ?
 Mair wyse we war, if we the tyme had socht.
 Bot sen that tyme is sic a precious thing,
 I wald we sould bestow it into that
 Quhilk were maist plesour to our heavenly King.
 Flee ydilteth, quhilk is the greatest lat.
 Bot sen that death to all is destinat,
 Let us employ that tyme that God hath send us,
 In doing weill, that gude men may commend us.

CONCLUDING SONNET. *By the Same.*

THE facound Greke, Demosthenes by name,
 His toung was ones into his youth so slow,
 As evin that airt, quhilk flourish made his fame,
 He scarce culd name it for a tyme, ye know.
 So of small seidis the Liban cedres grow :
 So of ane egg the egle doeth proceed :
 From fountains small greit Nilus flude doith flow.
 Even so of rawnis do mighty fisches breid.
 Thairfore, gude reider, quhen as thow dois reid
 These my first fructis, dispute them not at all :
 Quho watts bot these may able be indeid
 Of fyner poemis the beginning small.

Then rather loave my meaning and my panis
 Than lak my dull ingyne and blunted branis.

VOL. III.

Q q q

The

The remaining contents of these two royal volumes are *Urania*, or the *Heavenly Muse*, a translation from the French of Du Bartas, (about 400 lines.)

The Furies, also translated from Du Bartas, being "a wive mirror of this last and most decreeped age," (about 1500 lines in genuine Sternholdian manner.)

The Lepanto, a description of the famous battle so named; (about 1000 lines in the same measure,) written, as the author says, in his "verie young and tender yeares," and verily none will doubt his assertion.

A translation of the 104th Psalm; various sonnets, &c.

Revels and Contests of Scottish Poetrie.

This last having, more than once, been pronounced *curious*, the following extract will enable the reader to judge for himself.

"Tuiching the kyndes of versis quhilks are not cuttit or broken, bot a-lyke many seit in everie lyne of the verse, and how thay are commonly namit, with my opinioun for quhat subjectis ilke kynde of thir verse is meitest to be usit.

First, there is ryme quhilke servis onely for lang historis, and yit are nocht verse. As for exemple,

In Maij when that the blissefull Phæbus bricht,
The lamp of joy, the heavens gem of licht,
The goldin cairt, and the etheriall King,
With purpoure face in orient dois spring,
Maist angel-lyke ascending in his sphere,
And birds with all their heavenlie voces cleare
Dois mak a sweit and heavinly harmony,
And fragrant flowrs dois spring up lustely:
Into this season sweitest of delyte,
To walk I had a lusty appetyte.

For the description of Heroique Actis, Martiall and knichtly faittis of armes, use this kynde of verse followand, callit *Heroicall*, as

Meik mundane mirrour, myrrie and modest,
Blyth, kynde and courtes, comelie, clene and cheft,
To all exemple for thy honestie
As richest rose, or rubie, by the rest,
With gravis grave, and gestur maist digest,
Ay to thy honour alwayis having eye.
Were fassions biemde, they micht be found in the
Of blessings all, be blyth, thow has the best,
With everie berne belovit for to be.

For

For onie heich and grave subjectis, specially drawin out of learnit authoris, use this kynde of verse following, callit *Ballat Royal*, as

That nicht he ceist, and went to bed, bot greind
Yit fast for day, and thocht the nicht to lang :
At last Diana doun her head recland
Into the sea. Then Lucifer up sprang
Aurora's post, whome scho did send amang
The jeittie cludds, for to fortell ane hour
Before scho stay her tears, quhilke Ovide sang
Fell for her love, quhilk turnit in a flour.

For tragicall materias, complaints, or testamentis, use this kynde of verse following, callit *Troilus verse*,

To thee, Echo ! and thow to me agane,
In the desert, amangs the wods and wells
Quhair destinie hes bound them to remane,
But company, within the firchs and fells,
Let us complein with wofull youtts and yells,
Of shaft, and shotter, that our harts bes slane :
To the, Echo ! and thow to me agane.

(See this poem compleat, p. 496.)

For flyting, or invectives, use this kynde of verse following, callit *Rouncefallis*, or *Tumbling verse*.

In the hinder end of harvest, on All-hallow-e-ne, &c.

(See the Flyting of Montgomery and Polwart, p. 394.)

For compendious praying of any bukes, or the authoris thairis, or ony argumetis of historis, use *Sonet Verse*, of fourtene lynes, and ten setis in every line, as,

Ane rype ingyne, ane quick and walkned wit,
With sommar reasons, suddenlie applyit ;
For every purpose using reasons fit,
With skiffulnes, where learning may be spyit,
With pithie wordis, for to expres yow by it
His full intention in his proper leid,
The puritie quhairis, weill hes he tryit :
With memorie to keip quhat he dois reid
With skiffulnes and figuris quhilks proceed
From Rhetorique with everlasting fame,
With uthers woundring, preassing with all speid
For to attein to merite sic a name.
All thir into the perfyte Poete be.
Goddia ! Grant I may obtaine the laurel-tree.

In materias of love, use this kynde of verse, quhilke we call *Common verse*, as

Quhais answer made thame nocht sa glaid
That they suld thus the victors be,
As evn the answer quhilke I haid
Did greatly joy and confort me :

Quhen

Quhen lo! this flock Apollo sang.

All that they said, it fall be thine!

Lyke verse of ten feet, as this fairist is of eight, so may the lyke wayls in love meteris; as also all kynde of couple and broken, verse; quhares newe formes are daylie inventit according to the Poeticall phasour, as

Quha wald have tyde to heir that pous,

Quhill birds carowhet ay shap,

Therow schouting, of the Lark,

They forag, in heich into the skye,

Quhill Cupid walkis with the crye

Of Nature's chappell clerk,

Then leaving all the Heavins above,

He lichtit on the eard,

Lo! how that lytill God of love

Before me then appeard.

Sa myld-lyke—And chylid-lyke

With how this quarters almost

Sa moylie, and coyle,

He lichtit lyke ane Sant.—(Cherry and Slae.)

And sa furth."

James VI. also translated into English, metre, a considerable number, if not the whole, of those *Rhymes* which are commonly bound up with the *Scottish Book of Common Prayer*.

Prefixed to *The Ferie*, are the following verses by M. W. Fowler, who about this time compos'd a variety of occasional Sonnets, and also translated some of those of Petrarch.

Where shall the limits lye of all your fame?

Where shall the borders be of your renowne?

In East? or where the Sunne again gbeth down?

Or shall the fixed Poles impale the same?

Where shall the pillars which your praise proclame,

Or trophies stand, of that expected crowne?

The Monarch first of that triumphant towne

Revives in you, by you renews his name.

For that which he performed in battels bold,

To us his books with wonders doth unfold.

So we of you far more conceive in minde,

As by your verse we plainlie, Sir, may see

You shall the writer and the worker be

For to absolve that Cæsar left behind.

Having

Having been favoured, since the preceding sheets were printed off, with a sight of a large MS. collection of unpublished poems by Captain Alexander Montgomery, author of the Cherry and Slae, it is not yet too late to insert such of them as appear worthy of preservation. The following seems to allude to his Royal Master's Poem of THE PHOENIX.

SONET TO HIS MAJESTIE.

As bright Apollo staineth every star
 With golden rayis when he begins to ryse,
 Quhais glorious glance yit stoutly skaillis the skyis,
 Quhen with a wink we wonder quhair they war,
 Befor his face for feir they faid so far,
 And vanishes away in such a wayis,
 That in their spheirs thay dar not interprese
 For to appeir lyk planeits as they ar.
 Or as THE PHOENIX with hir fedrum fair
 Excels all foulis in diverse hevinly heuis,
 Quhais natur contrair natur so reneuis,
 As *onlie*, but companione or compair :
 So, quintessenst of Kings ! quhen thou compyle,
 Thou stanis my versis with thy staitly style.

TO HIS MAJESTIE. *From the same MS.*

SCHIR, clenge your cuntrie of thir cruell crymis,
 Adultries, witchcraftis, incests, fakeles bluid ;
 Delay not, bot as David did, betymes
 Your company of such men soon secluid.
 Out with the wicked ;—garde ye with the gude ;

Of mercy and of judgment sey to sing.
 Quhen ye suld stryk, I wald ye understude ;
 Quhen ye suld spair, I wish ye war bening,
 Chuse godly counsell ; leirn to be a King.
 Beir not thir burthens longer on your bak ;
 Jump not with justice for no kind of thing ;
 To just complantis gar gude attendance tak ;
 Thir bluidy sarks cryis alwayis in your eiris ;
 Preevent the plague that presentlie appeiris.

TO MY LADY SEYTON, [*formerly* LADY MARGARET
 MONTGOMERY.] *From the same MS.*

O HAPPY star at evening and at morne,
 Quhais bright aspect my maistres first outforne !
 O happy credle, and O happy hand
 Quhich rockit her the hour that scho wes borne.
 O happy pape, ye rather nectar horne,
 First gaif her suck, in silver suedling band.
 O happy wombe consait had beforne
 So trewe a beutie, honour of this land.
 O happy bounds, quhair dayly yet scho duells,
 Quhich Inde and Egypt's hapynes excells.
 O happy bed quhairin scho fall be laid.
 O happy babe in belly scho fall breid ;
 Bot happier he that hes that hap indeid
 To mak both wyfe and mother of that maid.

TO THE FOR ME. *From the same MS.*

SUETE nightingale ! in holene grene that hants,
 To sport thy self, and speciall in the spring ;
 Thy chivring chirles whilks changinglie thou chants,
 Meks

Maks all the roches round about thé ring,
 Whilk slaiks my forow so to heir thé sing,
 And lights my loving langour at the leift ;
 Yit thought thou seis not, fillie saikles thing !
 The peircing pykis brod at thy bony breift.
 Even so am I by plesur lykwyis preift,
 In gritest danger quhair I most delyte.
 Bot since thy song for shoring hes not ceift,
 Sould feble I for feir my conqueis quyt ?
 Na, na—I love thé, freshest Phœnix fair,
 In beuty, birth, in bounty but compair.

Love lent me wings of hope and high defyre,
 Syn bad me flie, and feir not for ane fall.
 Yit tedious travell tyffit me to tyre,
 Quhyll curage come and could me couart call,
 “ As Icarus with wanton waxit wings,
 Ayme at the only *A per se* of all ;”
 Quhilk stains the sun, that sacred thing of things,
 And spurris my spreit, that to the hevins it springs,
 Quyte ravishit throw the region of the air,
 Quhair yit my hairt in hoping hazard brings,
 At poynt to speid, or quickly to despair.
 Yet shrink not, hairt ! as simple as thou semes,
 If thou be brunt, it is with beuties bemes.

Go, pen and paper ! publish my complantis,
 Waill weghtie words, becaus ye cannot weep ;
 For pitthie poemis prettilie out-paintis
 My secreit sighis as sorowis gritest heep,
 Bred in my breift.—yea rather dungeon deep,
 As prisoners perpetuallie in pane,
 Quhilk hes the credit of my hairt to keep,
 In martyrdome, but mercy to remane.
 Anatomeze my privie passions plane,
 That scho my smart by sympathy may sie

If thay deserve to get some grace agane,
 Quhilk if thay do not, I desyr to die.
 Go, Sonat, soon unto my Soveran say,
 Redeme your man, or dam him but delay.

ECHO. *From the same MS.*

To thé, Echo ! and thou to me agane,
 In the deserts among the wods and wells,
 Quhair destinie hes bound "us" to remane,
 But company, within the firths and fells,
 Let us complein with wofull youts and yells,
 Of shaft, and shotter, that our harts hes slane :
 To thé, Echo ! and thow to me againe.

Thy pairt to mine may justly be compaird
 In mony points, quhilk both we may repent.
 Thow hes no hope, and I am clene despaird ;
 Thow tholis but caus, I suffer innocent ;
 Thow does bewaill, and I do still lament ;
 Thow murnis for nocht, I shed my tears in vane ;
 To thé, Echo ! and thow to me agane.

Thow pleins, Narcissus, I my love also ;
 He did thé hurt, but I am kill'd by mine ;
 He fled from thé, myne is my mortal fo,
 Without offence, and crueller nor thyne.
 The weirds us baith predestinat to pyne,
 Continually to others to complane ;
 To thé, Echo ! and thow to me agane.

Thow hyds thyself, I list not to be sene ;
 Thow bancist art, and I am in exyle ;
 By Juno thow, and I by Venus Quene ;
 Thy love wes fals, and myn did me begyle ;
 Thow hoped once, so wes I glaid a quhytle ;

Yet

Yet lost our tyme in love, I will not lane ;
To thé, Echo ! and thow to me agane.

Thy elrishi skirlis do penetrat the roks,
The roches rings, and renders me my cryis ;
Our saikles plaints to pitie thame provoks,
Quhill they compell our founds to peirce the skyis.
All thing bot love to plesur us applyis,
Quhais end, alace ! I fay is bot disdane ;
To thé, Echo ! and thow to me agane :

Some thing, Echo ! thow hes for to reiose,
Suppose Narcissus some tyme thé forlook.
First he is dead, syne changed in a rose,
Quhom thow nor nane hes power for to brook.
Bot be contrair evirie day I look,
To sie my love attraptit in a trane
From me, Echo ! and nevir come agane.

Now welcome, Echo ! patience perforce,
Anes evirie day with murning let us meet ;
Thy love nor myne in mynds haif no remorse,
We taist the four that nevir felt the suet.
As I demand, then answer and repeat,
Let teirs abundant ou'r our visage rane ;
To thé, Echo ! and thow to me agane.

Quhat lovers, Echo ! maks sik querimony ?	Mony.
Quhat kynd of fyre doth kindle thair curage ?	Rage.
Quhat medicine, O Echo ! knowis thow ony	On ay.
Is best to stay this Love of his passage ?	Age.
Quhat merit thay that culd our sighs assuage ?	Wage.
Quhat wer we first in this our love profane ?	Fain.
Quhair is our joy, O Echo ! tell agane.	Gane.

ANE INVECTIONE AGAINST FORTUN ; CONTAINING AN
ADMONITION TO HIS FRIENDS AT COURT.

From the same MS.

NOT Clio nor Calliope I chuse :
Alleggra ! thou must be my mirthles Muse,
For to inspyre my spreit with thy despyte,
And with thy fervent furie me infuse.
Quhat epithets or arguments to use
With fals and feinyed FORTUNE for to flyte.
Both wey my words, and waill my verse to wryte,
That curst inconstant cative till accuse,
Quhais variance of all my wois I wyte.

Sho is mair mobile mekle nor the mone ;
It keips a course, and changis not so sone ;
But in ane ordour waxis ay and wanis,
As *Bacre lau* and *B moll* far abone.
In mesur not a moment sho remanes,
Sho gives by ges, sho weyis no gold by granes ;
Her doings all ar undiscreitly done
Without respect of persons or of panes.

For men of merit sho no matter maks ;
Bot when a toy intill hir heid sho taks,
Beit ryme or reson, or respect to richt,
The worthiest and valiantest sho foraks,
And honours out-waills for unworthie acts,
As of a kitchen knaive to mak a knight.
That witch ! that warlok ! that unworthie wicht
Turns ay the best men tittest on thair bakis,
Syn settis up sik as som tym war bot flycht.

Quhen with a quhiik sho quhirlis about her quheil,
Rude is that rattil running with a reill,
Quhill top ouer tail goes honest men atains,

Then

Then spurgald sporters thay begin to speill.
 The cadger climis, new cleikit from the creill,
 And ladds uploips to Lordships all thair lains.
 Doun goes the bravest; brecking all thair bains.
 Sho works her will, God wot if it be weill;
 Sho stottis at strais, syn stumbillis not at stanis.

How sho suld hurt or help, sho nevir huiks:
 Luk as it lyks, sho laughis and never luiks,
 Bot wavers lyk the weddercok in wind.
 Sho counts not Kings nor Cazards mair nor cuiks;
 Reid bot how sho hes bleckit Bocas buiks;
 Thairin the fall of Princes fall ye find
 That bloodie bitch! that buskit belly-blind!
 Dings downwards ay the duchttest lyk duiks:
 Quho hopped highest oft tymes comes behind.

I neid not now to nominat thair names,
 Quhom sho hes shent and dayly shifts and shames.
 That longsome labour wold be ou'r prolixit.
 Your selfis may sie, I think a thousand shames,
 Quhilks Poets, as her pursevents, proclames.
 Her fickle freindship is not firmly fixt;
 Quhair ane is now, his nichtbour may be nixt.
 Sho caufles culzies, and but falt defames;
 Hir mirrines with mischeif ay is mixt.

Thairfor, my freinds! quha nevir feirs to fall,
 Refaiv my eirnest admonition all.
 Quhills ye ar weill, I wish you to be war;
 Remember, shirs, that somtym ye war small,
 And may be yit, I will not say ye fall;
 For, I confes, that war a fut too far.
 Howbeit ye think my harrand some thing har;
 Quhen ye leist wein, your baks may to the wall,
 Things byds not ay in ordour as they ar.

Tak tyme in tyme, and to my taill tak tent;
 Let ye it pas, perhaps, ye may repent,

And

And with it war quhen ye may want your will,
 Had Cæsar sene the cedula that was sent,
 Ye wat he had not with the wicked went,
 Quha war concludit causes him to kill,
 Bot in his bosome he put up that bill,
 The quhilk at last, thocht lait, maid him repent
 His unadventence only did him ill.

Judge of your self by Julius, my joyes !
 Quhais seneyd freinds wer worse than open faes.
 If that ye stand not in a stagring stait,
 Think ye that sho will thole you more than those,
 Quha war your auin companyons I suppose,
 Quhom sho gart slyde or ye fat on thair seat,
 Some got a blind, who thought they war not bleat.
 Chuse or refuse my counsel,—tak your chose.
 Fairweill, my freinds ! I bot with FORTUN fleet.

TO R. HUDSON. *From the same MS.*

MY best belovit brother of the band'
 I grein to fie thy fillie smiddy smeik.
 This is no lyfe that I leid up-a-land
 On raw rid herring reiflit in the reik.
 Syn I am subject fom tyme to be feik,
 And daylie deing of my auld diseis ;
 Ait bread, ill aill, and all things ar ane eik ;
 This barme and blaidry buists up all my bees ,
 Ye know ill guying genders mony gees,
 And specially in poets for example.
 Ye can pen out twa cuple and ye pleis,
 Yourself and I, old Scot and Robert Semple.
 Quhen we ar deid, that all our dayis but daffis,
 Let Christan Lyndesay wryt our epitaphis.

W. H.

With mightie maters mynd I not to mell,
 As copping Courts, or Cōmonwelthis, or Kings.
 Quhais craig yoiks fastest, let them say thame sell,
 My mind could never think upon sik things,
 I wantonly wryte under Venus wings.
 In Cupid's court ye knaw I haif bene kend,
 Quhair Muses yet som of my sonets sings,
 And shall do alway to the world's end.
 Men hes no caus my cunning to commend,
 That it sould merit sik a memorie;
 Yet ye haif sene his Grace oft for me send
 Quhen he tuke plesure into poesie.
 Quhill tyme may serve, perforce I must refrane,
 That pleis his Grace I come to Court agane.

I feid affectione quhen I sie his Grace,
 To look on that quhairin I most delyte;
 I am a lizard fameist of his face,
 And not a snaik with poyson him to byte,
 Quhais shapies alyk, thocht fashonis differ quyt,
 The one doth love, the other hateth still.
 Quhair some taks plesur, others tak despyte;
 One shap, one subject, wisches weill and ill,
 Even so will men, but no man judge I will,
 Baith love and loth, and only bot ane thing.
 I can not skan these things above my skill,
 Love quhom thay lyk, for me I love the King,
 Quhois Highnes laughed som tym for to look
 How I chaist *Polwart* from the chimney nook.

Remembers thow in Æsop of a taill?
 A loving dog was of his maister fane;
 To faun on him wes all his pastym haill.
 His courteous maister clappit him, agane.
 By stood an ass, a beist of blunter brane,
 Perceiving this, but looking to no freet,
 To pleis his maister with the counterpane,

Sho clamb on him with her foull clubbit feet.
 To play the messian thocht sho was not meet,
 Sho meinit weill, I grant, her mynd was guid ;
 But quhair sho troude her maister sould her treit,
 They battoun'd her quhill that thay saw her bluid.
 So stands with me quho loves with all my hairt
 My maister best,—some taks it in ill pairt.

Bot sen I lie this proverbe to be true,
 “ Far better hap to Court nor service good,”
 Fairweill, my brother Hudfone!—fairweill you
 Quho first fand out of Pegase fat the flood,
 And sacred hight of Parnais mytred hood,
 From whence som tyme the son of Delos sent
 'Twa severall shaftis quher he of Delphos flood,
 With Penneus dochter hoping to acquent
 Thy Homer's style, the Petrarks high invent
 Sall vanquish death, and live eternally ;
 Quhais boasting bow, thocht it be always bent,
 Sall never hurt the fone of memorie.
 Thow only brother of the Sisters nyne,
 Shaw to the King this poor Complaint of mine.

THE POET'S COMPLANTE AGAINST THE UNKINDNES OF
 HIS COMPANIONS QUHEN HE WAS IN PRISONE.

From the same MS.

No wonder thocht I waill and weip,
 That womplit am in woes.
 I sigh, I sobbe, quhen I sudd sleip,
 My spreit can not repose.
 My persone is in prisone pynit,
 And my companious so unkind,
 Melancholie mischeivis my mind,
 That I can not repose.

So

So long I lookit for releif,

Quhill trewlie now I tyre;

My guttis ar grippit so with greif,

It eitis me upin yre;

The fremmitnes that I haif felt,

For syte and sorrow garris me swels,

And maks my hairt within-me-melt—

Lyk wax before the fyre.

Quhen men or women vesites me,

My dolour I disguyfe,

By outward fight that nane may fie

Quhair inward languor lyes.

Als patient as my pairt appeirs,

With hevvy hairt quhen no man heirs,

For baill then burit I out in teirs,

Alane with cairfull cryis.

All day I wot not quhat to do,

I loth to fie the licht;

At evin then I am trublit to;

So noysfum is the nicht.

Quhen natur most requyrs to rest,

With panfing so I am opprest,

So many things my mind molest,

My sleiping is bot slicht.

Remembring me quhair I haif bene,

Both lykit and belov't,

And now sen fyne quhat I haif sene,

My mynd may be commov't.

If any of my dolour dout,

Let ilkane fey thair time about:

Perhaps quhose stomok is most flout,

Its patience may be prov't.

I fie, and namely now a dayis,

All is not gold that gleitis;

Not

Nor to be seald that ilkane fayis,
 Nor water all that weitis;
 Sen frifted goods ar not forgivin,
 Quhen cup is full, then hold it evin;
 For man may meit at unsettlewin,
 Thocht mountainis never melts.

Then do as ye wald be done to,
 Belovit brethren all;
 For, out of dout, quhat so ye do,
 Refais the lyk ye fall.
 And with quhat mesur ye do mett,
 Prepair again the lyk to gett.
 Your feit ar not so ficker sett,
 Bot fortun ye may fall.

CHRISTEN LYNDESAY TO ROBERT HUDSON.

From the same MS.

OFt have I hard, but efter fund it trew,
 That Courteours kyndnes lasts bot for a quhyle,
 Fra once your turnes be sped, quhy then adew!
 Your prymeist freindship passis in exyle.
 But, Robene, faith ye did me not beguyle,
 I hopit ay of you as of the lave.
 If thow had wit, thow wald haif mony a wyle
 To mak thy self be knawin for a knaive.
 Montgomrie, that fik hope did once conceive
 Of thy guid-will, now finds all is forgottin.
 Thocht nocht but kindness he did at thé craive,
 He finds thy friendship as it rypis is rotten;
 The smeikie smeiths cairis not his passit travel,
 Bot leivis him lingring déing of the gravel.

TO

TO MR DAVID DRUMMOND. *From the same MS.*

As curious Dido Ænee did demand
To understand quha vrakt his tonn, and how
Himself got throw and come to Lybia land,
To quhom fra hand his body he did bow.
With bedit brow, and twinkling teirs, I trow,
He said, if thou, O Quene ! wald knaw the caae,
Of Troy, allace ! it garris my body grow,
To tell it now so far to our disgrace.
How in short space that som tyme peirles place,
Before my face in furious flammis did burne ;
Compeld to murne, and than to tak the chace,
I ran this race, but nevir to returne ;
So thou lyk Dido, Maister David Drummond,
Hes me to answer by thy Sonet summond.

The hevinly furie that inspyrd my spreit,
Quhen sacred beughis war wont my brouis to bind,
With frostis of fashrie frozen is that heit,
My garland grein is withrit with the wind.
Ye knaw *Occasio* hes no hair behind ;
The bravest spreits hes tryde it treu, I trow,
The long forspokin proverb true I find,
“ No man is man,” and man is nothing now.
The cuccow fleis before the turtle dow ;
The pratling pyet matches with the Mufis ;
Pan with Apollo playis, I wot not how ;
The attircops Minerva’s office ufis.
These be the greifs that garris Montgomrie grudge,
That Mydas, not Mæcænas, is our judge.

A LADY'S LAMENTATION. *From the same MS.*

QUWHOM fuld I warie bot my wicked weard,
 Quha span my thriftles thraward fatall threed !
 I wes bot skantlie entrit in this eard,
 Nor had offendit quhill I felt hir feed.
 In hir unhappy hands sho held my heid,
 And straikit bakward woderthins my hair,
 Syne prophecied I fould aspyre and speid ;
 Quhilk double sentence wes baith fuith and fair,
 For I wes matchit with my match and mair.
 No worldly woman nevir wes so weill,
 I wes accountit Countess but compair,
 Quhill fickle Fortune whirld me from her wheel ;
 Rank and renoun in littil roun sho rang'd,
 And Lady Lucrece in a Cresseid chang'd.

Melpomene, my mirthles murning Muse !
 Wouchsaif to help a wretchit woman weep,
 Quhose chance is cassin that sho cannot chufe,
 Bot figh and sobbe, and soun quhen sho fould sleep.
 More hevynes within my hairt I keep,
 Nor cative Cresseid quhair sho lippar lay.
 Dispair hes dround my hopeles hope so deep,
 My sorie song is Oh and Welladay !
 Even as the owl that dar not see the day,
 For feir of foulis *that then about do proul*,
 So am I nou exyld from honour ay,
 Compaird to Cresside and the ugly owl.
 Fy lothsome lyfe ! Fy death that dou not serve me !
 Bot quik and dead a bysma thow must preserve me.

WILLIAM

WILLIAM ALEXANDER, OF MENSTRIE,
EARL OF STIRLING,

Was born in 1580 ; received the honour of knighthood from JAMES VI. in 1614 ; and by CHARLES I. was created Earl of Stirling, upon his being appointed Secretary of State in 1626. The whole of his works, excepting a collection of love-sonnets entitled Aurora, are contained in a Folio volume printed at London in 1637, under the general title of Recreations with the Muses ; consisting of Four Monarchic Tragedies, or rather " Elegiac Dialogues for the instruction of the great ;" originally published in 1603 and 1604.—Dooms day, a holy poem, 1614 ; Jonathan, an heroic poem ; and a Parænesis to Prince Henry ;—" a noble poem, (says MR PINKERTON,) being his masterpiece ; and a work that does the patron and the poet great credit." As a specimen of LORD STIRLING'S poetry, the reader is here presented with an

EXTRACT FROM A PARÆNESIS, OR EXHORTATION ON
GOVERNMENT, ADDRESSED TO PRINCE HENRY.

I.

LOE here (brave youth) as zeale and duty move,
I labour (though in vaine) to finde some gift,
Both worthy of thy place, and of my love.
But whilst my selfe above my selfe I lift,
And would the best of my inventions prove,
I stand to study what should be my drift ;
Yet this the greatest approbation brings,
Still to a Prince to speake of Princely things.

II.

When those of the first age that earst did live
 In shadowie woods, or in a humid cave,
 And taking that which th' earth not fore'd did give,
 Would onely pay what Nature's need did crave;
 Then beasts of breath such numbers did deprive,
 That (following *Amphion*) they did desarts leave:
 Who with sweet sounds did leade them by the ears,
 Where mutuall force might banish common fears.

III.

Then building walles, they barbarous rites disdain'd,
 The sweetnesse of society to finde,
 And to attayne what unity maintain'd,
 As peace, religion, and a vertuous minde;
 That so they might have restlesse humours rayn'd,
 They straight with lawes their liberty confin'd:
 And of the better sort the best preferr'd,
 To chastise them against the lawes that err'd.

IV.

I wot not if proud mindes who first aspir'd
 O're many realmes to make themselves a right;
 Or if the world's disorders so requir'd,
 That then had put *Africa* to the flight;
 Or else if some whose vertues were admir'd,
 And eminent in all the peoples fight,
 Did move peace-lovers first to reare a throne,
 And give the keyes of life and death to one.

V.

That dignity, when first it did begin,
 Did grace each province and each little towne.
 Forth when she first doth from Benlowmond rinne,
 Is poore of waters, naked of renowne;
 But Carron, Allon, Teath, and Doven in,
 Doth grow the greater still, the further downe:
 Till that abounding both in power and fame,
 She long doth strive to give the sea her name.

VI.

VI.

Even so those Sovereignties which once were small,
 Still swallowing up the nearest neighbouring state,
 With a deluge of men did realmes appall;
 And thus th' Egyptian Pharoës first grew great.
 Thus did th' Assyrians make so many thrall;
 Thus rear'd the Romans their imperiall feat:
 And thus all those great states to worke have gone,
 Whose limits and the worlds were all but one.

VII.

But I'll not plunge in such a stormy deepe,
 Which hath no bottome, nor can have no shore;
 But in the dust will let those ashes sleepe,
 Which (cloath'd with purple) once th' earth did adore.
 Of them scarce now a monument we keepe,
 Who (thund'ring terrour) curb'd the world before;
 Their states which by a numbers ruin stood,
 Were founded, and confounded, both with blood.

VIII.

If I would call antiquity to minde,
 I, for an endlesse taske might then prepare.
 But what? ambition that was ever blinde,
 Did get with toyle that which was kept with care;
 And those great States 'gainst which the world repin'd,
 Had falls, as famous, as their risings rare:
 And in all ages it was ever seen,
 What vertue rais'd, by vice hath ruin'd been.

IX.

Yet registers of memorable things
 Would help (great Prince) to make thy judgment
 Which to the eye a perfect mirrour brings, [found,
 Where all should glasse themselves who would be crown'd.
 Read these rare parts that acted were by Kings,
 The straines heroick, and the end renown'd;
 Which (whilst thou in thy Cabinet do'st sit)
 Are worthy to bewitch thy growing wit.

X.

And doe not, doe not (thou) the meanes omit,
 Times match'd with times, what they beget to spy,
 Since history may lead thee unto it,
 A pillar wherenpon good sprites rely;
 Of time the table, and the nurse of wit,
 The square of reason, and the minde's clear eye :
 Which leads the curious reader thro' huge harms,
 Who stands secure whilst looking on alarms. . . .

XI.

O ! heavenly *Knowledge* which the best sort loves,
 Life of the soule, reformer of the will,
 Clear light, which from the mind each cloud removes,
 Pure spring of vertue, physick for each ill,
 Which in prosperity a bridle proves,
 And in adversity a pillar still ;
 Of thee the more men get, the more they crave,
 And think, the more they get, the lesse they have.

XII.

But if that knowledge be requir'd of all,
 What should they do this treasure to obtaine,
 Whom in a throne time travels to enstall,
 Where they by it of all things must ordaine !
 If it make them who by their birth were thrall,
 As little Kings, whilst o'er themselves they raigne,
 Then it must make, when it hath thro'ly grac'd them,
 Kings more then kings, & like to him who plac'd them.

XIII.

This is a grief which all the world bemones,
 When those lack judgement who are borne to judge,
 And like to painted tombes, or guilded stones,
 To troubled souls cannot afford refuge.
 Kings are their kingdomes hearts, which tainted once,
 The bodies straight corrupt in which they lodge :
 And those, by whose example many fall,
 Are guilty of the murther of them all.

XIV.

XIV.

The meanes which best make Majestie to stand,
 Are laws observ'd, whilst practice doth direct :
 The crown, the head, the scepter decks the hand,
 But only knowledge doth the thoughts erect.
 Kings should excell all them whom they command,
 In all the parts which do procure respect :
 And this, a way to what they would, prepares,
 Not only as thought good, but as known theirs.

XV.

Seek not due reverence only to procure,
 With shews of soveraignty, and guards oft lewd.
 So *Nero* did, yet could not so assure
 The hated Diademe with bloud imbrud ;
 Nor as the *Persian* Kings, who liv'd obscure,
 And of their subjects rarely would be view'd ;
 So one of them was secretly o'er-thrown,
 And in his place the murtherer reign'd unknown.

XVI.

No, only goodnesse doth beget regard,
 And equity doth greatest glory win ;
 To plague for vice, and vertue to reward,
 What they intend, that, bravely to begin.
 This is to soveraintie a powerful guard,
 And makes a Prince's praise o'er all come in :
 Whose life (his subjects law) clear'd by his deeds,
 More than *Justinian's* toyls, good order breeds. . . .

XVII.

O happy *Henrie* ! who art highly borne,
 Yet beautifit thy birth with signes of worth ;
 And (though a child) all childish toys dost scorne,
 To shew the world thy vertues budding forth,
 Which may by time this glorious Isle adorne,
 And bring eternal trophees to the North,
 While as thou do'st thy father's forces lead,
 And art the hand, whileas he is the head. . . .

XVIII.

XVIII.

Magnanimous, now, with heroick parts,
 Shew to the world what thou dost ayme to be,
 The more to print in all the peoples hearts,
 That which thou wouldst they should expect of thee:
 That so (pre-occupied with such defarts)
 They after may applaud the heavens decree
 When that day comes; which if it come too soon,
 Then thou and all this Isle would be undone. . . .

XIX.

I grant in this thy fortune to be good,
 That art t'inherit such a glorious crown,
 As one descended from that sacred bloud,
 Which oft hath fill'd the world with true renown:
 The which still on the top of glory stood,
 And not so much as once seem'd to look down:
 For who thy branches to remembrance brings,
 Count what he list, he cannot count but Kings. . . .

XX.

And though our nations, long I must confesse,
 Did roughly woo before that they could wed;
 That but endeers the union we possesse,
 Whom *Neptune* both combines within one bed:
 All ancient injuries this doth redresse,
 And buies that which many a battell bred:
 " Brave discords reconcil'd (if wrath expire)
 " Do breed the greatest love, and most intire."

XXI.

What fury o'er my judgement doth prevaile!
 Me thinks I see all th' earth glance with our armes,
 And groning *Neptune* charg'd with many a faile;—
 I hear the thundring trumpet sound th' alarmes,
 Whilst all the neighbouring nations do look pale,
 Such sudden fear each panting heart disarmes,
 To see those martial mindes together gone,
 The Lion and the Leopard in one.



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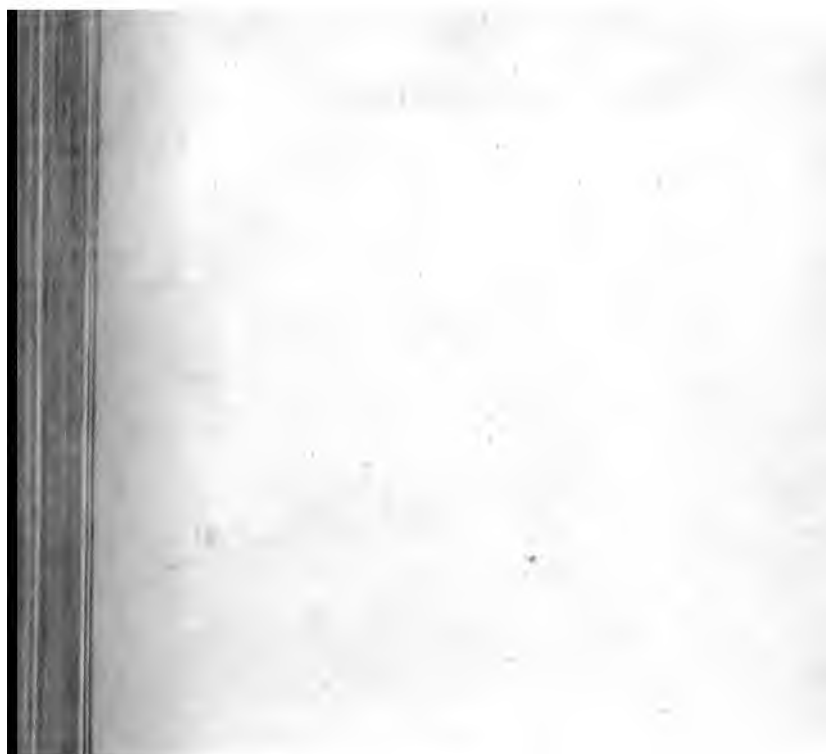
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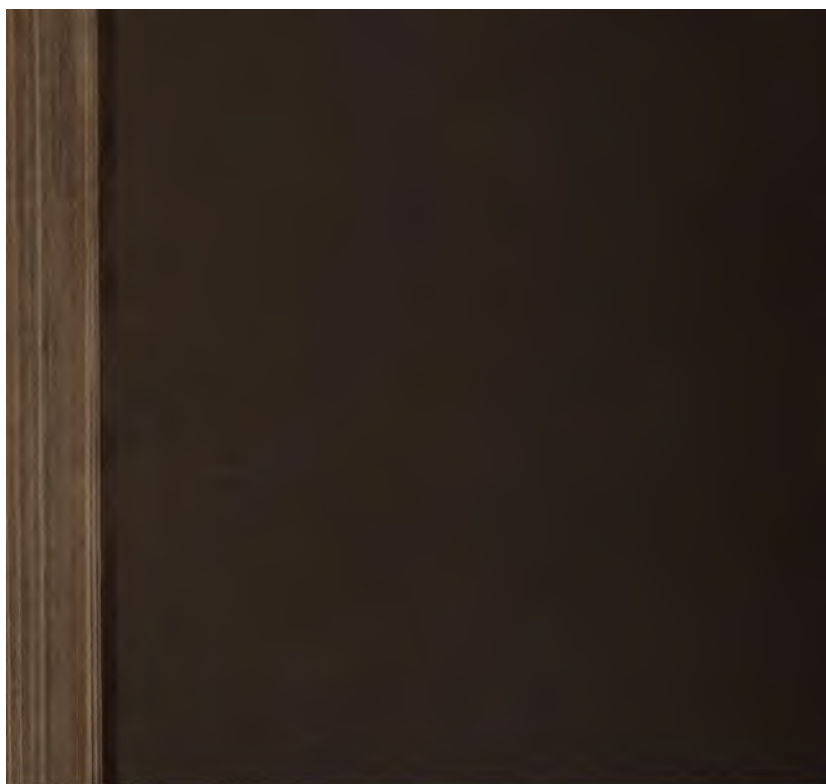
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